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THE
WORKS
OF THE
ENGLISH POETS.

WITH
PREFACES,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,
BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE SIXTY-FOURTH.

L O N D O N :

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THE
SIXTY-FOURTH VOLUME
OF THE
ENGLISH POETS;
CONTAINING
AKENSIDE, GRAY,
AND
LYTTELTON.

VOL. LXIV.

a



AKENSIDE'S POEMS

CONTINUED.

O D E S

O N

SEVERAL SUBJECTS.

IN TWO BOOKS.

WITH THE

HYMN TO THE NAIADS.



B

O

O n
A w

And
The

" F
" F

Sweet
This

Still
Still

BOOK THE FIRST.

O D E I.

P R E F A C E.

I.

O N yonder verdant hillock laid,
 Where oaks and elms, a friendly shade,
 O'erlook the falling stream,
 O master of the Latin lyre,
 A while with thee will I retire
 From summer's noontide beam.

II.

And, lo, within my lonely bower,
 The industrious bee from many a flower
 Collects her balmy dews :
 " For me," she sings, " the gems are born,
 " For me their filken robe adorn,
 " Their fragrant breath diffuse."

III.

Sweet murmurer ! may no rude storm
 This hospitable scene deform,
 Nor check thy gladsome toils ;
 Still may the buds unfullied spring,
 Still showers and sunshine court thy wing
 To these ambrosial spoils.

B 2

IV. Nor

IV.

Nor shall my Muse hereafter fail
 Her fellow-labourer thee to hail ;
 And lucky be the strains !
 For long ago did nature frame
 Your seasons and your arts the same,
 Your pleasures and your pains.

V.

Like thee, in lowly, sylvan scenes,
 On river-banks and flowery greens
 My Muse delighted plays ;
 Nor through the desert or the air,
 Though swans or eagles triumph there,
 With fond ambition strays.

VI.

Nor where the boding raven chaunts,
 Nor near the owl's unhallowed haunts
 Will she her cares employ ;
 But flies from ruins and from tombs,
 From superstition's horrid glooms,
 To day-light and to joy.

VII.

Nor will she tempt the barren waste ;
 Nor deigns the lurking strength to taste
 Of any noxious thing ;
 But leaves with scorn to envy's use
 The insipid nightshade's baneful juice,
 The nettle's sordid sting.

VIII. From

BOOK THE FIRST. ODE II. 5

VIII.

From all which nature fairest knows,
The vernal blooms, the summer rose,
She draws her blameless wealth;
And, when the generous task is done.
She consecrates a double boon,
To pleasure and to health.

O D E II. N^o I.

FOR THE WINTER SOLSTICE.

DEC. II, M.DCC.XL.*

I.

NOW to the utmost southern goal
The Sun has trac'd his annual way,
And backward now prepares to roll,
And blest the North with earlier day.
Prone on Potofi's lofty brow,
Floods of sublimer splendor flow,
Ripening the latent seeds of gold,
Whilst, panting in the lonely shade,
The afflicted Indian hides his head,
Nor dares the blaze of noon behold.

II.

But lo! on this deserted coast,
How faint the light! how chill the air!
Lo! arm'd with whirlwind, hail, and frost,
Fierce winter desolates the year.

* This Ode was afterwards entirely altered; as may be seen
in the following poem. The reader will not be displeased to see
it as it was originally written. N.

6 AKENSIDE'S POEMS.

The fields resign their chearful bloom ;
 No more the breezes breathe perfume ;
 No more the warbling waters roll :
 Defarts of snow fatigue the eye ;
 Successive tempests bloat the sky,
 And gloomy damps oppress the soul.

III.

But let my drooping genius rise,
 And hail the sun's remotest ray :
 Now, now he climbs the northern skies,
 To-morrow nearer than to-day.
 Then, louder howl the stormy waste,
 Be sand and ocean worse defac'd,
 Yet brighter hours are on the wing,
 And fancy, through the wintry gloom,
 Radiant with dews and flowers in bloom,
 Already hails the emerging Spring.

IV.

O fountain of the golden day,
 Could mortal vows but urge thy speed,
 How soon, before the vernal ray,
 Should each unkindly damp recede !
 How soon each tempest hovering fly,
 That now, fermenting, loads the sky,
 Prompt on our heads to burst amain,
 To rend the forest from the steep,
 And, thundering o'er the Baltic deep,
 To 'whelm the merchant's hopes of gain !

V. But

BOOK THE FIRST. ODE II. 7

V.

But let not man's imperfect views,
Presume to tax wise Nature's laws :
'Tis his with silent joy to use
The indulgence of the sovereign cause ;
Secure that from the whole of things
Beauty and good consummate springs,
Beyond what he can reach to know,
And that the Providence of heaven
Has some peculiar blessing given
To each allotted state below.

VI.

Ev'n now how sweet the wintery night
Spent with the old illustrious dead :
While, by the taper's trembling light,
I seem the awful course to tread ;
Where chiefs and legislators lie,
Whose triumphs move before my eye,
With every laurel fresh display'd :
While, charm'd, I rove in classic song,
Or bend to Freedom's fearless tongue,
Or walk the academic shade.

* * *

O D E II. N^o II.
ON THE WINTER SOLSTICE.

M. DCC. XL.

I.

THE radiant ruler of the year
At length his wintry goal attains;
Seems to reverse the long career,
And northward bend his steady reins.
Now, piercing half Potosi's height,
Prone rush the fiery floods of light
Ripening the mountain's silver stores:
While in some cavern's horrid shade,
The panting Indian hides his head,
And oft the approach of eve implores.

II.

But lo, on this deserted coast
How pale the sun! how thick the air!
Mustering his storms, a fordid host,
Lo, winter desolates the year:
The fields resign their latest bloom;
No more the breezes waft perfume,
No more the streams in music roll:
But snows fall dark, or rains resound;
And, while great nature mourns around,
Her griefs infect the human soul.

III. Hence

III.

Hence the loud city's busy throngs
 Urge the warm bowl and splendid fire ;
 Harmonious dances, festive songs
 Against the spiteful heaven conspire :
 Meantime perhaps with tender fears
 Some village-dame the curfew hears,
 While round the hearth her children play :
 At morn their father went abroad ;
 The moon is sunk, and deep the road ;
 She sighs, and wonders at his stay.

IV.

But thou, my lyre, awake, arise,
 And hail the sun's returning force :
 Even now he climbs the northern skies,
 And health and hope attend his course.
 Then louder howl the ærial waste,
 Be earth with keener cold embrac'd,
 Yet gentle hours advance their wing ;
 And fancy, mocking winter's might,
 With flowers and dews and streaming light
 Already decks the new-born spring.

V.

O fountain of the golden day,
 Could mortal vows promote thy speed,
 How soon before thy vernal ray
 Should each unkindly damp recede !

How

How soon each hovering tempest fly,
 Whose stores for mischief arm the sky,
 Prompt on our heads to burst amain,
 To rend the forest from the steep,
 Or, thundering o'er the Baltic deep,
 To 'whelm the merchant's hopes of gain!

VI.

But let not man's unequal views
 Presume o'er nature and her laws :
 'Tis his with grateful joy to use
 The indulgence of the sovran cause;
 Secure that health and beauty springs
 Through this majestic frame of things,
 Beyond what he can reach to know ;
 And that heaven's all-subduing will,
 With good the progeny of ill,
 Attempereth every state below.

VII.

How pleasing wears the wintery night,
 Spent with the old illustrious dead !
 While, by the taper's trembling light,
 I seem those awful scenes to tread
 Where chiefs or legislators lie,
 Whose triumphs move before my eye
 In arms and antique pomp array'd ;
 While now I taste the Ionian song,
 Now bend to Plato's god-like tongue
 Resounding through the olive shade.

VIII. But

VIII.

But should some chearful, equal friend
 Bid leave the studious page a while,
 Let mirth on wisdom then attend,
 And social ease on learned toil.
 Then while, at love's uncareful shrine,
 Each dictates to the god of wine
 Her name whom all his hopes obey,
 What flattering dreams each bosom warm,
 While absence, heightening every charm,
 Invokes the slow returning May!

IX.

May, thou delight of heaven and earth,
 When will thy genial star arise?
 The auspicious morn, which gives thee birth,
 Shall bring Eudora to my eyes.
 Within her sylvan haunt behold,
 As in the happy garden old,
 She moves like that primeval fair:
 Thither, ye silver-sounding lyres,
 Ye tender smiles, ye chaste desires,
 Fond hope and mutual faith, repair.

X.

And if believing love can read
 His better omens in her eye,
 Then shall my fears, O charming maid,
 And every pain of absence die:

Then

Then shall my jocund harp, attun'd
To thy true ear, with sweeter sound
Pursue the free Horatian song :
Old Tyne shall listen to my tale,
And Echo down the bordering vale
The liquid melody prolong.

O D E III.

T O A F R I E N D ,

UNSUCCESSFUL IN LOVE.

I N D E E D, my Phædria, if to find
That wealth can female wishes gain,
Had e'er disturb'd your thoughtful mind,
Or cost one serious moment's pain,
I should have said that all the rules,
You learn'd of moralists and schools,
Were very useless, very vain.

II.

Yet I perhaps mistake the case—
Say, though with this heroic air,
Like one that holds a nobler chace,
You try the tender loss to bear,
Does not your heart renounce your tongue ?
Seems not my censure strangely wrong
To count it such a slight affair ?

III. When

III.

When Hesper gilds the shaded sky,
Oft as you seek the well-known grove,
Methinks I see you cast your eye
Back to the morning scenes of love :
Each pleasing word you heard her say,
Her gentle look, her graceful way,
Again your struggling fancy move.

IV.

Then tell me, is your soul intire ?
Does Wisdom calmly hold her throne ?
Then can you question each desire,
Bid this remain, and that begone ?
No tear half-starting from your eye ?
No kindling blush you know not why ?
No stealing sigh, nor stifled groan ?

V.

Away with this unmanly mood !
See where the hoary churl appears,
Whose hand hath seiz'd the favourite good
Which you reserv'd for happier years :
While, side by side, the blushing maid
Shrinks from his visage, half afraid,
Spite of the sickly joy she wears.

VI.

Ye guardian powers of love and fame,
This chaste, harmonious pair behold ;
And thus reward the generous flame
Of all who barter vows for gold.

O bloom

14 A K E N S I D E ' S P O E M S .

O bloom of youth, O tender charms
Well buried in a dotard's arms !
O equal price of beauty sold !

VII.

Cease then to gaze with looks of love :
Bid her adieu, the venal fair :
Unworthy she your blifs to prove ;
Then wherefore should she prove your care ?
No: lay your myrtle garland down ;
And let a while the willow's crown
With luckier omens bind your hair.

VIII.

O just escap'd the faithless main,
Though driven unwilling on the land ;
To guide your favour'd steps again,
Behold your better genius stand :
Where Truth revolves her page divine,
Where Virtue leads to Honour's shrine,
Behold, he lifts his awful hand.

IX.

Fix but on these your ruling aim,
And Time, the fire of manly care,
Will Fancy's dazzling colours tame
A soberer drefs will Beauty wear :
Then shall esteem by Knowledge led
Inthroned within your heart and head
Some happier love, some truer fair.

O D E

O D E IV.

AFFECTED INDIFFERENCE.

TO THE SAME.

I.

YES, you condemn the perjur'd maid
Who all your favourite hopes betray'd :
Nor, though her heart should home return,
Her tuneful tongue its falsehood mourn,
Her winning eyes your faith implore,
Would you her hand receive again,
At once dissemble your disdain,
Or listen to the syren's theme,
Or stoop to love: since now esteem,
And confidence, and friendship, is no more.

II.

Yet tell me, Phædria, tell me why,
When summoning your pride you try
To meet her looks with cool neglect,
Or cross her walk with slight respect,
(For so is falsehood best repaid)
Whence do your cheeks indignant glow?
Why is your struggling tongue so slow?
What means that darkness on your brow?
As if with all her broken vow
You meant the fair apostate to upbraid?

O D E

O D E V.

A G A I N S T S U S P I C I O N.

I.

O H fly ! 'tis dire Suspicion's mien ;
 And, meditating plagues unseen,
 The forcerefs hither bends :
 Behold her torch in gall imbrued :
 Behold—her garment drops with blood
 Of lovers and of friends.

II.

Fly far ! Already in your eyes
 I-see a pale suffusion rise ;
 And soon through every vein,
 Soon will her secret venom spread,
 And all your heart and all your head,
 Imbibe the potent stain.

III.

Then many a demon will she raise
 To vex your sleep, to haunt your ways ;
 While gleams of lost delight
 Raise the dark tempest of the brain,
 As lightning shines across the main
 Through whirlwinds and through night.

IV.

No more can faith or candour move ;
 But each ingenuous deed of love,
 Which reason would applaud,

Now,

BOOK THE FIRST. ODE V. 15

Now, smiling o'er her dark distress,
Fancy malignant strives to dress
Like injury and fraud.

V.

Farewel to Virtue's peaceful times :
Soon will you stoop to act the crimes
Which thus you stoop to fear :
Guilt follows guilt : and where the train
Begins with wrongs of such a stain,
What horrors form the rear !

VI.

'Tis thus to work her baleful power,
Suspicion waits the fullen hour
Of fretfulness and strife,
When care the infirmer bosom wrings,
Or Eurus waves his murky wings
To damp the seats of life.

VII.

But come, forsake the scene unblest'd
Which first beheld your faithful breast
To groundless fears a prey :
Come, where with my prevailing lyre
The skies, the streams, the groves conspire
To charm your doubts away.

VIII.

Thron'd in the sun's descending car,
What power unseen diffuseth far
This tenderness of mind ?

18 A K E N S I D E ' S P O E M S .

What genius smiles on yonder flood ?
 What god, in whispers from the wood,
 Bids every thought be kind ?

IX.

O thou, whate'er thy awful name,
 Whose wisdom our untoward frame
 With social love restrains ;
 Thou, who by fair affection's ties
 Giv'st us to double all our joys
 And half disarm our pains :

X.

Let universal candor still,
 Clear as yon heaven-reflecting rill,
 Preserve my open mind ;
 Nor this nor that man's crooked ways
 One sordid doubt within me raise
 To injure human kind.

O D E VI.

H Y M N T O C H E E R F U L N E S S .

HOW thick the shades of evening close !
 How pale the sky with weight of snows !
 Haste, light the tapers, urge the fire,
 And bid the joyless day retire.
 —Alas, in vain I try within
 To brighten the dejected scene,

While

While rous'd by grief these fiery pains
 Tear the frail texture of my veins;
 While winter's voice, that storms around,
 And yon deep death-bell's groaning sound
 Renew my mind's oppressive gloom,
 Till starting horror shakes the room.

Is there in nature no kind power
 To sooth affliction's lonely hour?
 To blunt the edge of dire disease,
 And teach these wintry shades to please?
 Come, Cheerfulness, triumphant fair,
 Shine through the hovering cloud of care:
 O sweet of language, mild of mien,
 O Virtue's friend and Pleasure's queen,
 Assuage the flames that burn my breast,
 Compose my jarring thoughts to rest;
 And while thy gracious gifts I feel,
 My song shall all thy praise reveal.

As once ('twas in Astræa's reign)
 The vernal powers renew'd their train,
 It happen'd that immortal Love
 Was ranging through the spheres above,
 And downward hither cast his eye
 The year's returning pomp to spy.
 He saw the radiant god of day,
 Waft in his car the rosy May
 The fragrant Airs and genial Hours
 Were shedding round him dews and flowers;
 Before his wheels Aurora pass'd,
 And Hesper's golden lamp was last.

But, fairest of the blooming throng,
 When Health majestic mov'd along,
 Delighted to-survey below
 The joys which from her presence flow,
 While earth enliven'd hears her voice,
 And swains, and flocks, and fields rejoice;
 Then mighty love her charms confess'd,
 And soon his vows inclin'd her breast,
 And, known from that auspicious morn,
 Thee pleasing Cheerfulness was born.

Thou Cheerfulness, by heaven design'd
 To sway the movements of the mind,
 Whatever fretful passion springs,
 Whatever wayward fortune brings
 To disarrange the power within,
 And strain the musical machine;
 Thou, Goddess, thy attempering hand
 Doth each discordant string command,
 Refines the soft, and swells the strong;
 And, joining nature's general song,
 Through many a varying tone unfolds
 The harmony of human souls.

Fair guardian of domestic life,
 Kind banisher of homebred strife,
 Nor sullen lip, nor taunting eye,
 Deforms the scene where thou art by:
 No sickening husband damns the hour
 Which bound his joys to female power;
 No pining-mother weeps the cares
 Which parents waste on thankless heirs:

BOOK THE FIRST. ODE VI. 21

The officious daughters pleas'd attend ;
 The brother adds the name of friend :
 By thee with flowers their board is crown'd,
 With songs from thee their walks resound ;
 And morn with welcome lustre shines,
 And evening unperceiv'd declines.

Is there a youth, whose anxious heart
 Labours with love's unpitied smart ?
 Though now he stray by rills and bowers,
 And weeping waste the lonely hours,
 Or if the nymph her audience deign,
 Debase the story of his pain
 With slavish looks, discolor'd eyes,
 And accents faltering into sighs ;
 Yet thou, auspicious power, with ease
 Canst yield him happier arts to please,
 Inform his mien with manlier charms,
 Instruct his tongue with noble arms,
 With more commanding passion move,
 And teach the dignity of love.

Friend to the Muse and all her train,
 For thee I court the Muse again :
 The Muse for thee may well exert
 Her pomp, her charms, her fondest art,
 Who owes to thee that pleasing sway
 Which earth and peopled heaven obey.
 Let Melancholy's plaintive tongue
 Repeat what later bards have sung ;
 But thine was Homer's ancient might,
 And thine victorius Pindar's flight :

Thy hand each Lesbian wreath attir'd :
 Thy lip Sicilian reeds inspir'd :
 Thy spirit lent the glad perfume
 Whence yet the flowers of Teos bloom ;
 Whence yet from Tibur's Sabine vale
 Delicious blows the enlivening gale,
 While Horace calls thy sportive choir,
 Heroes and nymphs, around his lyre.

But see where yonder pensive sage
 (A prey perhaps to fortune's rage,
 Perhaps by tender griefs oppress'd,
 Or blooms congenial to his breast)
 Retires in desert scenes to dwell,
 And bids the joyless world farewell.
 Alone he treads the autumnal shade,
 Alone beneath the mountain laid
 He sees the nightly damps ascend,
 And gathering storms aloft impend ;
 He hears the neighbouring furies roll,
 And raging thunders shake the pole :
 Then, struck by every object round,
 And stunn'd by every horrid sound,
 He asks a clue for Nature's ways ;
 But evil haunts him through the maze :
 He sees ten thousand demons rise
 To wield the empire of the skies,
 And chance and fate assume the rod,
 And malice blot the throne of God.
 —O thou, whose pleasing power I sing,
 Thy lenient influence hither bring ;

Compose the storm, dispel the gloom,
 Till Nature wear her wonted bloom,
 Till fields and shades their sweets exhale,
 And music swell each opening gale:
 Then o'er his breast thy softness pour,
 And let him learn the timely hour
 To trace the world's benignant laws,
 And judge of that presiding cause,
 Who founds on discord beauty's reign,
 Converts to pleasure every pain,
 Subdues each hostile form to rest,
 And bids the universe be bless'd.

O thou whose pleasing power I sing,
 If right I touch the votive string,
 If equal praise I yield thy name,
 Still govern thou thy poet's flame;
 Still with the Muse my bosom share,
 And sooth to peace intruding care.
 But most exert thy pleasing power
 On friendship's consecrated hour;
 And while my Sophron points the road
 To godlike wisdom's calm abode,
 Or warm in freedom's ancient cause
 Traceth the source of Albion's laws,
 Add thou o'er all the generous toil
 The light of thy unclouded smile.
 But, if by fortune's stubborn sway,
 From him and Friendship torn away,
 I court the Muse's healing spell
 For griefs that still with absence dwell,

Do thou conduct my fancy's dreams
 To such indulgent placid themes,
 As just the struggling breast may cheer
 And just suspend the starting tear,
 Yet leave that sacred sense of woe
 Which none but friends and lovers know.

O D E VII.

ON THE USE OF POETRY.

I.

NOT for themselves did human kind
 Contrive the parts by heaven assign'd
 On life's wide scene to play :
 Not Scipio's force, nor Cæsar's skill
 Can conquer glory's arduous hill,
 If fortune close the way.

II.

Yet still the self-depending soul,
 Though last and least in fortune's roll,
 His proper sphere commands ;
 And knows what nature's seal bestow'd,
 And sees, before the throne of God,
 The rank in which he stands.

III.

Who train'd by laws the future age,
 Who rescued nations from the rage
 Of partial, factious power,

My

My heart with distant homage views;
 Content if thou, celestial Muse,
 Didst rule my natal hour.

IV.

Not far beneath the hero's feet,
 Nor from the legislator's seat
 Stands far remote the bard.
 Though not with public terrors crown'd,
 Yet wider shall his rule be found,
 More lasting his award.

V.

Lycurgus fashion'd Sparta's fame,
 And Pompey to the Roman name
 Gave universal sway :
 Where are they ?—Homer's reverend page
 Holds empire to the thirtieth age,
 And tongues and climes obey.

VI.

And thus when William's acts divine
 No longer shall from Bourbon's line
 Draw one vindictive vow ;
 When Sidney shall with Cato rest,
 And Russel move the patriot's breast
 No more than Brutus now :

VII.

Yet then shall Shakespear's powerful art
 O'er every passion, every heart,
 Confirm his awful throne :
 Tyrants shall bow before his laws ;
 And freedom's, glory's, virtue's cause,
 Their dread assertor own.

ODE

O D E VIII.

ON LEAVING HOLLAND.

I. 1.

FAREWELL to Leyden's lonely bound,
 The Belgian Muse's sober seat;
 Where dealing frugal gifts around
 To all the favorites at her feet,
 She trains the body's bulky frame
 For passive, persevering toils;
 And lest, from any prouder aim,
 The daring mind should scorn her homely spoils,
 She breathes maternal fogs to damp its restless flame.

I. 2.

Farewell the grave, pacific air,
 Where never mountain zephyr blew:
 The marshy levels lank and bare,
 Which Pan, which Ceres never knew:
 The Naiads, with obscene attire,
 Urging in vain their urns to flow;
 While round them chaunt the croaking choir,
 And haply sooth some lover's prudent woe,
 Or prompt some restive Bard, and modulate his lyre.

I. 3.

Farewell, ye nymphs, whom sober care of gain
 Snatch'd in your cradles from the god of love:
 She render'd all his boasted arrows vain;
 And all his gifts did he in spite remove.

Ye

BOOK THE FIRST. ODE VIII. 27

Ye too, the slow-ey'd fathers of the land,
With whom dominion steals from hand to hand,
Unown'd, undignify'd by public choice,
I go where liberty to all is known,
And tells a monarch on his throne,
He reigns not but by her preserving voice.

II. 1.

O my lov'd England, when with thee
Shall I sit down, to part no more?
Far from this pale, discolor'd sea,
That sleeps upon the reedy shore,
When shall I plough thy azure tide?
When on thy hills the flocks admire,
Like mountain snows; till down their side
I trace the village and the sacred spire,
While bowers and copses green the golden slope divide.

II. 2.

Ye nymphs who guard the pathless grove,
Ye blue-ey'd sisters of the streams,
With whom I wont at morn to rove,
With whom at noon I talk'd in dreams:
O! take me to your haunts again,
The rocky spring, the greenwood glade;
To guide my lonely footsteps deign,
To prompt my slumbers in the murmuring shade,
And sooth my vacant ear with many an airy strain.

II. 3.

And thou, my faithful harp, no longer mourn
Thy drooping master's inauspicious hand:

Now

Now brighter skies and fresher gales return,
 Now fairer maids thy melody demand.
 Daughters of Albion, listen to my lyre!
 O Phœbus, guardian of the Aonian choir,
 Why sounds not mine harmonious as thy own,
 When all the virgin deities above

With Venus and with Juno move
 In concert round the Olympian fathers throne?

III. 1.

Thee too, protectress of my lays,
 Elate with whose majestic call
 Above degenerate Latium's praise,
 Above the slavish boast of Gaul,
 I dare from impious thrones reclaim,
 And wanton sloth's ignoble charms,
 The honors of a poet's name
 To Somers' counsels, or to Hamden's arms,
 Thee, freedom, I rejoin, and bless thy genuine flame.

III. 2.

Great citizen of Albion! Thee
 Heroic valour still attends
 And useful science pleas'd to see
 How art her studious toil extends.
 While truth, diffusing from on high
 A lustre unconfin'd as day,
 Fills and commands the pulic eye;
 Till, pierc'd and sinking by her powerful ray,
 Tame faith and monkish awe, like nightly demons, fly.

III. 3. Hence

III. 3.

Hence the whole land the patriot's ardour shares :
 Hence dread religion dwells with social joy ;
 And holy passions and unfulled cares,
 In youth, in age, domestic life employ.
 O fair Britannia, hail !—With partial love
 The tribes of men their native seats approve,
 Unjust and hostile to each foreign fame :
 But when for generous minds and manly laws
 A nation holds her prime applause,
 Their public zeal shall all reproof disclaim.

O D E IX.

T O C U R I O *.

M.DCC.XLIV.

I.

THRICE hath the spring beheld thy faded fame
 Since I exulting grasp'd the tuneful shell :
 Eager through endless years to sound thy name,
 Proud that my memory with thine should dwell.
 How hast thou stain'd the splendor of my choice !
 Those godlike forms which hover'd round thy voice,
 Laws, freedom, glory, wither are they flown ?
 What can I now of thee to time report,
 Save thy fond country made thy impious sport,
 Her fortune and her hope the victims of thy own ?

II. There

[* See the "Epistle to Cúrio," in this volume.]

II.

There are with eyes unmov'd and reckless heart
 Who saw thee from thy summit fall thus low,
 Who deem'd thy arm extended but to dart
 The public vengeance on thy private foe.
 But, spite of every gloss of envious minds,
 The owl-ey'd race whom virtue's lustre blinds,
 Who sagely prove that each man hath his price,
 I still believ'd thy aim from blemish free,
 I yet, even yet, believe it, spite of thee
 And all thy painted pleas to greatness and to vice.

III.

"Thou didst not dream of liberty decay'd,
 "Nor wish to make her guardian laws more strong;
 "But the rash many, first by thee misled,
 "Bore thee at length unwillingly along."
 Rise from your sad abodes, ye curst of old
 For faith deserted or for cities sold,
 Own here one untry'd, unexampled, deed;
 One mystery of shame from Curio, learn,
 To beg the infamy he did not earn,
 And scape in guilt's disguise from virtue's offer'd meed.

IV.

For saw we not that dangerous power avow'd
 Whom freedom oft hath found her mortal bane,
 Whom public wisdom ever strove to exclude,
 And but with blushes suffereth in her train?
 Corruption vaunted her bewitching spoils,
 O'er court, o'er senate, spread in pomp her toils,
 And call'd herself the states directing soul:

FIN

Till Curio, like a good magician, try'd
 With eloquence and reason at his side,
 By strength of holier spells the inchantress to control.

V.

Soon with thy country's hope thy fame extends;
 The rescued merchant oft thy words resounds:
 Thee and thy cause the rural hearth defends:
 His bowl to thee the grateful sailor crowns:
 The learn'd recluse, with awful zeal who read
 Of Grecian heroes, Roman patriots dead,
 Now with like awe doth living merit scan:
 While he, whom virtue in his blest retreat
 Bade social ease and public passions meet,
 Ascends the civil scene, and knows to be a man.

VI.

At length in view the glorious end appear'd:
 We saw thy spirit through the senate reign;
 And freedom's friends thy instant omen heard
 Of laws for which their fathers bled in vain.
 Wak'd in the strife the public Genius rose
 More keen, more ardent from his long repose:
 Deep through her bounds the city felt his call:
 Each crowded haunt was stirr'd beneath his power,
 And murmuring challeng'd the deciding hour
 Of that too vast event, the hope and dread of all.

VII.

O ye good powers who look on human kind,
 Instruct the mighty moments as they roll;
 And watch the fleeting shapes in Curio's mind,
 And steer his passions steady to the goal.

O Alfred,

O Alfred, father of the English name,
 O valiant Edward, first in civil fame,
 O William, height of public virtue pure,
 Bend from your radiant seats a joyful eye
 Behold the sum of all your labors nigh,
 Your plans of law complete, your ends of rule secure.

VIII.

'Twas then—O shame! O soul from faith estrang'd!
 O Albion oft to flattering vows a prey!

'Twas then — Thy thought what sudden frenzy
 chang'd?

What rushing palsy took thy strength away?

Is this the man in freedom's cause approv'd?

The man so great, so honour'd, so belov'd?

Whom the dead envy'd, and the living bless'd?

This patient slave by tinsel bonds allur'd?

This wretched suitor for a boon abjur'd?

Whom those that fear'd him, scorn; that trusted him,
 detest?

IX.

O lost alike to action and repose!

With all that habit of familiar fame,

Sold to the mockery of relentless foes,

And doom'd to exhaust the dregs of life in shame,

To act with burning brow and throbbing heart

A poor deserter's dull exploded part,

To slight the favor thou canst hope no more,

Renounce the giddy croud, the vulgar wind,

Charge thy own lightness on thy country's mind,

And from her voice appeal to each tame foreign shore.

X. But

X.

But England's sons, to purchase thence applause,
 Shall ne'er the loyalty of slaves pretend,
 By courtly passions try the public cause;
 Nor to the forms of rule betray the end.
 O race erect! by manliest passions mov'd,
 The labours which to virtue stand approv'd,
 Prompt with a lover's fondness to survey;
 Yet, where injustice works her wilful claim,
 Fierce as the flight of Jove's destroying flame,
 Impatient to confront, and dreadful to repay.

XL

These thy heart owns no longer. In their room
 See the grave queen of pageants, Honour, dwell,
 Couch'd in thy bosom's deep tempestuous gloom
 Like some grim idol in a forcerer's cell.
 Before her rites thy sickening reason flew,
 Divine persuasion from thy tongue withdrew,
 While laughter mock'd, or pity stole a sigh:
 Can wit her tender movements rightly frame
 Where the prime function of the soul is lame?
 Can fancy's feeble springs the force of truth supply?

XII.

But come: 'tis time: strong destiny impends
 To shut thee from the joys thou hast betray'd:
 With princes fill'd, the solemn fane ascends,
 By Infamy, the mindful demon sway'd.
 There vengeful vows for guardian laws effac'd,
 From nations fetter'd, and from towns laid waste,

For ever through the spacious courts resound :
 There long posterity's united groan
 And the sad charge of horrors not their own,
 Affail the giant chiefs, and press them to the ground,

XIII.

In fight old Time, imperious judge, awaits :
 Above revenge, or fear, or pity, just,
 He urgeth onward to those guilty gates
 The Great, the Sage, the Happy, and August,
 And still he asks them of the hidden plan
 Whence every treaty, every war began,
 Evolves their secrets and their guilt proclaims :
 And still his hands despoil them on the road
 Of each vain wreath by lying Bards bestow'd,
 And crush their trophies huge, and rase their scul-
 tur'd names.

XIV.

Ye mighty shades, arise, give place, attend :
 Here his eternal mansion Curio seeks :
 —Low doth proud Wentworth to the stranger bend,
 And his dire welcome hardy Clifford speaks :
 “ He comes, whom Fate with surer arts prepar'd
 “ To accomplish all which we but vainly dar'd :
 “ Whom o'er the stubborn herd she taught to reign :
 “ Who sooth'd with gaudy dreams their raging power
 “ Even to its last irrevocable hour ;
 “ Then baffled their rude strength, and broke them
 “ to the chain.”

XV. But

XV.

But ye, whom yet wise Liberty inspires,
 Whom for her champions o'er the world she claims,
 (That household godhead whom of old your fires
 Sought in the woods of Elbe, and bore to Thames)
 Drive ye this hostile omen far away;
 Their own fell efforts on her foes repay;
 Your wealth, your arts, your fame, be her's alone:
 Still gird your swords to combat on her side;
 Still frame your laws her generous test to abide;
 And win to her defence the altar and the throne.

XVI.

Protect her from yourselves, ere yet the flood
 Of golden luxury, which commerce pours,
 Hath spread that selfish fierceness through your blood,
 Which not her lightest discipline indures:
 Snatch from fantastic demagogues her cause:
 Dream not of Numa's manners, Plato's laws:
 A wiser founder, and a nobler plan,
 O sons of Alfred, were for you assign'd:
 Bring to that birthright but an equal mind,
 And no sublimer lot will fate reserve for man.

O D E X.

T O T H E M U S E.

I.

QUEEN of my songs, harmonious maid,
 Ah why hast thou withdrawn thy aid?
 Ah why forsaken thus my breast
 With inauspicious damps oppress'd?

Where is the dread prophetic heat,
 With which my bosom wont to beat ?
 Where all the bright mysterious dreams
 Of haunted groves and tuneful streams,
 That woo'd my genius to divinest themes ?

II.

Say, goddess, can the festal board,
 Or young Olympia's form ador'd ;
 Say, can the pomp of promis'd fame
 Relume thy faint, thy dying flame ?
 Or have melodious airs the power
 To give one free, poetic hour ?
 Or, from amid the Elysian train,
 The soul of Milton shall I gain,
 To win thee back with some celestial strain ?

III.

O powerful strain, O sacred soul !
 His numbers every sense controul :
 And now again my bosom burns ;
 The Muse, the Muse herself, returns.
 Such on the banks of Tyne, confess'd,
 I hail'd the fair immortal guest,
 When first she seal'd me for her own,
 Made all her blissful treasures known,
 And bade me swear to follow Her alone.

O D E XI.

O N L O V E.

TO A FRIEND.

I.

N O, foolish youth—To virtuous fame
If now thy early hopes be vow'd,
If true ambition's nobler flame
Command thy footsteps from the croud,
Lean not to Love's enchanting snare;
His songs, his words, his looks beware,
Nor join his votaries, the young and fair.

II.

By thought, by dangers, and by toils,
The wreath of just renown is worn;
Nor will ambition's awful spoils
The flowery pomp of ease adorn:
But love unbends the force of thought;
By love unmanly fears are taught;
And love's reward with gaudy sloth is bought.

III.

Yet thou hast read in tuneful lays,
And heard from many a zealous breast,
The pleasing tale of Beauty's praise
In Wisdom's lofty language dress'd;
Of Beauty powerful to impart
Each finer sense, each comelier art,
And soothe and polish man's ungente heart.

D 3

VI. If

IV.

If then, from love's deceit secure,
 Thus far alone thy wishes tend,
 Go; see the white-wing'd evening hour
 On Delia's vernal walk descend:
 Go, while the golden light serene,
 The grove, the lawn, the soften'd scene,
 Becomes the presence of the rural queen.

V.

Attend, while that harmonious tongue
 Each bosom, each desire commands:
 Apollo's lute by Hermes strung
 And touch'd by chaste Minerva's hands,
 Attend. I feel a force divine,
 O Delia, win my thoughts to thine;
 That half the colour of thy life is mine.

VI.

Yet, conscious of the dangerous charm,
 Soon would I turn my steps away;
 Nor oft provoke the lovely harm,
 Nor lull my reason's watchful sway.
 But thou, my friend—I hear thy sighs:
 Alas, I read thy downcast eyes;
 And thy tongue falters; and thy colour flies,

VII.

So soon again to meet the fair?
 So pensive all this absent hour?
 —O yet, unlucky youth, beware,
 While yet to think is in thy power.

BOOK THE FIRST. ODE XI. 39

In vain with friendship's flattering name
Thy passion veils its inward shame;
Friendship, the treacherous fuel of thy flame!

VIII.

Once I remember, new to love,
And dreading his tyrannic chain,
I sought a gentle maid, to prove
What peaceful joys in friendship reign;
Whence we forsooth might safely stand,
And pitying view the love-sick band,
And mock the winged boy's malicious hand.

IX.

Thus frequent pass'd the cloudless day,
To smiles and sweet discourse resign'd;
While I exulted to survey
One generous woman's real mind:
Till friendship soon my languid breast
Each night with unknown cares possess'd,
Dash'd my coy slumbers, or my dreams distress'd.

X.

Fool that I was!—And now, even now
While thus I preach the Stoic strain,
Unless I shun Olympia's view,
An hour unfays it all again.
O friend!—when love directs her eyes
To pierce where every passion lies,
Where is the firm, the cautious, or the wise?

O D E XII.

TO SIR FRANCIS HENRY DRAKE, BART.

I.

BEHOLD, the balance in the sky
 Swift on the wintery scale inclines;
 To earthy caves the Dryads fly,
 And the bare pastures Pan resigns.
 Late did the farmer's fork o'erspread
 With recent soil the twice-mown mead,
 Tainting the bloom which autumn knows:
 He whets the rusty coulter now,
 He binds his oxen to the plough,
 And wide his future harvest throws.

II.

Now, London's busy confines round,
 By Kensington's imperial towers,
 From Highgate's rough descent profound,
 Effexian heaths, or Kentish bowers,
 Where'er I pass, I see approach
 Some rural statesman's eager coach
 Hurried by senatorial cares:
 Where rural nymphs (alike within,
 Aspiring courtly praise to win)
 Debate their dress, reform their airs.

I.

III. Say,

III.

Say, what can now the country boast,
O Drake, thy footsteps to detain,
When peevish winds and gloomy frost
The sunshine of the temper stain?
Say, are the priests of Devon grown
Friends to this tolerating throne,
Champions for George's legal right?
Have general freedom, equal law,
Won to the glory of Nassau
Each bold Westsaxon squire and knight?

IV.

I doubt it much; and guess at least
That when the day, which made us free,
Shall next return, that sacred feast
Thou better may'st observe with me.
With me the sulphurous treason old
A far inferior part shall hold
In that glad day's triumphal strain;
And generous William be rever'd,
Nor one untimely accent heard
Of James or his ignoble reign.

V.

Then, while the Gascon's fragrant wine
With modest cups our joy supplies,
We'll truly thank the power divine
Who bade the chief, the patriot rise;
Rise from heroic ease (the spoil
Due, for his youth's Herculean toil,

From

From Belgium to her saviour son)
 Rise with the same unconquer'd zeal
 For our Britannia's injur'd weal,
 Her laws defac'd, her shrines o'erthrown.

VI.

He came. The tyrant from our shore,
 Like a forbidden demon, fled ;
 And to eternal exile bore
 Pontific rage and vassal dread.
 There sunk the mouldering Gothic reign :
 New years came forth, a liberal train,
 Call'd by the people's great decree.
 That day, my friend, let blessings crown :
 —Fill, to the demigod's renown
 From whom thou hast that thou art free.

VII.

Then, Drake, (for wherefore should we part
 The public and the private weal ?)
 In vows to her who sways thy heart,
 Fair health, glad fortune, will we deal.
 Whether Aglaia's blooming cheek,
 Or the soft ornaments that speak
 So eloquent in Daphne's smile,
 Whether the piercing lights that fly
 From the dark heaven of Myrto's eye,
 Haply thy fancy then beguile.

VIII. For

VIII.

For so it is. Thy stubborn breast,
Though touch'd by many a slighter wound,
Hath no full conquest yet confess'd,
Nor the one fatal charmer found.
While I, a true and loyal swain,
My fair Olympia's gentle reign
Through all the varying seasons own.
Her genius still my bosom warms :
No other maid for me hath charms,
Or I have eyes for her alone.

O D E XIII.

ON LYRIC POETRY.

I. 1.

ONCE more I join the Thespian choir,
And taste the inspiring fount again :
O parent of the Grecian lyre,
Admit me to thy powerful strain—
And lo, with ease my step invades
The pathless vale and opening shades,
Till now I spy her verdant seat :
And now at large I drink the sound,
While these her offspring, listening round,
By turns her melody repeat.

I. 2.

I see Anacreon smile and sing,
His silver tresses breathe perfume ;
His cheek displays a second spring
Of roses taught by wine to bloom.

Away,

Away, deceitful cares, away,
 And let me listen to his lay;
 Let me the wanton pomp enjoy,
 While in smooth dance the light-wing'd hours
 Lead round his lyre its patron powers,
 Kind laughter and convivial joy.

I. 3.

Broke from the fetters of his native land,
 Devoting shame and vengeance to her lords,
 With louder impulse and a threatening hand
 The * Lesbian patriot smites the sounding chords:
 Ye wretches, ye perfidious train,
 Ye curs'd of gods and free-born men,
 Ye murderers of the laws,
 Though now ye glory in your lust,
 Though now ye tread the feeble neck in dust,
 Yet Time and righteous Jove will judge your dreadful
 cause.

II. 1.

But lo, to Sappho's melting airs
 Descends the radiant queen of love:
 She smiles, and asks what fonder cares
 Her suppliant's plaintive measures move:
 Why is my faithful maid distress'd?
 Who, Sappho, wounds thy tender breast!
 Say, flies he?—Soon he shall pursue:
 Shuns he thy gifts?—He soon shall give:
 Slights he thy sorrows?—He shall grieve,
 And soon to all thy wishes bow.

* Alcæus.

II. 2.

II. 2.

But, O Melpomene, for whom
Awakes thy golden shell again?
What mortal breath shall e'er presume
To echo that unbounded strain?
Majestic in the frown of years,
Behold, the * man of Thebes appears:
For some there are, whose mighty frame
The hand of Jove at birth indow'd
With hopes that mock the gazing crowd;
As eagles drink the noon-tide flame,

II. 3.

While the dim raven beats her weary wings,
And clamours far below.—Propitious Muse,
While I so late unlock thy purer springs,
And breathe whate'er thy ancient airs infuse,
Wilt thou for Albion's sons around
(Ne'er hadst thou audience more renown'd)
Thy charming arts employ,
As when the winds from shore to shore
Through Greece thy lyre's persuasive language bore,
Till towns and isles and seas return'd the vocal joy?

III. 1.

Yet then did Pleasure's lawless throng,
Oft rushing forth in loose attire,
Thy virgin dance, thy graceful song,
Pollute with impious revels dire.

* Pindar.

O fair,

O fair, O chaste, thy echoing shade
 May no foul discord here invade :
 Nor let thy strings one accent move,
 Except what earth's untroubled ear
 'Mid all her social tribes may hear,
 And Heaven's unerring throne approve.

III. 2.

Queen of the lyre, in thy retreat
 The fairest flowers of Pindus glow ;
 The vine aspires to crown thy seat,
 And myrtles round thy laurel grow :
 Thy strings adapt their varied strain
 To every pleasure, every pain,
 Which mortal tribes were born to prove ;
 And strait our passions rise or fall,
 As at the wind's imperious call
 The ocean swells, the billows move.

III. 3.

When midnight listens o'er the slumbering earth,
 Let me, O Muse, thy solemn whispers hear :
 When morning sends her fragrant breezes forth,
 With airy murmurs touch my opening ear.
 And ever watchful at thy side,
 Let Wisdom's awful suffrage guide
 The tenor of thy lay :
 To her of old by Jove was given
 To judge the various deeds of earth and heaven ;
 'Twas thine by gentle arts to win us to her sway.

IV. 1. Oft

IV. 1.

Oft as, to well-earn'd ease resign'd,
I quit the maze where science toils,
Do thou refresh my yielding mind
With all thy gay, delusive spoils.
But, O indulgent, come not nigh
The busy steps, the jealous eye
Of wealthy care or gainful age;
Whose barren souls thy joys disdain,
And hold as foes to reason's reign
Whome'er thy lovely works engage.

IV. 2.

When Friendship and when letter'd Mirth
Haply partake my simple board,
Then let thy blameless hand call forth
The music of the Teian chord.
Or if invok'd at softer hours,
O! seek with me the happy bowers
That hear Olympia's gentle tongue;
To Beauty link'd with Virtue's train,
To Love devoid of jealous pain,
There let the Sapphic lute be strung.

IV. 3.

But when from envy and from death to claim
A hero bleeding for his native land;
When to throw incense on the vestal flame
Of liberty my genius gives command,
Nor Theban voice nor Lesbian lyre
From thee, O Muse, do I require;

While

43 A K E N S I D E ' S P O E M S .

While my presaging mind,
Conscious of powers she never knew,
Astonish'd grasps at things beyond her view,
Nor by another's fate submits to be confin'd.

O D E X I V .

TO THE HON. CHARLES TOWNSHEND:

FROM THE COUNTRY.

I.

S A Y, Townshend, what can London boast
To pay thee for the pleasures lost,
The health to-day resign'd ;
When Spring from this her favourite seat
Bade Winter hasten his retreat,
And met the western wind.

II.

Oh knew'st thou how the balmy air,
The sun, the azure heavens prepare
To heal thy languid frame ;
No more would noisy courts engage,
In vain would lying Faction's rage
Thy sacred leisure claim.

III.

Oft I look'd forth, and oft admir'd ;
Till with the studious volume tir'd
I fought the open day ;
And sure, I cry'd, the rural gods
Expect me in their green abodes,
And chide my tardy stay.

IV. But

IV.

But ah in vain my restless feet
 Trac'd every silent shady seat
 Which knew their forms of old :
 Nor Naiad by her fountain laid,
 Nor Wood-nymph tripping through her glade,
 Did now their rites unfold :

V.

Whether to nurse some infant oak
 They turn the slowly-tinkling brook
 And catch the pearly showers,
 Or brush the mildew from the woods,
 Or paint with noon-tide beams the buds,
 Or breathe on opening flowers.

VI.

Such rites, which they with Spring renew,
 The eyes of care can never view ;
 And care hath long been mine :
 And hence offended with their guest,
 Since grief of love my soul oppress'd,
 They hide their toils divine.

VII.

But soon shall thy enlivening tongue
 This heart, by dear affliction wrung,
 With noble hope inspire :
 Then will the sylvan powers again
 Receive me in their genial train,
 And listen to my lyre.

VIII.

Beneath yon Dryad's lonely shade
 A rustic altar shall be paid,
 Of turf with laurel fram'd :
 And thou the inscription wilt approve ;
 " 'This for the peace which, lost by love,
 " By Friendship was reclaim'd."

O D E XV.

TO THE EVENING-STAR.

I.

TO-NIGHT retir'd the queen of heaven
 With young Endymion strays :
 And now to Hesper is it given
 Awhile to rule the vacant sky,
 Till she shall to her lamp supply
 A stream of lighter rays.

II.

O Hesper, while the starry throng
 With awe thy path furrounds,
 Oh listen to my suppliant song,
 If haply now the vocal sphere
 Can suffer thy delighted ear
 To stoop to mortal sounds.

III.

So may the bridegroom's genial strain
 Thee still invoke to shine :
 So may the bride's unmarried train

To

BOOK THE FIRST. ODE XV. 51

To Hymen chaunt their flattering vow,
Still that his lucky torch may glow
With lustre pure as thine.

IV.

Far other vows must I prefer
To thy indulgent power,
Alas! but now I paid my tear
On fair Olympia's virgin tomb:
And lo, from thence, in quest I roam
Of Philomela's bower.

V.

Propitious send thy golden ray,
Thou purest light above:
Let no false flame seduce to stray
Where gulph or steep lie hid for harm:
But lead where music's healing charm
May soothe afflicted love.

VI.

To them, by many a grateful song
In happier seasons vow'd,
These lawns, Olympia's haunt, belong:
Of by yon silver stream we walk'd,
Or fix'd, while Philomela talk'd,
Beneath yon copses stood.

VII.

Nor seldom, where the beachen boughs
That roofless tower invade,
We come while her enchanting Muse
The radiant moon above us held:
Till by a clamorous owl compell'd
She fled the solemn shade.

VIII.

But hark ; I hear her liquid tone.

Now, Hesper, guide my feet
Down the red marle with moss o'ergrown,
Through yon wild thicket next the plain,
Whose hawthorns choke the winding lane
Which leads to her retreat.

IX.

See the green space : on either hand
Enlarg'd it spreads around :
See, in the midst she takes her stand,
Where one old oak his awful shade
Extends o'er half the level mead
Inclos'd in woods profound.

X.

Hark, how through many a melting note
She now prolongs her lays :
How sweetly down the void they float !
The breeze their magic path attends :
The stars shine out : the forest bends :
The wakeful heifers gaze.

XI.

Whoe'er thou art whom chance may bring
To this sequester'd spot,
If then the plaintive Syren sing,
Oh softly tread beneath her bower,
And think of heaven's disposing power,
Of man's uncertain lot.

XII. Oh

BOOK THE FIRST. ODE XVI. 53

XII.

Oh think, o'er all this mortal stage,
What mournful scenes arise:
What ruin waits on kingly rage:
How often virtue dwells with woe:
How many griefs from knowledge flow:
How swiftly pleasure flies.

XIII.

O sacred bird, let me at eve,
Thus wandering all alone,
Thy tender counsel oft receive,
Bear witness to thy pensive airs,
And pity nature's common cares
Till I forget my own.

O D E XVI.

TO CALEB HARDINGE, M. D.

I.

WITH fordid floods the wintery * Urn
Hath stain'd fair Richmond's level green:
Her naked hill the Dryads mourn,
No longer a poetic scene.
No longer there thy raptur'd eye
The beauteous forms of earth or sky
Surveys as in their Author's mind:
And London shelters from the year
Those whom thy social hours to share
The Attic Muse design'd.

* Aquarius.

E 3

II. From

II.

From Hampstead's airy fummit me
Her guest the city shall behold,
What day the people's stern decree
To unbelieving kings is told,
When common men (the dread of fame)
Adjudg'd as one of evil name,
Before the sun, the anointed head,
Then seek thou too the pious town,
With no unworthy cares to crown
That evening's awful shade.

III.

Deem not I call thee to deplore
The sacred martyr of the day,
By fast and penitential lore
To purge our ancient guilt away.
For this, on humble faith I rest
That still our advocate, the priest,
From heavenly wrath will save the land:
Nor ask what rites our pardon gain,
Nor how his potent sounds restrain
The thunderer's lifted hand.

IV.

No, Hardinge: peace to church and state!
That evening, let the Muse give law:
While I anew the theme relate
Which my first youth enamour'd saw.
Then will I oft explore thy thought,
What to reject which Locke hath taught,

What

BOOK THE FIRST. ODE XVII. 55

What to pursue in Virgil's lay :
Till hope ascends to loftiest things,
Nor envies demagogues or kings
Their frail and vulgar sway.

V.

O vers'd in all the human frame,
Lead thou where'er my labour lies,
And English fancy's eager flame
To Grecian purity chastize :
While hand in hand, at wisdom's shrine,
Beauty with truth I strive to join,
And grave assent with glad applause ;
To paint the story of the soul,
And Plato's visions to controul
By Verulamian * laws.

O D E XVII.

ON A SERMON AGAINST GLORY.

M. DCC. XLVII.

I.

C O M E then, tell me, sage divine,
Is it an offence to own
That our bosoms e'er incline
Toward immortal glory's throne ?
For with me nor pomp, nor pleasure,
Bourbon's might, Braganza's treasure,

* Verulam gave one of his titles to Francis Bacon, Novum Organum.

So can fancy's dream rejoice,
 So conciliate reason's choice,
 As one approving word of her impartial voice.

II.

If to spurn at noble praise
 Be the pass-port to thy heaven,
 Follow thou those gloomy ways;
 No such law to me was given,
 Nor, I trust, shall I deplore me
 Faring like my friends before me;
 Nor an holier place desire
 Than Timoleon's arms acquire,
 And Tully's curule chair, and Milton's golden lyre.

O D E XVIII.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
 FRANCIS EARL OF HUNTINGDON.

M. DCC. XLVII.

I. 1.

THE wise and great of every clime,
 Through all the spacious walks of Time,
 Where'er the Muse her power display'd,
 With joy have listen'd and obey'd.
 For, taught of heaven, the sacred Nine
 Persuasive numbers, forms divine,
 To mortal sense impart:

They best the soul with glory fire;
 They noblest counsels, boldest deeds inspire;
 And high o'er Fortune's rage inthroned the fixed heart.

I. 2. Nor

I. 2.

Nor less prevailing is their charm
 The vengeful bosom to disarm ;
 To melt the proud with human woe,
 And prompt unwilling tears to flow.
 Can wealth a power like this afford ?
 Can Cromwell's arts, or Marlborough's sword,
 An equal empire claim ?
 No, Hastings. Thou my words will own :
 Thy breast the gifts of every Muse hath known ;
 Nor shall the giver's love disgrace thy noble name.

I. 3.

The Muse's awful art,
 And the blest function of the Poet's tongue,
 Ne'er shalt thou blush to honour ; to assert
 From all that scorned vice or slavish fear hath sung.
 Nor shall the blandishment of Tuscan strings
 Warbling at will in pleasure's myrtle bower ;
 Nor shall the servile notes to Celtic kings
 By flattering minstrels paid in evil hour,
 Move thee to spurn the heavenly Muse's reign.
 A different strain,
 And other themes
 From her prophetic shades and hallow'd streams
 (Thou well canst witness) meet the purged ear ;
 Such, as when Greece to her immortal shell
 Rejoicing listen'd, godlike sounds to hear ;
 To hear the sweet instructress tell

(While

(While men and heroes throng'd around)
 How life its noblest use may find,
 How well for freedom be resign'd ;
 And how, by glory, virtue shall be crown'd.

II. 1.

Such was the Chian father's strain
 To many a kind domestic train,
 Whose pious hearth and genial bowl
 Had cheer'd the reverend pilgrim's soul :
 When, every hospitable rite
 With equal bounty to requite,
 He struck his magic strings ;
 And pour'd spontaneous numbers forth,
 And seiz'd their ears with tales of ancient worth,
 And fill'd their musing hearts with vast heroic things.

II. 2.

Now oft, where happy spirits dwell,
 Where yet he tunes his charming shell,
 Oft near him, with applauding hands,
 The genius of his country stands.
 To listening gods he makes him known,
 That man divine, by whom were sown
 The seeds of Grecian fame :
 Who first the race with freedom fir'd ;
 From whom Lycurgus Sparta's sons inspir'd ;
 From whom Plataean palms and Cyprian trophies came.

II. 3.

O noblest, happiest age !

When Aristides rul'd, and Cimon fought ;

When all the generous fruits of Homer's page

Exulting Pindar saw to full perfection brought.

O Pindar, oft shalt thou be hail'd of me :

Not that Apollo fed thee from his shrine ;

Not that thy lips drank sweetness from the bee ;

Nor yet that, studious of thy notes divine,

Pan danc'd their measure with the sylvan throng :

But that thy song

Was proud to unfold

What thy base rulers trembled to behold ;

Amid corrupted Thebes was proud to tell

The deeds of Athens and the Persian shame :

Hence on thy head their impious vengeance fell.

But thou, O faithful to thy fame,

The Muse's law didst rightly know ;

That who would animate his lays,

And other minds to virtue raise,

Must feel his own with all her spirit glow.

III. 1.

Are there, approv'd of later times,

Whose verse adorn'd a * tyrant's crimes ?

Who saw majestic Rome betray'd,

And lent the imperial ruffian aid ?

Alas ! not one polluted Bard,

No, not the strains that Mincius heard,

Or Tibur's hills reply'd,

* Octavianus Cæsar.

Dare

Dare to the Muse's ear aspire ;
 Save that, instructed by the Grecian lyre,
 With freedom's ancient notes their shameful task they
 hide.

III. 2.

Mark, how the dread Pantheon stands,
 Amid the domes of modern hands :
 Amid the toys of idle state,
 How simply, how severely great !
 Then turn, and, while each western clime
 Presents her tuneful sons to Time,
 So mark thou Milton's name ;
 And add, " Thus differs from the throng
 " The spirit which inform'd thy awful song,
 " Which bade thy potent voice protect thy country's
 " fame."

III. 3.

Yet hence barbaric zeal
 His memory with unholy rage pursues ;
 While from these arduous cares of public weal
 She bids each Bard begone, and rest him with his Muse.
 O fool ! to think the man, whose ample mind
 Must grasp at all that yonder stars survey ;
 Must join the noblest forms of every kind,
 The world's most perfect image to display,
 Can e'er his country's majesty behold,
 Unmov'd or cold !
 O fool ! to deem
 That he, whose thought must visit every theme,
 Whose heart must every strong emotion know
 Inspir'd

BOOK THE FIRST. ODE XVIII. 61

Inspir'd by nature, or by fortune taught ;
That he, if haply some presumptuous foe,
With false ignoble science fraught,
Shall spurn at freedom's faithful band ;
That he their dear defence will shun,
Or hide thier glories from the sun,
Or deal their vengeance with a woman's hand !

IV. 1.

I care not that in Arno's plain,
Or on the sportive banks of Seine,
From public themes the Muse's quire
Content with polish'd ease retire.
Where priests the studious head command,
Where tyrants bow the warlike hand
 To vile ambition's aim,
Say, what can public themes afford,
Save venal honours to an hateful lord,
Reserv'd for angry heaven, and scorn'd of honest fame ?

IV. 2.

But here, where freedom's equal throne
To all her valiant sons is known ;
Where all are conscious of her cares,
And each the power, that rules him, shares ;
Here let the Bard, whose dastard tongue
Leaves public arguments unsung,
 Bid public praise farewell :
Let him to fitter climes remove,
Far from the hero's and the patriot's love,
And lull mysterious monks to slumber in their cell.

1

IV. 3. O

IV. 3.

O Hastings, not to all
 Can ruling heaven the same endowments lend :
 Yet still doth nature to her offspring call,
 That to one general weal their different powers they
 bend,
 Unenvious. Thus alone, though strains divine
 Inform the bosom of the Muse's son ;
 Though with new honours the patrician's line
 Advance from age to age ; yet thus alone
 They win the suffrage of impartial fame.
 The poet's name
 He best shall prove,
 Whose lays the soul with noblest passions move.
 But thee, O progeny of heroes old,
 Thee to severer toils thy fate requires :
 The fate which form'd thee in a chosen mould,
 The grateful country of thy fires,
 Thee to sublimer paths demand ;
 Sublimer than thy fires could trace,
 Or thy own Edward teach his race,
 Though Gaul's proud genius sank beneath his hand.

V. 1.

From rich domains and subject farms,
 They led the rustic youth to arms ;
 And kings their stern atchievements fear'd ;
 While private strife their banners rear'd.
 But loftier scenes to thee are shown,
 Where empire's wide-establish'd throne

BOOK THE FIRST. ODE XVIII. 63

No private master fills :

Where, long foretold, the People reigns :

Where each a vassal's humble heart disdains ;

And judgeth what he sees ; and, as he judgeth, wills.

V. 2.

Here be it thine to calm and guide

The swelling democratic tide ;

To watch the state's uncertain frame,

And baffle faction's partial aim :

But chiefly, with determin'd zeal,

To quell that servile band, who kneel

To freedom's banish'd foes ;

That monster, which is daily found

Expert and bold thy country's peace to wound ;

Yet dreads to handle arms, nor manly counsel knows.

V. 3.

'Tis highest heaven's command,

That guilty aims should fordid paths pursue ;

That what ensnares the heart should maim the hand,

And virtue's worthless foes be false to glory too.

But look on freedom. See, through every age,

What labours, perils, griefs, hath she disdain'd !

What arms, what regal pride, what priestly rage,

Have her dread offspring conquer'd or sustain'd !

For Albion well have conquer'd. Let the strains

Of happy swains,

Which now resound

Where Scarfsdale's cliffs the swelling pastures bound,

Bear witness. There, oft let the farmer hail

The sacred orchard which imbowers his gate,

And

And shew to strangers passing down the vale,
 Where Ca'ndish, Booth, and Osborne fate ;
 When, bursting from their country's chain,
 Even in the midst of deadly harms,
 Of papal snares and lawless arms,
 They plann'd for freedom this her noblest reign.

VI. 1.

This reign, these laws, this public care,
 Which Nassau gave us all to share,
 Had ne'er adorn'd the English name,
 Could fear have silenc'd freedom's claim.
 But fear in vain attempts to bind
 Those lofty efforts of the mind
 Which social good inspires ;
 Where men, for this, assault a throne,
 Each adds the common welfare to his own ;
 And each unconquer'd heart the strength of all acquires.

VI. 2.

Say, was it thus, when late we view'd
 Our fields in civil blood imbrued ?
 When fortune crown'd the barbarous host,
 And half the astonish'd isle was lost ?
 Did one of all that vaunting train,
 Who dare affront a peaceful reign,
 Durst one in arms appear ?
 Durst one in counsels pledge his life ?
 Stake his luxurious fortunes in the strife ?
 Or lend his boasted name his vagrant friends to cheer ?

VI. 3. Yet,

VI. 3.

Yet, Hastings, these are they
 Who challenge to themselves thy country's love;
 The true; the constant: who alone can weigh,
 What glory should demand, or liberty approve!
 But let their works declare them. Thy free powers,
 The generous powers of thy prevailing mind,
 Not for the tasks of their confederate hours,
 Lewd brawls and lurking slander, where design'd.
 Be thou thy own approver. Honest praise
 Oft nobly sways
 Ingenuous youth:
 But, fought from cowards and the lying mouth,
 Praise is reproach. Eternal God alone
 For mortals fixeth that sublime award.
 He, from the faithful records of his throne,
 Bids the historian and the bard
 Dispose of honor and of scorn;
 Discern the patriot from the slave;
 And write the good, the wise, the brave,
 For lessons to the multitude unborn.

THE END OF BOOK THE FIRST.

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BOOK THE SECOND.

O D E I.

THE

REMONSTRANCE OF SHAKESPEARE:

Supposed to have been spoken at the Theatre Royal, while
the French Comedians were acting by Subscription.

M.DCC.XLIX.

IF, yet regardful of your native land,
Old Shakespeare's tongue you deign to understand,
Lo, from the blissful bowers where Heaven rewards
Instructive Sages and unblemish'd Bards,
I come, the ancient founder of the stage,
Intent to learn, in this discerning age,
What form of wit your fancies have embrac'd,
And wither tends your elegance of taste,
That thus at length our homely toils you spurn,
That thus to foreign scenes you proudly turn,
That from my brow the laurel wreath you claim
To crown the rivals of your country's fame.

What, though the footsteps of my devious Muse
The measur'd walks of Grecian art refuse?
Or though the frankness of my hardy style
Mock the nice touches of the critic's file?
Yet, what my age and climate held to view,
Impartial I survey'd and fearless drew.

F 2

And

And say, ye skillful in the human heart,
 Who know to prize a Poet's noblest part,
 What age, what clime, could e'er an ampler field
 For lofty thought, for daring fancy, yield?
 I saw this England break the shameful bands
 Forg'd for the souls of men by sacred hands:
 I saw each groaning realm her aid implore;
 Her sons the heroes of each warlike shore:
 Her naval standard (the dire Spaniard's bane)
 Obey'd through all the circuit of the main.
 Then too great commerce, for a late-found world,
 Around your coast her eager sails unfurl'd:
 New hopes, new passions, thence the bosom fir'd;
 New plans, new arts, the genius thence inspir'd;
 Thence every scene, which private fortune knows,
 In stronger life, with bolder spirit, rose.

Disgrac'd I this full prospect which I drew?
 My colours languid, or my strokes untrue?
 Have not your sages, warriors, swains, and kings,
 Confess'd the living draught of men and things?
 What other Bard in any clime appears
 Alike the master of your smiles and tears?
 Yet have I deign'd your audience to entice
 With wretched bribes to luxury and vice?
 Or have my various scenes a purpose known
 Which Freedom, Virtue, Glory, might not own?

Such from the first was my dramatic plan;
 It should be yours to crown what I began:
 And now that England spurns her Gothic chain,
 And equal laws and social science reign,

I thought,

I thought, Now surely shall my zealous eyes
View nobler Bards and juster Critics rise,
Intent with learned labour to refine
The copious ore of Albion's native mine,
Our stately Muse more graceful airs to teach,
And form her tongue to more attractive speech,
Till rival nations listen at her feet,
And own her polish'd as they own'd her great.

But do you thus my favorite hopes fulfil?
Is France at last the standard of your skill?
Alas for you! that so betray a mind
Of art unconscious, and to beauty blind.
Say; does her language your ambition raise,
Her barren, trivial, unharmonious phrase,
Which fetters eloquence to scantiest bounds,
And maims the cadence of poetic sounds?
Say; does your humble admiration chuse
The gentle prattle of her Comic Muse,
While wits, plain-dealers, fops, and fools appear,
Charg'd to say nough but what the king may hear?
Or rather melt your sympathizing hearts
Won by her tragic scene's romantic arts,
Where old and young declaim on soft desire,
And heroes never, but for love, expire?

No. Though the charms of novelty, a while,
Perhaps too fondly win your thoughtless smile,
Yet not for you design'd indulgent fate
The modes or manners of the Bourbon state.
And ill your minds my partial judgment reads,
And many an augury my hope misleads,

If the fair maids of yonder blooming train
 To their light courtship would an audience deign,
 Or those chaste matrons a Parisian wife
 Chuse for the model of domestic life;
 Or if one youth of all that generous band,
 The strength and splendor of their native land,
 Would yield his portion of his country's fame,
 And quit old freedom's patrimonial claim,
 With lying smiles Oppression's pomp to see,
 And judge of glory by a king's decree.

O blest at home with justly-envied laws,
 O long the chiefs of Europe's general cause,
 Whom Heaven hath chosen at each dangerous hour
 To check the inroads of barbaric power,
 The rights of trampled nations to reclaim,
 And guard the social world from bonds and shame;
 Oh let not luxury's fantastic charms
 Thus give the lye to your heroic arms :
 Nor for the ornaments of life embrace
 Dishonest lessons from that vaunting race,
 Whom Fate's dread laws (for, in eternal Fate,
 Despotick Rule was heir to Freedom's hate)
 Whom, in each warlike, each commercial part,
 In civil counsel, and in pleasing art,
 The Judge of earth predestin'd for your foes,
 And made it fame and virtue to oppose.

O D E II.

T O S L E E P.

I.

THOU silent power, whose welome sway
 Charms every anxious thought away;
 In whose divine oblivion drown'd,
 Sore pain and weary toil grow mild,
 Love is with kinder looks beguil'd,
 And grief forgets her fondly-cherish'd wound;
 O whither hast thou flown, indulgent god?
 God of kind shadows and of healing dews,
 Whom dost thou touch with thy Lethæan rod?
 Around whose temples now thy opiate airs diffuse?

II.

Lo, midnight from her starry reign
 Looks awful down on earth and main.
 The tuneful birds lie hush'd in sleep,
 With all that crop the verdant food,
 With all that skim the crystal flood,
 Or haunt the caverns of the rocky steep.
 No rushing winds disturb the tufted bowers;
 No wakeful sound the moon-light valley knows,
 Save where the brook its liquid murmur pours,
 And lulls the waving scene to more profound repose.

III.

O let not me alone complain,
 Alone invoke thy power in vain!
 Descend, propitious, on my eyes;

Not from the couch that bears a crown,
 Not from the courtly statesman's down,
 Nor where the miser and his treasure lies :
 Bring not the shapes that break the murderer's rest,
 Nor those the hireling foldier loves to see,
 Nor those which haunt the bigot's gloomy breast :
 Far be their guilty nights, and far their dreams from me!

IV.

Nor yet those awful forms present,
 For chiefs and heroes only meant :
 The figur'd brass, the choral song,
 The rescued people's glad applause,
 The listening senate, and the laws
 Fix'd by the counsels of * Timoleon's tongue,
 Are scenes too grand for Fortune's private ways ;
 And though they shine in youth's ingenuous view,
 The sober gainful arts of modern days
 To such romantic thoughts have bid a long adieu.

V.

I ask not, god of dreams, thy care
 To banish Love's presentments fair :
 Nor rosy cheek, nor radiant eye
 Can arm him with such strong command
 That the young forcerer's fatal hand
 Shall round my soul his pleasing fetters tie.

* After Timoleon had delivered Syracuse from the tyranny of Dionysius, the people on every important deliberation sent for him into the public assembly, asked his advice, and voted according to it. PLUTARCH.

BOOK THE SECOND. ODE III. 73

Nor yet the courtier's hope, the giving smile
(A lighter phantom, and a baser chain)
Did e'er in slumber my proud lyre beguile
To lend the pomp of thrones her ill-according strain.

VI.

But, Morpheus, on thy balmy wing
Such honourable visions bring,
As sooth'd great Milton's injur'd age,
When in prophetic dreams he saw
The race unborn with pious awe
Imbibe each virtue from his heavenly page :
Or such as Mead's benignant fancy knows
When health's deep treasures, by his heart explor'd,
Have sav'd the infant from an orphan's woes,
Or to the trembling fire his age's hope restor'd.

O D E III.

T O T H E C U C K O W .

I.

O Rustic herald of the spring,
At length in yonder woody vale
Fast by the brook I hear thee sing ;
And, studious of thy homely tale,
Amid the vespers of the grove,
Amid the chaunting choir of love,
Thy sage responses hail.

II. The

II.

The time has been when I have frown'd
 To hear thy voice the woods invade;
 And while thy solemn accent drown'd
 Some sweeter Poet of the shade,
 Thus, thought I, thus the sons of care
 Some constant youth or generous fair
 With dull advice upbraid.

III.

I said, "While Philomela's song
 "Proclaims the passion of the grove,
 "It ill beseems a cuckow's tongue
 "Her charming language to reprove"—
 Alas, how much a lover's ear
 Hates all the sober truth to hear,
 The sober truth of love!

IV.

When hearts are in each other blest'd,
 When nought but lofty faith can rule
 The nymph's and swain's consenting breast,
 How cuckow-like in Cupid's school,
 With store of grave prudential saws
 On Fortune's power and Custom's laws,
 Appears each friendly fool!

V.

Yet think betimes, ye gentle train
 Whom Love and Hope and Fancy sway,
 Whom every harsher care disdain,
 Who by the morning judge the day,

Think

BOOK THE SECOND. ODE IV. 75

Think that, in April's fairest hours,
To warbling shades and painted flowers
The cuckow joins his lay.

O D E IV.

T O T H E
HONOURABLE CHARLES TOWNSHEND.

I N T H E C O U N T R Y.

M.DCC.L.

I. I.

HOW oft shall I survey
This humble roof, the lawn, the greenwood shade,
The vale with sheaves o'erspread,
The glassy brook, the flocks which round thee stray;
When will thy cheerful mind
Of these have utter'd all her dear esteem?
Or, tell me, dost thou deem
No more to join in glory's toilsome race,
But here content embrace
That happy leisure which thou hadst resign'd?

I. 2.

Alas, ye happy hours,
When books and youthful sport the soul could share,
Ere one ambitious care
Of civil life had aw'd her simpler powers;

Oft

Oft as your winged train
 Revisit here my friend in white array,
 O fail not to display
 Each fairer scene where I perchance had part,
 That so his generous heart
 The abode of even Friendship may remain.

I. 3.

For not imprudent of my loss to come,
 I saw from Contemplation's quiet cell
 His feet ascending to another home
 Where public Praise and envied Greatness dwell.
 But shall we therefore, O my lyre,
 Reprove ambition's best desire?
 Extinguish Glory's flame?
 Far other was the task injoin'd
 When to my hand thy strings were first assign'd:
 Far other faith belongs to Friendship's honor'd name.

II. 2.

Thee, Townshend, not the arms
 Of slumbering Ease, nor Pleasure's rosy chain,
 Were destin'd to detain:
 No, nor bright Science. nor the Muse's charms.
 For them high Heaven prepares
 Their proper votaries, an humbler band:
 And ne'er would Spenser's hand
 Have deign'd to strike the warbling Tuscan shell,
 Nor Harrington to tell
 What habit an immortal city wears.

II. 2.

Had this been born to shield
 The cause which Cromwell's impious hand betray'd,
 Or that, like Vere, display'd
 His redcross banner o'er the Belgian field;
 Yet where the will divine
 Hath shut those loftiest paths, it next remains,
 With reason clad in strains
 Of harmony, selected minds to inspire,
 And Virtue's living fire
 To feed and eternize in hearts like thine.

II. 3.

For never shall the herd, whom Envy sways,
 So quell my purpose or my tongue control,
 That I should fear illustrious worth to praise,
 Because its master's friendship mov'd my soul.
 Yet, if this undissembled strain
 Should now perhaps thine ear detain
 With any pleasing sound,
 Remember thou that righteous Fame
 From hoary age a strict account will claim
 Of each auspicious palm with which thy youth was
 crown'd.

III. 1.

Nor obvious is the way
 Where Heaven expects thee; nor the traveller leads,
 Through flowers or fragrant meads,
 Or groves that hark to Philomela's lay.

The

The impartial laws of Fate
 To nobler virtues wed severer cares.
 Is there a man who shares
 The summit next where heavenly natures dwell?
 Ask him (for he can tell)
 What storms beat round that rough laborious height,

III. 2.

Ye heroes, who of old
 Did generous England Freedom's throne ordain;
 From Alfred's parent reign
 To Nassau, great deliverer, wise and bold;
 I know your perils hard.
 Your wounds, your painful marches, wintery seas,
 The night estrang'd from ease
 The day by cowardice and falsehood vex'd,
 The head with doubt perplex'd,
 The indignant heart disdaining the reward.

III. 3.

Which envy hardly grants. But, O renown,
 O praise from judging heaven and virtuous men,
 If thus they purchas'd thy divinest crown,
 Say, who shall hesitate? or who complain?
 And now they sit on thrones above:
 And when among the gods they move
 Before the sovran mind,
 "Lo, these," he saith, "lo, these are they
 "Who to the laws of mine eternal sway
 "From violence and fear asserted human kind."

IV. 1.

IV. 1.

Thus honor'd while the train
Of legislators in his presence dwell;
If I may aught foretell,
The statesman shall the second palm obtain.
For dreadful deeds of arms
Let vulgar bards, with undiscerning praise,
More glittering trophies raise:
But wisest heaven what deeds may chiefly move
To favor and to love?
What, save wide blessings, or averted harms?

IV. 2.

Nor to the imbattled field
Shall the achievements of the peaceful gown
The green immortal crown
Of valor, or the songs of conquest yield.
Not Fairfax wildly bold,
While bare of crest he hew'd his fatal way,
Through Naseby's firm array,
To heavier dangers did his breast oppose
Than Pym's free virtue chose,
When the proud force of Strafford he control'd.

IV. 3.

But what is man at enmity with truth?
What were the fruits of Wentworth's copious mind
When (blighted all the promise of his youth)
The patriot in a tyrant's league had join'd?
Let Ireland's loud-lamenting plains,
Let Tyne's and Humber's trampled swains,
Let

Let menac'd London tell
How impious Guile made Wisdom base;
How generous zeal to cruel rage gave place;
And how unblest'd he liv'd, and how dishonor'd fell.

V. 1.

Thence never hath the Muse
Around his tomb Pierian roses flung :
Nor shall one poet's tongue
His name for Music's pleasing labor chuse.
And sure, when Nature kind
Hath deck'd some favor'd breast above the throng,
That man with grievous wrong
Affronts and wounds his genius, if he bends
To Guilt's ignoble ends
The functions of his ill-submitting mind.

V. 2.

For worthy of the wise
Nothing can seem but Virtue; nor earth yield
Their fame an equal field,
Save where impartial Freedom gives the prize.
There Somers fix'd his name,
Inroll'd the next to William. There shall Time
To every wondering clime
Point out that Somers, who from Faction's croud,
The slanderous and the loud,
Could fair assent and modest reverence claim.

V. 3.

Nor aught did laws or social arts acquire,
Nor this majestic weal of Albion's land
Did aught accomplish, or to aught aspire,
Without his guidance, his superior hand.

And

BOOK THE SECOND. ODE IV. 81

And rightly shall the Muse's care
Wreaths like her own for him prepare,
Whose mind's enamour'd aim
Could forms of civil beauty draw
Sublime as ever Sage or Poet saw,
Yet still to life's rude scene the proud ideas tame.

VI. 1.

Let none profane be near !
The Muse was never foreign to his breast :
On Power's grave seat confess'd,
Still to her voice he bent a lover's ear.
And if the blessed know
Their ancient cares, even now the unfading groves,
Where haply Milton roves
With Spenser, hear the enchanted echos round
Through farthest heaven resound
Wife Somers, guardian of their fame below.

VI. 2.

He knew, the patriot knew,
That letters and the Muses powerful art
Exalt the ingenuous heart,
And brighten every form of just and true.
'They lend a nobler sway
To civil Wisdom, than corruption's lure
Could ever yet procure :
They too from Envy's pale malignant light
Conduct her forth to fight
Cloth'd in the fairest colours of the day.

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VI. 3. O

VI. 3.

O Townshend, thus may Time, the judge severe,
 Instruct my happy tongue of thee to tell :
 And when I speak of one to freedom dear
 For planning wisely and for acting well,
 Of one whom glory loves to own,
 Who still by liberal means alone
 Hath liberal ends pursued ;
 Then, for the guerdon of my lay,
 “ This man with faithful friendship,” will I say,
 “ From youth to honour'd age my arts and me hath
 “ view'd.”

O D E V.

ON LOVE OF PRAISE.

I.

O F all the springs within the mind
 Which prompt her steps in Fortune's maze,
 From none more pleasing aid we find
 Than from the genuine love of praise.

II.

Nor any partial, private end
 Such reverence to the public bears ;
 Nor any passion, Virtue's friend,
 So like to Virtue's self appears.

III. For

BOOK THE SECOND. ODE VI. 83

III.

For who in glory can delight
Without delight in glorious deeds?
What man a charming voice can slight,
Who courts the echo that succeeds?

IV.

But not the echo on the voice
More, than on virtue praise, depends;
To which, of course, it's real price
The judgment of the praiser lends.

V.

If praise then with religious awe
From the sole perfect judge be sought,
A nobler aim, a purer law,
Nor priest, nor bard, nor sage hath taught.

VI.

With which in character the same
Though in an humbler sphere it lies,
I count that soul of human fame,
The suffrage of the good and wise.

O D E VI.

TO WILLIAM HALL, ESQUIRE:

WITH THE WORKS OF CHAULIEU.

I.

ATTEND to Chaulieu's wanton lyre;
While, fluent as the sky-lark sings
When first the morn allures it's wings,
The epicure his theme pursues:
And tell me if, among the choir

G 2

Whose

Whose music charms the banks of Seine,
 So full, so free, so rich a strain
 E'er dictatéd the warbling Muse.

II.

Yet, Hall, while thy judicious ear
 Admires the well-dissembled art
 That can such harmony impart
 To the lame pace of Gallic rhymes;
 While wit from affectation clear,
 Bright images, and passions true,
 Recall to thy assenting view
 The envied bards of nobler times;

III.

Say, is not oft his doctrine wrong?
 'This priest of pleasure, who aspires
 To lead us to her sacred fires,
 Knows he the ritual of her shrine?
 Say (her sweet influence to thy song
 So may the goddess still afford)
 Doth she consent to be ador'd
 With shameless love and frantic wine?

IV.

Nor Cato, nor Chrysippus here
 Need we in high indignant phrase
 From their Elysian quiet raise;
 But pleasure's oracle alone
 Consult; attentive, not severe.
 O pleasure, we blaspheme not thee;
 Nor emulate the rigid knee
 Which bends but at the Stoic throne.

V.

We own had fate to man assign'd
Nor sense, nor wish, but what obey
Or Venus soft or Bacchus gay,
Then might our bard's voluptuous creed
Most aptly govern human kind:
Unless perchance what he hath sung
Of tortur'd joints and nerves unstrung,
Some wrangling heretic should plead.

VI.

But now with all these proud desires
For dauntless truth and honest fame;
With that strong master of our frame,
The inexorable judge within,
What can be done? Alas, ye fires
Of love; alas, ye rosy smiles,
Ye nectar'd cups from happier soils,
—Ye have no bribe his grace to win.

O D E VII.

TO THE RIGHT REVEREND
BENJAMIN LORD BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

M.DCC.LIV.

I. 1.

FOR toils which patriots have endur'd,
For treason quell'd and laws secur'd,
In every nation Time displays
The palm of honourable praise.

26 A K E N S I D E ' S P O E M S .

Envy may rail; and faction fierce
 May strive: but what, alas, can those
 (Though bold, yet blind and fordid foes)
 To gratitude and love oppose,
 To faithful story and persuasive verse?

I. 2.

O nurse of freedom, Albion, say,
 Thou tamer of despotic sway,
 What man, among thy sons around,
 Thus heir to glory hast thou found?
 What page, in all thy annals bright,
 Hast thou with purer joy survey'd
 Than that where truth, by Hoadly's aid,
 Shines through imposture's solemn shade,
 Through kingly and through sacerdotal night?

I. 3.

To him the Teacher blest'd,
 Who sent religion, from the palmy field
 By Jordan, like the morn to cheer the west,
 And lifted up the veil which heaven from earth conceal'd,
 To Hoadly thus his mandate he address'd:
 "Go thou, and rescue my dishonour'd law
 "From hands rapacious and from tongues impure:
 "Let not my peaceful name be made a lure
 "Fell persecution's mortal snares to aid:
 "Let not my words be impious chains to draw
 "The freeborn soul in more than brutal awe,
 "To faith without assent, allegiance unrepaid."

II. 1. No

BOOK THE SECOND. ODE VII. 87

II. 1.

No cold or unperforming hand
Was arm'd by heaven with this command.
The world soon felt it : and, on high,
To William's ear with welcome joy
Did Locke among the blest unfold
The rising-hope of Hoadly's name,
Godolphin then confirm'd the fame ;
And Somers, when from earth he came,
And generous Stanhope the fair sequel told.

II. 2.

Then drew the lawgivers around,
(Sires of the Grecian name renown'd)
And listening ask'd, and wondering knew,
What private force could thus subdue
The vulgar and the great combin'd ;
Could war with sacred folly wage ;
Could a whole nation disengage
From the dread bonds of many an age,
And to new habits mould the public mind.

II. 3.

For not a conqueror's sword,
Nor the strong powers to civil founders known,
Were his : but truth by faithful search explor'd,
And social sense, like seed, in genial plenty sown.
Wherever it took root, the soul (restor'd
To freedom) freedom too for others sought.
Not monkish craft the tyrant's claim divine,
Not regal zeal the bigot's cruel shrine

Could longer guard from reason's warfare sage;
 Not the wild rabble to sedition wrought,
 Nor synods by the papal Genius taught,
 Nor St. John's spirit loose, nor Atterbury's rage.

III. 1.

But where shall recompence be found?
 Or how such arduous merit crown'd?
 For look on life's laborious scene;
 What rugged spaces lie between
 Adventurous Virtue's early toils
 And her triumphal throne! The shade
 Of death, mean time, does oft invade
 Her progress; nor, to us display'd,
 Wears the bright heroine her expected spoils.

III. 2.

Yet born to conquer is her power:
 —O Hoadly, if that favourite hour
 On earth arrive, with thankful awe
 We own just heaven's indulgent law,
 And proudly thy success behold;
 We attend thy reverend length of days
 With benediction and with praise,
 And hail Thee in our public ways
 Like some great spirit fam'd in ages old.

III. 3.

While thus our vows prolong
 Thy steps on earth, and when by us resign'd
 Thou join'st thy seniors, that heroic throng
 Who rescued or preserv'd the rights of human kind,

BOOK THE SECOND. ODE VIII. 82.

O! not unworthy may thy Albion's tongue
Thee still, her friend and benefactor, name:
O! never, Hoadly, in thy country's eyes,
May impious gold, or pleasure's gaudy prize,
Make public virtue, public freedom, vile;
Nor our own manners tempt us to disclaim
That heritage, our noblest wealth and fame,
Which Thou hast kept intire from force and factious
guile.

O D E VIII.

I.

I F rightly tuneful bards decide,
If it be fix'd in love's decrees,
That beauty ought not to be tried
But by its native power to please,
Then tell me, youths and lovers, tell,
What fair can Amoret excell?

II.

Behold that bright unfullied smile,
And wisdom speaking in her mien:
Yet (she so artless all the while,
So little studious to be seen)
We nought but instant gladness know,
Nor think to whom the gift we owe.

III.

But neither music, nor the powers
Of youth and mirth and frolick chear,
Add half that sunshine to the hours,
Or make life's prospect half so clear,

As

90 AKENSIDE'S POEMS.

As memory brings it to the eye
From scenes where Amoret was by.

IV.

Yet not a satirist could there
Or fault or indiscretion find;
Nor any prouder sage declare
One virtue, pictur'd in his mind,
Whose form with lovelier colours glows
Than Amoret's demeanor shows.

V.

This sure is beauty's happiest part :
This gives the most unbounded sway :
This shall enchant the subject heart
When rose and lily fade away ;
And she be still, in spite of time,
Sweet Amoret in all her prime.

O D E IX.

A T S T U D Y.

I.

WHITHER did my fancy stray ?
By what magic drawn away
Have I left my studious theme ?
From this philosophic page,
From the problems of the sage,
Wandering through a pleasing dream ?

II, 'Tis

BOOK THE SECOND. ODE IX. 91

II.

'Tis in vain, alas ! I find,
Much in vain, my zealous mind
Would to learned Wisdom's throne
Dedicate each thoughtful hour :
Nature bids a softer power
Claim some minutes for his own.

III.

Let the busy or the wise
View him with contemptuous eyes ;
Love is native to the heart :
Guide its wishes as you will ;
Without Love, you'll find it still
Void in one essential part.

IV.

Me though no peculiar fair
Touches with a lover's care ;
Though the pride of my desire
Asks immortal friendship's name,
Asks the palm of honest fame,
And the old heroic lyre ;

V.

Though the day have smoothly gone,
Or to letter'd leisure known,
Or in social duty spent ;
Yet at eve my lonely breast
Seeks in vain for perfect rest ;
Languishes for true content,

ODE

O D E X.

T O

THOMAS EDWARDS, ESQUIRE.

ON THE LATE EDITION OF

M^R. P O P E ' S W O R K S.

M.DCC.LI.

I.

BELIEVE me, Edwards, to restrain
The licence of a railer's tongue
Is what but seldom men obtain
By sense or wit, by prose or song :
A task for more Herculean powers,
Nor suited to the sacred hours
Of leisure in the Muse's bowers.

II.

In bowers where laurel weds with palm,
The Muse, the blameless queen, resides ;
Fair Fame attends, and Wisdom calm
Her eloquence harmonious guides :
While, shut for ever from her gate,
Oft trying, still repining, wait
Fierce Envy and calumnious Hate.

III. Who

III.

Who then from her delightful bounds
Would step one moment forth to heed
What impotent and savage sounds
From their unhappy mouths proceed?
No: rather Spenser's lyre again
Prepare, and let thy pious strain
For Pope's dishonour'd shade complain.

IV.

Tell how displeas'd was every Bard,
When lately in the Elysian grove
They of his Muse's guardian heard,
His delegate to fame above;
And what with one accord they said
Of wit in drooping age mislaid,
And Warburton's officious aid:

V.

How Virgil mourn'd the sordid fate
To that melodious lyre assign'd
Beneath a tutor who so late
With Midas and his rout combin'd
By spiteful clamour to confound
That very lyre's enchanting sound,
Though listening realms admir'd around:

VI.

How Horace own'd he thought the fire
Of his friend Pope's satiric line
Did farther fuel scarce require
From such a militant divine:

How

How Milton scorn'd the sophist vain
 Who durst approach his hallow'd strain
 With unwash'd hands and lips profane.

VII.

Then Shakespear debonnair and mild
 Brought that strange comment forth to view;
 Conceits more deep, he said and smil'd,
 Than his own fools or madmen knew:
 But thank'd a generous friend above,
 Who did with free adventurous love
 Such pageants from his tomb remove.

VIII.

And if to Pope, in equal need,
 The same kind office thou wouldst pay,
 Then, Edwards, all the band decreed
 That future Bards with frequent lay
 Should call on thy auspicious name,
 From each absurd intruder's claim,
 To keep inviolate their fame.

O D E XI.

T O T H E
C O U N T R Y G E N T L E M E N
O F E N G L A N D.

M.DCC.LVIII.

I.

WHITHER is Europe's ancient spirit fled ?
Where are those valiant tenants of her shore,
Who from the warrior bow the strong dart sped,
Or with firm hand the rapid pole-ax bore ?
Freeman and soldier was their common name,
Who late with reapers to the furrow came,
Now in the front of battle charg'd the foe :
Who taught the steer the wintery plough to endure,
Now in full councils check'd encroaching power,
And gave the guardian laws their majesty to know.

II.

But who are ye ? from Ebro's loitering sons
To Tiber's pageants, to the sports of Seine ;
From Rhine's frail palaces to Danube's thrones
And cities looking on the Cimbric main,
Ye lost, ye self-deserted ? whose proud lords
Have baffled your tame hands, and given your swords
To

To slavish ruffians, hir'd for their command:
 These, at some greedy monk's or harlot's nod,
 See rifled nations crouch beneath their rod:
 These are the public will, the reason of the land.

III.

Thou, heedless Albion, what, alas! the while
 Dost thou presume? O inexpert in arms,
 Yet vain of freedom, how dost thou beguile,
 With dreams of hope, these near and loud alarms?
 Thy splendid home, thy plan of laws renown'd,
 The praise and envy of the nations round,
 What care hast thou to guard from fortune's sway?
 Amid the storms of war, how soon may all
 The lofty pile from its foundations fall,
 Of ages the proud toil, the ruin of a day!

IV.

No: thou art rich, thy streams and fertile vales
 Add industry's wise gifts to nature's store:
 And every port is crouded with thy sails,
 And every wave throws treasure on thy shore.
 What boots it? If luxurious plenty charm
 Thy selfish heart from glory, if thy arm
 Shrink at the frowns of danger and of pain,
 Those gifts, that treasure is no longer thine.
 Oh rather far be poor. Thy gold will shine
 Tempting the eye of force, and deck thee to thy bane.

V.

But what hath force or war to do with thee?
 Girt by the azure tide, and thron'd sublime
 Amid thy floating bulwarks, how canst see,
 With scorn, the fury of each hostile clime

Dash'd

BOOK THE SECOND. ODE XI. 97

Dash'd ere it reach thee. Sacred from the foe
Are thy fair fields. Athwart thy guardian prow
No bold invader's foot shall tempt the strand—
Yet say, my country, will the waves and wind
Obey thee? Hast thou all thy hopes resign'd
To the sky's fickle faith? the pilot's wavering hand?

VI.

For oh! may neither fear nor stronger love
(Love, by thy virtuous princes nobly won)
Thee, last of many wretched nations, move,
With mighty armies station'd round the throne
To trust thy safety. Then, farewell the claims
Of freedom! Her proud records to the flames
Then bear, an offering at ambition's shrine;
Whate'er thy ancient patriots dar'd demand
From furious John's, or faithless Charles's hand,
Or what great William seal'd for his adopted line.

VII.

But if thy sons be worthy of their name,
If liberal laws with liberal hearts they prize,
Let them from conquest, and from servile shame,
In war's glad school their own protectors rise.
Ye chiefly, heirs of Albion's cultur'd plains,
Ye leaders of her bold and faithful swains,
Now not unequal to your birth be found:
The public voice bids arm your rural state,
Paternal hamlets for your ensigns wait,
And grange and fold prepare to pour their youth around.

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H

VIII. Why

VIII.

Why are ye tardy ? what inglorious care
 Detains you from their head, your native post ?
 Who most their country's fame and fortune share,
 'Tis theirs to share her toils, her perils most.
 Each man his task in social life sustains.
 With partial labours, with domestic gains,
 Let others dwell : to you indulgent heaven
 By counsel and by arms the public cause
 To serve for public love and love's applause,
 The first employment far, the noblest hire, hath given.

IX.

Have ye not heard of Lacedæmon's fame ?
 Of Attic chiefs in Freedom's war divine ?
 Of Rome's dread generals ? the Valerian name ?
 The Fabian sons ? the Scipios, matchless line ?
 Your lot was theirs. The farmer and the swain
 Met his lov'd patron's summons from the plain ;
 The legions gather'd ; the bright eagles flew :
 Barbarian monarchs in the triumph mourn'd ;
 The conquerors to their household gods return'd,
 And fed Calabrian flocks, and steer'd the Sabine plough.

X.

Shall then this glory of the antique age,
 This pride of men, be lost among mankind ?
 Shall war's heroic arts no more engage
 The unbought hand, the unsubjected mind ?
 Doth valour to the race no more belong ?
 No more with scorn of violence and wrong

Doth

BOOK THE SECOND. ODE XI. 99

Doth forming nature now her sons inspire,
That, like some mystery to few reveal'd,
The skill of arms abash'd and aw'd they yield,
And from their own defence with hopeless hearts retire?

XI.

O shame to human life, to human laws!
The loose adventurer, hireling of a day,
Who his fell sword without affection draws,
Whose God, whose country, is a tyrant's pay,
This man the lessons of the field can learn;
Can every palm, which decks a warrior, earn,
And every pledge of conquest: while in vain,
To guard your altars, your paternal lands,
Are social arms held out to your free hands:
Too arduous is the lore; too irksome were the pain.

XII.

Meantime by Pleasure's lying tales allur'd,
From the bright sun and living breeze ye stray;
And deep in London's gloomy haunts immur'd,
Brood o'er your fortune's, freedom's, health's decay.
O blind of choice and to yourselves untrue!
The young grove shoots, their bloom the fields renew,
The mansion asks its lord, the swains their friend;
While he doth riot's orgies haply share,
Or tempt the gamester's dark, destroying snare,
Or at some courtly shrine with slavish incense bend.

XIII.

And yet full oft your anxious tongues complain
 That lawless tumult prompts the rustic throng;
 That the rude village-inmates now disdain
 Those homely ties which rul'd their fathers long.
 Alas! your fathers did by other arts
 Draw those kind ties around their simple hearts,
 And led in other paths their ductile will;
 By succour, faithful counsel, courteous cheer,
 Won them the ancient manners to revere,
 To prize their country's peace, and heaven's due rites
 fulfil.

XIV.

But mark the judgment of experienc'd Time,
 Tutor of nations. Doth light discord tear
 A state? and impotent sedition's crime?
 The powers of warlike prudence dwell not there;
 The powers who to command and to obey.
 Instruct the valiant. There would civil sway
 The rising race to manly concord tame?
 Oft let the marshal'd field their steps unite,
 And in glad splendor bring before their fight
 One common cause and one hereditary fame.

XV.

Nor yet be aw'd, nor yet your task disown,
 Though war's proud votaries look on severe;
 Though secrets taught erewhile to them alone,
 They deem profan'd by your intruding ear,

Let

BOOK THE SECOND. ODE XI. 101

Let them in vain, your martial hope to quell,
Of new refinements, fiercer weapons tell,
And mock the old simplicity, in vain :
To the time's warfare, simple or refin'd,
The time itself adapts the warrior's mind ;
And equal prowess still shall equal palms obtain.

XVI.

Say then ; if England's youth, in earlier days,
On Glory's field with well-train'd armies vy'd,
Why shall they now renounce that generous praise ?
Why dread the foreign mercenary's pride ?
Though Valois brav'd young Edward's gentle hand,
And Albert rush'd on Henry's way-worn band,
With Europe's chosen sons in arms renown'd,
Yet not on Vere's bold archers long they look'd,
Nor Audley's squires, nor Mowbray's yeomen
brook'd :
They saw their standard fall, and left their monarch
bound.

XVII.

Such were the laurels which your fathers won ;
Such Glory's dictates in their dauntless breast :
—Is there no voice that speaks to every son ?
No nobler, holier call to You address'd ?
O ! by majestic freedom, righteous laws,
By heavenly truth's, by manly reason's cause,
Awake ; attend ; be indolent no more :
By Friendship, social Peace, domestic Love,
Rise ; arm ; your country's living safety prove ;
And train her valiant youth, and watch around her shore.

O D E XII.

O N

RECOVERING FROM A FIT OF SICKNESS,
IN THE COUNTRY.

M.DCC.LVIII.

I.

TH Y verdant scenes, O Goulder's hill,
Once more I seek, a languid guest:
With throbbing temples and with burden'd breast
Once more I climb thy steep ærial way.
O faithful cure of oft-returning ill,
Now call thy sprightly breezes round,
Dissolve this rigid cough profound,
And bid the springs of life with gentler movement
play.

II.

How gladly 'mid the dews of dawn
By weary lungs thy healing gale,
The balmy west or the fresh north, inhale!
How gladly, while my musing footsteps rove
Round the cool orchard or the sunny lawn,
Awak'd I stop, and look to find
What shrub perfumes the pleasant wind,
Or what wild songster charms the Dryads of the grove.

III. Now,

BOOK THE SECOND. ODE XII. 103

III.

Now, ere the morning walk is done,
The distant voice of Health I hear
Welcome as beauty's to the lover's ear.
" Droop not, nor doubt of my return," she cries;
" Here will I, 'mid the radiant calm of noon,
" Meet thee beneath yon chestnut bower,
" And lenient on thy bosom pour
" That indolence divine which lulls the earth and
" skies."

IV.

The goddess promis'd not in vain.
I found her at my favourite time.
Nor wish'd to breathe in any softer clime,
While (half-reclin'd, half-slumbering as I lay)
She hover'd o'er me. Then, among her train
Of nymphs and zephyrs, to my view
Thy gracious form appear'd anew
Then first, O heavenly Muse, unseen for many a day.

V.

In that soft pomp the tuneful maid
Shone like the golden star of love.
I saw her hand in careless measures move;
I heard sweet preludes dancing on her lyre,
While my whole frame the sacred sound obey'd.
New sunshine o'er my fancy springs,
New colours clothe external things,
And the last glooms of pain and sickly plaint retire.

VI.

O Goulder's hill, by thee restor'd
 Once more to this enliven'd hand,
 My harp, which late resounded o'er the land
 The voice of glory, solemn and severe,
 My Dorian harp shall now with mild accord
 To thee her joyful tribute pay,
 And send a less-ambitious lay
 Of Friendship and of Love to greet thy master's ear.

VII.

For when within thy shady seat
 First from the sultry town he chose,
 And the tir'd senate's cares, his wish'd repose,
 Then wast thou mine; to me a happier home
 For social leisure: where my welcome feet,
 Estrang'd from all the entangling ways
 In which the restless vulgar strays,
 Through nature's simple paths with ancient faith might
 roam.

VIII.

And while around his sylvan scene
 My Dyson led the white-wing'd hours,
 Oft from the Athenian Academic bowers
 Their sages came: oft heard our lingering walk
 The Mantuan music warbling o'er the green:
 And oft did Tully's reverend shade,
 Though much for liberty afraid,
 With us of letter'd ease or virtuous glory talk.

IX.

But other guests were on their way,
And reach'd ere long this favour'd grove ;
Even the celestial progeny of Jove,
Bright Venus, with her all-subduing son,
Whose golden shaft most willingly obey
The best and wisest. As they came,
Glad Hymen wav'd his genial flame,
And sang their happy gifts, and prais'd their spotless
throne.

X.

I saw when through yon festive gate
He led along his chosen maid,
And to my friend with smiles presenting said ;
“ Receive that fairest wealth which Heaven assign'd
“ To human fortune. Did thy lonely state
“ One wish, one utmost hope confess ?
“ Behold, she comes, to adorn and bless :
“ Comes, worthy of thy heart, and equal to thy mind.”

O D E XIII.

TO THE AUTHOR OF MEMOIRS OF THE
HOUSE OF BRANDENBURGH.

M.DCC.LI.

I.

THE men renown'd as chiefs of human race,
And born to lead in counsels or in arms,
Have seldom turn'd their feet from Glory's chace,
To dwell with books, or court the Muse's charms.
Yet,

Yet, to our eyes if haply time hath brought
 Some genuine transcript of their calmer thought,
 There still we own the wise, the great, or good;
 And Cæsar there and Xenophon are seen,
 As clear in spirit and sublime of mien,
 As on Pharfalian plains, or by the Assyrian flood,

II.

Say thou too, Frederic, was not this thy aim?
 Thy vigils could the student's lamp engage,
 Except for this? except that future fame
 Might read thy genius in the faithful page?
 That if hereafter Envy shall presume
 With words irreverent to inscribe thy tomb,
 And baser weeds upon thy palms to fling,
 That hence posterity may try thy reign,
 Assert thy treaties, and thy wars explain,
 And view in native lights the hero and the king.

III.

O evil foresight and pernicious care!
 Wilt thou indeed abide by this appeal?
 Shall we the lessons of thy pen compare
 With private honour or with public zeal?
 Whence then at things divine those darts of scorn?
 Why are the woes, which virtuous men have borne
 For sacred Truth, a prey to laughter given?
 What fiend, what foe of nature, urged thy arm
 The Almighty of his sceptre to disarm?
 To push this earth adrift, and leave it loose from
 heaven?

IV. Ye

IV.

Ye god-like shades of legislators old,
 Ye who made Rome victorious, Athens wise,
 Ye first of mortals with the blest'd inroll'd,
 Say did not horror in your bosoms rise,
 When thus by impious vanity impell'd
 A magistrate, a monarch; ye beheld
 Affronting civil order's holiest bands?
 Those bands which ye so labour'd to improve?
 Those hopes and fears of justice from above,
 Which tam'd the savage world to your divine com-
 mands?

O D E XIV.

THE COMPLAINT.

I.

AWAY! Away!
 Tempt me no more, insidious Love:
 Thy soothing sway
 Long did my youthful bosom prove:
 At length thy treason is discern'd,
 At length some dear-bought caution earn'd:
 Away! nor hope my riper age to move.

II.

I know, I see
 Her merit. Needs it now be shewn,
 Alas! to me?
 How often, to myself unknown,

The

The graceful, gentle, virtuous maid
Have I admir'd ! How often said,
What joy to call a heart like her's one's own.

III.

But, flattering god,
O squanderer of content and ease,
In thy abode
Will care's rude lesson learn to please ?
O say, deceiver, hast thou won
Proud Fortune to attend thy throne,
Or plac'd thy friends above her stern decrees ?

O D E XV.

ON DOMESTIC MANNERS.

[UNFINISHED.]

I.

MEEK honour, female shame,
O ! whither, sweetest offspring of the sky,
From Albion dost thou fly ;
Of Albion's daughters once the favourite fame ?
O Beauty's only friend,
Who giv'st her pleasing reverence to inspire ;
Who selfish, bold desire
Dost to esteem and dear affection turn ;
Alas ! of thee forlorn,
What joy, what praise, what hope can life pretend ?

II. Behold ;

II.

Behold; our youths in vain
Concerning nuptial happiness enquire:
Our maids no more aspire
The arts of bashful Hymen to attain;
But with triumphant eyes
And cheeks impassive, as they move along,
Ask homage of the throng.
The lover swears that in a harlot's arms
Are found the self-same charms,
And worthless and deserted lives and dies.

III.

Behold; unblest'd at home,
The father of the cheerless household mourns:
The night in vain returns,
For love and glad content at distance roam;
While she, in whom his mind
Seeks refuge from the day's dull task of cares,
To meet him she prepares,
Through noise and spleen and all the gamester's art,
A listless, harrafs'd heart,
Where not one tender thought can welcome find.

IV.

'Twas thus, along the shore
Of Thames, Britannia's guardian Genius heard,
From many a tongue prefer'd,
Of strife and grief the fond invective lore:

At

At which the queen divine
 Indignant, with her adamantin spear
 Like thunder founding near,
 Smote the red cross upon her silver shield,
 And thus her wrath reveal'd.
 (I watch'd her awful words and made them mine.)

* * * * *

THE END OF BOOK THE SECOND.

NOTES

N O T E S

O N T H E

T W O B O O K S O F O D E S.

B. 1. Ode XVIII. Stanza II. 2.] Lycurgus the Lacedæmonian law-giver, brought into Greece from Asia Minor the first complete copy of Homer's works.—At Plataea was fought the decisive battle between the Persian army and the united militia of Greece, under Pausanias and Aristides.—Cymon the Athenian erected a trophy in Cyprus for two great victories gained on the same day over the Persians by sea and land. Diodorus Siculus has preserved the inscription which the Athenians affixed to the consecrated spoils, after this great success; in which it is very remarkable, that the greatness of the occasion has raised the manner of expression above the usual simplicity and modesty of all other ancient inscriptions. It is this:

ΕΞ. ΟΥ. Γ. ΕΥΡΩΠΗΝ. ΑΣΙΑΣ. ΔΙΧΑ. ΠΟΝΤΟΣ.
ΕΝΕΙΜΕ.

ΚΑΙ. ΠΟΛΕΑΣ. ΘΗΝΤΩΝ. ΘΟΥΡΟΣ. ΑΡΗΣ.
ΕΠΕΧΕΙ.

ΟΥΔΕΝ. ΠΩ. ΤΟΙΟΥΤΩΝ. ΕΠΙΧΘΟΝΙΩΝ. ΓΕΝΕΤ'.
ΑΝΔΡΩΝ.

ΕΡΤΩΝ. ΕΝ. ΗΠΕΙΡΩΙ. ΚΑΙ. ΚΑΤΑ. ΠΟΝΤΩΝ.
ΑΜΑ.

ΟΙΔΕ.

ΟΙΔΕ. ΓΑΡ. ΕΝ. ΚΥΠΡΩΙ. ΜΗΔΟΥΣ. ΠΟΛΛΟΥΣ.
ΟΛΕΣΑΝΤΕΣ.

ΦΟΙΝΙΚΩΝ. ΕΚΑΤΟΝ. ΝΑΥΣ. ΕΛΟΝ. ΕΝ. ΠΕΛΑ-
ΓΕΙ.

ΑΝΔΡΩΝ. ΠΛΗΘΟΥΣΑΣ. ΜΕΓΑ. Δ'. ΕΣΤΕΝΕΝ,
ΑΣΙΣ. ΥΠ'. ΑΥΤΩΝ.

ΠΛΗΓΕΙΣ'. ΑΜΦΟΤΕΡΑΙΣ. ΧΕΡΣΙ. ΚΡΑΤΕΙ. ΠΟ-
ΛΕΜΟΥ.

The following translation is almost literal :

Since first the sea from Asia's hostile coast
Divided Europe, and the god of war
Assail'd imperious cities; never yet,
At once among the waves and on the shore,
Hath such a labour been achiev'd by men
Who earth inhabit. They, whose arms the Medes
In Cyprus felt pernicious, they, the same
Have won from skilful Tyre an hundred ships
Crouded with warriors. Asia groans, in both
Her hands fore smitten, by the might of war.

Stanza II. 3.] Pindar was contemporary with Ari-
stides and Cymon, in whom the glory of ancient Greece
was at its height. When Xerxes invaded Greece,
Pindar was true to the common interest of his country;
though his fellow citizens, the Thebans, had sold
themselves to the Persian king. In one of his Odes he
expresses the great distress and anxiety of his mind,
occasioned by the vast preparations of Xerxes against
Greece.

Greece. (Isthm. 8.) In another he celebrates the victories of Salamis, Plataea, and Himera. (Pyth. 1.) It will be necessary to add two or three other particulars of his life, real or fabulous, in order to explain what follows in the text concerning him. First then, he was thought to be so great a favourite of Apollo, that the priests of that deity allotted him a constant share of their offerings. It was said of him, as of some other illustrious men, that at his birth a swarm of bees lighted on his lips, and fed him with their honey. It was also a tradition concerning him, that Pan was heard to recite his poetry, and seen dancing to one of his hymns on the mountains near Thebes. But a real historical fact in his life is, that the Thebans imposed a large fine upon him on account of the veneration which he expressed in his poems for that heroic spirit, shewn by the people of Athens in defence of the common liberty, which his own fellow-citizens had shamefully betrayed. And as the argument of this ode implies, that *great poetical talents, and high sentiments of liberty, do reciprocally produce and assist each other*, so Pindar is perhaps the most exemplary proof of this connection, which occurs in history. The Thebans were remarkable, in general, for a slavish disposition through all the fortunes of their common-wealth; at the time of its ruin by Philip; and even in its best state, under the administration of Pelopidas and Epaminondas: and every one knows, they were no less remarkable for great dulness, and want of all genius. That

Pindar should have equally distinguished himself from the rest of his fellow-citizens in both these respects seems somewhat extraordinary, and is scarce to be accounted for but by the preceeding observation.

Stanza III. 3.] Alluding to his "Defence of the people of England" against Salmasius. See particularly the manner in which he himself speaks of that undertaking, in the introduction to his reply to Morus.

Stanza IV. 3.] Edward the Third; from whom descended Henry Hastings, third Earl of Huntingdon by the daughter of the Duke of Clarence, brother to Edward the Fourth.

Stanza V. 3.] At Whittington, a village on the edge of Scarfsdale in Derbyshire, the Earls of Devonshire and Danby, with the Lord Delamere, privately concerted the plan of the Revolution. The house in which they met is at present a farm-house; and the country people distinguish the room where they sat, by the name of "the plotting parlour."

B. II. Ode VII. Stanza II. 1.] Mr. Locke died in 1704, when Mr. Hoadly was beginning to distinguish himself in the cause of civil and religious liberty: Lord Godolphin in 1712, when the doctrines of the Jacobite faction were chiefly favoured by those in power: Lord Somers in 1716, amid the practices of the non-juring clergy against the protestant establishment; and Lord Stanhope in 1721, during the controversy with the lower house of convocation.

B. II.

B. II. Ode X. Stanza V.] During Mr. Pope's war with Theobald, Concanen, and the rest of their tribe, Mr. Warburton, the present Lord Bishop of Gloucester, did with great zeal cultivate their friendship; having been introduced, forsooth, at the meetings of that respectable confederacy: a favour which he afterwards spoke of in very high terms of complacency and thankfulness. At the same time in his intercourse with them he treated Mr. Pope in a most contemptuous manner, and as a writer without genius. Of the truth of these assertions his Lordship can have no doubt, if he recollects his own correspondence with Concanen; a part of which is still in being, and will probably be remembered as long as any of this prelate's writings.

B. II. Ode XIII.] In the year 1751 appeared a very splendid edition, in quarto, of "Memoires pour servir à l'Histoire de la Maison de Brandebourg, à Berlin & à la Haye;" with a privilege signed FREDERIC; the same being engraved in imitation of handwriting. In this edition, among other extraordinary passages, are the two following, to which the third stanza of this ode more particularly refers:

Page 163.] "Il se fit une migration" (the author is speaking of what happened of the revocation of the edict of Nantes) "dont on n'avoit guere vu d'exemples dans l'histoire: un peuple entier sortit du royaume par l'esprit de parti en haine du pape, & pour recevoir sous un autre ciel la communion sous les deux especes: quatre cens mille ames s'expatrièrent ainsi
I 2 & aban-

“ & abandonnerent tous leur biens pour detonner dans
“ d’autres temples les vieux pseaumes de Clement.
“ Marot.”

Page 242.] “ La crainte donna le jour à la credulité,
“ & l’amour propre interessa bientôt le ciel au destin des
“ hommes.”

H Y M N.

T O T H E

N A I A D S.

M.DCC.XLVI.

THE Nymphs, who preside over springs and rivulets, are addressed at day-break, in honor of their several functions, and of the relations which they bear to the natural and to the moral world. Their origin is deduced from the first allegorical deities, or powers of nature; according to the doctrine of the old mythological poets, concerning the generation of the gods and the rise of things. They are then successively considered, as giving motion to the air and exciting summer-breezes; as nourishing and beautifying the vegetable creation; as contributing to the fullness of navigable rivers, and consequently to the maintenance of commerce; and by that means, to the maritime part of military power. Next is represented their favourable influence upon health, when assisted by rural exercise: which introduces their connection with the art of physic, and the happy effects of mineral medicinal springs. Lastly, they

are celebrated for the friendship which the Muses bear them, and for the true inspiration which temperance only can receive: in opposition to the enthusiasm of the more licentious poets.

O 'E R yonder eastern hill the twilight pale
Walks forth from darkness; and the God of day,
With bright Astræa seated by his side,
Waits yet to leave the ocean. Tarry, Nymphs,
Ye Nymphs, ye blue-ey'd progeny of Thames,
Who now the mazes of this rugged heath
Trace with your fleeting steps; who all night long
Repeat, amid the cool and tranquil air,
Your lonely murmurs, tarry: and receive
My offer'd lay. To pay you homage due,
I leave the gates of sleep; nor shall my lyre
Too far into the splendid hours of morn
Engage your audience: my observant hand
Shall close the strain ere any sultry beam
Approach you. To your subterranean haunts
Ye then may timely steal; to pace with care
The humid sands; to loosen from the soil
The bubbling sources; to direct the rills
To meet in wider channels; or beneath
Some grotto's dripping arch, at height of noon
To slumber, shelter'd from the burning heaven.

Where shall my song begin, ye Nymphs? or end?
Wide is your praise and copious—First of things,
First of the lonely powers, ere Time arose,

Were

HYMN TO THE NAIADS. 119

Were love and Chaos. Love the fire of Fate;
 Elder than Chaos. Born of Fate was Time,
 Who many sons and many comely births
 Devour'd, relentless father : till the child
 Of Rhea drove him from the upper sky,
 And quell'd his deadly might. Then social reign'd
 The kindred powers, 'Tethys, and reverend Ops,
 And spotless Vesta ; while supreme of sway
 Remain'd the cloud-compeller. From the couch
 Of Tethys sprang the sedgy crowned race,
 Who from a thousand urns, o'er every clime,
 Send tribute to their parent : and from them
 Are ye, O Naiads : Arethusa fair,
 And tuneful Aganippe ; that sweet name,
 Bandusia ; that soft family which dwelt
 With Syrian Daphne ; and the honor'd tribes
 Belov'd of Pæon. Listen to my strain,
 Daughters of Tethys : listen to your praise.

You, Nymphs the winged offspring, which of old
 Aurora to divine Astræus bore,
 Owns ; and your aid beseecheth. When the might
 Of Hyperion, from his noontide throne,
 Unbends their languid pinions, aid from you
 They ask : Favonius and the mild South-west
 From you relief implore. Your fallying streams
 Fresh vigour to their weary wings impart.
 Again they fly, disporting ; from the mead
 Half ripen'd and the tender blades of corn,
 To sweep the noxious mildew ; or dispel
 Contagious steams, which oft the parched earth

Breathes on her fainting sons. From noon to eve,
 Along the river and the paved brook,
 Ascend the cheerful breezes: hail'd of bards
 Who, fast by learned Cam, the Æolian lyre
 Solicit; nor unwelcome to the youth
 Who on the heights of Tibur, all inclin'd
 O'er rushing Anio, with a pious hand
 The reverend scene delineates, broken fanes,
 Or tombs, or pillar'd aqueducts, the pomp
 Of ancient Time; and haply, while he scans
 The ruins, with a silent tear revolves
 The fame and fortune of imperious Rome.

You too, O Nymphs, and your unenvious aid.
 The rural powers confess; and still prepare
 For you their choicest treasures. Pan commands,
 Oft as the Delian king with Sirius holds
 The central heavens, the father of the grove
 Commands his Dryads over your abodes
 To spread their deepest umbrage, Well the god
 Remembereth how indulgent ye supplied
 Your general dews to nurse them in their prime.

Pales, the pasture's queen, where-e'er ye stray,
 Pursues your steps, delighted; and the path
 With living verdure clothes. Around your haunts
 The laughing Chloris, with profuseth hand,
 Throws wide her blooms, her odors. Still with you
 Pomona seeks to dwell: and o'er the lawns,
 And o'er the vale of Richmond, where with Thames
 Ye love to wander, Amalthea pours
 Well-pleas'd the wealth of that Ammonian horn,

Her

Her dower ; unmindful of the fragrant isles
Nyſæan or Atlantic. Nor canſt thou,
(Albeit oft, ungrateful, thou doſt mock
The beverage of the ſober Naiad's urn,
O Bromius, O Lenæan) nor canſt thou
Diſown the powers whoſe bounty, ill repaid,
With nectar feeds thy tendrils. Yet from me,
Yet, blameleſs Nymphs, from my delighted lyre,
Accept the rites your bounty well may claim,
Nor heed the ſcoffings of the Edonian band.

For better praiſe awaits you. Thames, your fire,
As down the verdant ſlope your duteous rills
Deſcend, the tribute ſtately Thames, receives,
Delighted ; and your piety applauds ;
And bids his copious tide roll on ſecure,
For faithful are his daughters ; and with words
Auspicious gratulates the bark which, now
His banks-forſaking, her adventurous wings
Yields to the breeze, with Albion's happy gifts
Extremest isles to bleſs. And oft at morn,
When Hermes, from Olympus bent o'er earth
To bear the words of Jove, on yonder hill
Stoops lightly-failing ; oft intent your ſprings
He views : and waving o'er ſome new-born ſtream
His bleſt pacific wand, " And yet," he cries,
" Yet," cries the ſon of Maia, " though recluſe
" And ſilent be your ſtores, from you, fair Nymphs,
" Flows wealth and kind ſociety to men.
" By you my function and my honor'd name
" Do I poſſeſs ; while o'er the Bœtic vale,

" Or

" Or through the towers of Memphis, or the palms
 " By sacred Ganges water'd, I conduct
 " The English merchant : with the buxom fleece
 " Of fertile Ariconium while I clothe
 " Sarmatian kings ; or to the household gods
 " Of Syria, from the bleak Cornubian shore,
 " Dispense the mineral treasure which of old
 " Sidonian pilots sought, when this fair land
 " Was yet unconscious of those generous arts
 " Which wise Phœnicia from their native clime
 " Transplanted to a more indulgent heaven."

Such are the words of Hermes : such the praise,
 O Naiads, which from tongues celestial waits
 Your bounteous deeds. From bounty issueth power :
 And those who, sedulous in prudent works,
 Relieve the wants of nature, Jove repays
 With noble wealth, and his own seat on earth,
 Fit judgments to pronounce, and curb the might
 Of wicked men. Your kind unfailing urns
 Not vainly to the hospitable arts
 Of Hermes yield their store. For, O ye Nymphs,
 Hath he not won the unconquerable queen
 Of arms to court your friendship ? You she owns
 The fair associates who extend her sway
 Wide o'er the mighty deep ; and grateful things
 Of you she uttereth, oft as from the shore
 Of Thames, or Medway's vale, or the green banks
 Of Vecta, she her thundering navy leads
 To Calpe's foaming channel, or the rough
 Cantabrian surge ; her auspices divine

Imparting

Imparting to the senate and the prince
 Of Albion, to dismay barbaric kings,
 The Iberian, or the Celt. The pride of kings
 Was ever scorn'd by Pallas : and of old
 Rejoic'd the virgin, from the brazen prow
 Of Athens o'er Ægina's gloomy furge,
 To drive her clouds and storms; o'erwhelming all
 The Persian's promis'd glory, when the realms
 Of Indus and the soft Ionian clime,
 When Libya's torrid champain and the rocks
 Of cold Imaüs join'd their servile bands,
 To sweep the sons of liberty from earth.
 In vain : Minerva on the bounding prow
 Of Athens stood, and with the thunder's voice
 Denounc'd her terrors on their impious heads,
 And shook her burning ægis. Xerxes saw :
 From Heracléum, on the mountain's height
 Thron'd in his golden car, he knew the sign
 Cœlestial ; felt unrighteous hope forsake
 His faltering heart, and turn'd his face with shame.

Hail, ye who share the stern Minerva's power ;
 Who arm the hand of liberty for war :
 And give to the renown'd Britannic name
 To awe contending monarchs : yet benign,
 Yet mild of nature : to the works of peace
 More prone, and lenient of the many ills
 Which wait on human life. Your gentle aid
 Hygeia well can witness ; she who saves,
 From poisonous cates and cups of pleasing bane,
 The wretch devoted to the intangling snares

Of

Of Bacchus and of Comus. Him she leads
 To Cynthia's lonely haunts. To spread the toils,
 To beat the coverts, with the jovial horn
 At dawn of day to summon the loud hounds,
 She calls the lingering sluggard from his dreams:
 And where his breast may drink the mountain breeze,
 And where the fervor of the sunny vale
 May beat upon his brow, through devious paths
 Beckons his rapid courser. Nor when ease,
 Cool ease and welcome slumbers have becalm'd
 His eager bosom, does the queen of health
 Her pleasing care withhold. His decent board
 She guards, presiding; and the frugal powers
 With joy sedate leads in: and while the brown
 Ennæan dame with Pan presents her stores;
 While changing still, and comely in the change,
 Vertumnus and the Hours before him spread
 The garden's banquet; you to crown his feast,
 To crown his feast, O Naiads, you the fair
 Hygeia calls: and from your shelving seats,
 And groves of poplar, plenteous cups ye bring,
 To slake his veins: till soon a purer tide
 Flows down those loaded channels; washeth off
 The dregs of luxury, the lurking seeds
 Of crude disease; and through the abodes of life
 Sends vigour, sends repose. Hail, Naiads: hail,
 Who give, to labour, health; to stooping age,
 The joys which youth had squander'd. Oft your urns
 Will I invoke; and, frequent in your praise,
 Abash the frantic Thyrsus with my song.

For

For not estrang'd from you benignant arts
Is he, the god, to whose mysterious shrine
My youth was sacred, and my votive cares
Belong; the learned Pæon. Oft when all
His cordial treasures he hath search'd in vain;
When herbs, and potent trees, and drops of balm
Rich with the genial influence of the sun,
(To rouse dark fancy from her plaintive dreams,
To brace the nerveless arm, with food to win
Sick appetite, or hush the unquiet breast
Which pines with silent passion) he in vain
Hath prov'd; to your deep mansions he descends,
Your gates of humid rock, your dim arcades,
He entereth; where impurpled veins of ore
Gleam on the roof; where through the rigid mine
Your trickling rills insinuate. There the god
From your indulgent hands the streaming bowl
Waits to his pale-ey'd suppliants; waits the seeds
Metallic, and the elemental salts
Wash'd from the pregnant glebe. They drink: and soon
Flies pain; flies inauspicious care: and soon
The social haunt or unfrequented shade
Hears Io, Io Pæan; as of old,
When Python-fell. And, O propitious Nymphs,
Oft as for helpless mortals I implore
Your salutary springs, through every urn
Oh shed your healing treasures. With the first
And finest breath, which from the genial strife
Of mineral fermentation springs, like light

O'er

O'er the fresh morning's vapours, lustrate then
The fountain, and inform the rising wave.

My lyre shall pay your bounty. Scorn not ye
That humble tribute. Though a mortal hand
Excite the strings to utterance, yet for themes
Not unregarded of cœlestial powers,
I frame their language ; and the Muses deign
To guide the pious tenor of my lay.
The Muses (sacred by their gifts divine)
In early days did not my wondering sense
Their secrets oft reveal : oft my rais'd ear
In slumber felt their music : oft at noon
Or hour of sunset, by some lonely stream,
In field or shady grove, they taught me words
Of power from death and envy to preserve
The good man's name. Whence yet with grateful mind,
And offerings unprofan'd by ruder eye,
My vows I send, my homage, to the seats
Of rocky Cirrha, where with you they dwell :
Where you their chaste companions they admit
Through all the hallow'd scene : where oft intent,
And leaning o'er Castalia's mossy verge,
They mark the cadence of your confluent urns,
How tuneful, yielding gratefullest repose
To their consoled measure : till again,
With emulation all the sounding choir,
And bright Apollo, leader of the song
Their voices through the liquid air exalt,
And sweep their lofty strings : those powerful strings

That

HYMN TO THE NAIADS. 127

That charm the mind of gods : that fill the courts
 Of wide Olympus with oblivion sweet
 Of evils, with immortal rest from cares :
 Assuage the terrors of the throne of Jove ;
 And quench the formidable thunderbolt
 Of unrelenting fire. With slacken'd wings
 While now the solemn concert breathes around,
 Incumbent o'er the sceptre of his lord
 Sleeps the stern eagle ; by the number'd notes,
 Possess'd ; and satiate with the melting tone :
 Sovereign of birds. The furious god of war,
 His darts forgetting, and the winged wheels
 That bear him vengeful o'er the embattled plain,
 Relents, and sooths his own fierce heart to ease,
 Most welcome ease. The fire of gods and men,
 In that great moment of divine delight,
 Looks down on all that live ; and whatso'er
 He loves not, o'er the peopled earth and o'er
 The interminated ocean, he beholds
 Curs'd with abhorrence by his doom severe,
 And troubled at the sound. Ye, Naiads, ye
 With ravish'd ears the melody attend
 Worthy of sacred silence. But the slaves
 Of Bacchus with tempestuous clamours strive
 To drown the heavenly strains ; of highest Jove
 Irreverent, and by mad presumption fir'd
 Their own discordant raptures to advance
 With hostile emulation. Down they rush
 From Nyfa's vine-impurpled cliff, the dames

Of

O Thrace, the Satyrs, and the unruly Fauns,
 With old Silenus, reeling through the crowd
 Which gambols round him, in convulsions wild
 Tossing their limbs, and brandishing in air
 The ivy-mantled thyrsus, or the torch
 Through black smoke flaming, to the Phrygian pipe's
 Shrill voice, and to the clashing cymbals, mix'd
 With shrieks and frantic uproar. May the gods
 From every unpolluted ear avert
 Their orgies ! If within the seats of men,
 Within the walls, the gates, where Pallas holds
 The guardian key, if haply there be found
 Who loves to mingle with the revel-band
 And hearken to their accents ; who aspires
 From such instructors to inform his breast
 With verse ; let him, fit votarist, implore
 Their inspiration. He perchance the gifts
 Of young Lyæus, and the dread exploits,
 May sing in aptest numbers : he the fate
 Of sober Pentheus, he the Paphian rites,
 And naked Mars with Cytherea chain'd,
 And strong Alcides in the spinster's robes,
 May celebrate, applauded. But with you,
 O Naiads, far from that unhallow'd rout,
 Must dwell the man whoe'er to praised themes
 Invokes the immortal Muse. The immortal Muse
 To your calm habitations, to the cave
 Corycian or the Delphic mount, will guide
 His footsteps ; and with your unsullied streams

His

HYMN TO THE NAIADS. 129

His lips will bathe : whether the eternal lore
Of Themis, or the majesty of Jove,
To mortals he reveal ; or teach his lyre
The unenvied guerdon of the patriot's toils,
In those unfading islands of the blest'd,
Where sacred Bards abide. Hail, honor'd Nymphs ;
Thrice hail. For you the Cyrenaïc shell
Behold, I touch, revering. To my songs
Be present ye with favorable feet,
And all profaner audience far remove.

N O T E S

O N T H E

H Y M N T O T H E N A I A D S.

Page 301. l. 1. — *Love* —

Elder than Chaos.] Hesiod, in his

Theogony, gives a different account, and makes Chaos the eldest of beings; though he assigns to Love neither father nor superior: which circumstance is particularly mentioned by Phædrus, in Plato's Banquet, as being observable not only in Hesiod, but in all other writers both of verse and prose: and on the same occasion he cites a line from Parmenides, in which Love is expressly stiled the eldest of all the gods. Yet Aristophanes, in The Birds, affirms, that "Chaos, and Night, and Erebus, and Tartarus, were first; and that Love was produced from an egg, which the fable-winged night deposited in the immense bosom of Erebus." But it must be observed, that the Love designed by this comic poet was always distinguished from the other, from that original and self-existent being the ΤΟ ΟΝ or ΑΤΑΘΟΝ of Plato, and meant only the ΔΗΜΙΟΥΡΓΟΣ or second person of the old Grecian trinity; to whom is inscribed an hymn among those which

which pass under the name of Orpheus, where he is called Protogonos, or the first-begotten, is said to have been born of an egg, and is represented as the principal or origin of all these external appearances of nature. In the fragments of Orpheus, collected by Henry Stephens, he is named Phanes, the discoverer or discloser; who unfolded the ideas of the supreme intelligence, and exposed them to the perception of inferior beings in this visible frame of the world; as Macrobius, and Proclus, and Athenagoras, all agree to interpret the several passages of Orpheus, which they have preserved.

But the Love designed in our text, is the one self-existent and infinite mind, whom if the generality of ancient mythologists have not introduced or truly described in accounting for the production of the world and its appearances; yet, to a modern poet, it can be no objection that he hath ventured to differ from them in this particular; though, in other respects, he professeth to imitate their manner and conform to their opinions. For, in these great points of natural theology, they differ no less remarkably among themselves; and are perpetually confounding the philosophical relations of things with the traditionary circumstances of mythic history: upon which very account, Callimachus, in his hymn to Jupiter, declareth his dissent from them concerning even an article of the national creed; adding, that the ancient bards were by no means to be depended on. And yet in the exordium of the old Argonautic poem, ascribed to Orpheus, it is said, that “ Love, whom mortals in latter times call

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"Phanes, was the father of the eternally begotten
 "Night;" who is generally represented by these my-
 thological poets, as being herself the parent of all
 things; and who, in the *Indigitamenta*, or Orphic
 Hymns, is said to be the same with Cypris, or Love
 itself. Moreover, in the body of this Argonautic
 poem, where the personated Orpheus introduceth him-
 self singing to his lyre in reply to Chiron, he cele-
 brateth "the obscure memory of Chaos, and the na-
 "tures which it contained within itself in a state of
 "perpetual vicissitude; how the heaven had its boun-
 "dary determined; the generation of the earth; the
 "depth of the ocean; and also the sapient Love, the
 "most ancient, the self-sufficient; with all the beings
 "which he produced when he separated one thing
 "from another." Which noble passage is more di-
 rectly to Aristotle's purpose in the first book of his meta-
 physics than any of those which he has there quoted, to
 shew that the ancient poets and mythologists agreed
 with Empedocles, Anaxagoras, and the other more sober
 philosophers, in that natural anticipation and common
 notion of mankind concerning the necessity of mind
 and reason to account for the connexion, motion, and
 good order of the world. For, though neither this
 poem, nor the hymns which pass under the same name,
 are, it should seem, the work of the real Orpheus;
 yet beyond all question they are very ancient. The
 hymns, more particularly, are allowed to be older than
 the invasion of Greece by Xerxes; and were probably
 a set of public and solemn forms of devotion: as ap-
 pears

pears by a passage in one of them, which Demosthenes hath almost literally cited in his first oration against Aristogiton, as the saying of Orpheus, the founder of their most holy mysteries. On this account, they are of higher authority than any other mythological work now extant, the Theogony of Hesiod himself not excepted. The poetry of them is often extremely noble; and the mysterious air which prevails in them, together with its delightful impression upon the mind cannot be better expressed than in that remarkable description with which they inspired the German editor Eschenbach, when he accidentally met with them at Leipzig: “Thesaurum me reperisse credidi,” says he, “& profecto thesaurum reperi. Incredibile dictu quo me sacro horrore afflaverint indigitamenta ista deorum: nam et tempus ad illorum lectionem eligere cogebar, quod vel solum horrorem incutere animo potest, nocturnum; cum enim totam diem consumerim in contemplando urbis splendore, & in adeundis, quibus scatet urbs illa, viris doctis; sola nox restabat, quam Orpheo consecrare potui. In abyssum quendam mysteriorum venerandæ antiquitatis descendere videbar, quotiescunque silente mundo, solis vigilantibus astris et luna μελανηράτεις istos hymnos ad manus summi.”

l. 1. *Chaos.*] The unformed, undigested mass of Moses and Plato: which Milton calls

“The womb of nature.”

l. 1. *Love, the fire of Fate.*] Fate is the universal system of natural causes; the work of the Omnipotent

Mind, or of Love; so Minucius Felix: "Quid aliud
 " est fatum, quam quod de unoquoque nostrum deus
 " fatus est." So also Cicero, in The First Book
 on Divination: "Fatum autem id appello, quod Græci
 " ΕΙΡΜΑΡΜΕΝΗΝ; id est, ordinem seriemque causa-
 " rum, cum causa causæ nexa rem ex se gignat—ex quo
 " intelligitur, ut fatum sit non id quod superstitiose,
 " sed id quod physice dicitur causa æterna rerum."
 To the same purpose is the doctrine of Hierocles, in
 that excellent fragment concerning Providence and
 Destiny. As to the three Fates, or Destinies of the
 poets, they represented that part of the general system
 of natural causes which relates to man, and to other
 mortal beings: for so we are told in the hymn addres-
 sed to them among the Orphic Indigitamenta, where
 they are called the daughters of Night (or Love) and,
 contrary to the vulgar notion, are distinguished by the
 epithets of gentle, and tender-hearted. According to
 Hesiod. Theog. ver. 904, they were the daughters of
 Jupiter and Themis; but in the Orphic Hymn to Venus,
 or Love, that Goddess is directly stiled the mother of
 Necessity, and is represented, immediately after, as
 governing the three Destinies, and conducting the
 whole system of natural causes.

1. 2. *Born of Fate was Time*] Cronos, Saturn, or
 Time, was, according to Apollodorus, the son of Cæ-
 lum and Tellus. But the author of the hymns gives
 it quite undisguised by mythological language, and
 calls him plainly the offspring of the earth and the
 starry heaven; that is, of Fate, as explained in the
 preceeding note.

l. 3. *Who many sons devour'd.*] The known fable of Saturn devouring his children was certainly meant to imply the dissolution of natural bodies; which are produced and destroyed by Time.

l. 4, 5. *The child of Rhea.*] Jupiter, so called by Pindar.

l. 5. *Drove him from the upper sky.*] That Jupiter dethroned his father Saturn, is recorded by all the mythologists. Phurnutus, or Cornutus, the author of a little Greek treatise on the nature of the gods, informs us, that by Jupiter was meant the vegetable soul of the world, which restrained and prevented those uncertain alterations which Saturn, or Time, used formerly to cause in the mundane system.

l. 6. *Then social reign'd.*] Our mythology here supposeth, that before the establishment of the vital, vegetative, plastic nature (represented by Jupiter) the four elements were in a variable and unsettled condition; but afterwards, well-disposed and at peace among themselves. Tethys was the wife of the Ocean; Ops, or Rhea, the Earth; Vesta, the eldest daughter of Saturn, Fire; and the cloud-compeller, or Ζεὺς νεφεληγερέτης, the Air: though he also represented the plastic principle of nature, as may be seen in the Orphic hymn inscribed to him.

l. 10. *The sedge-crowned race.*] The river-gods; who, according to Hesiod's Theogony, were the sons of Oceanus and Tethys.

l. 12, 13. *From them, are ye, O Naiads.*] The descent of the Naiads is less certain than most points of

the Greek mythology. Homer Odyss. xiii. *καὶ πατρὶς Διὸς*. Virgil, in the eighth book of the *Æneid*, speaks as if the Nymphs, or Naiads, were the parents of the rivers: but in this he contradicts the testimony of Hesiod, and evidently departs from the orthodox system, which representeth several nymphs as retaining to every single river. On the other hand, Calimachus, who was very learned in all the school-divinity of those times, in his hymn to Delos, maketh Peneus, the great Thessalian river-god, the father of his nymphs: and Ovid, in the fourteenth book of his *Metamorphoses*, mentions the Naiads of Latium as the immediate daughters of the neighbouring river-gods. Accordingly, the Naiads of particular rivers are occasionally, both by Ovid and Statius, called by a patronymic, from the name of the river to which they belong.

l. 16. *Syrian Daphne*.] The grove of Daphne in Syria, near Antioch, was famous for its delightful fountains.

l. 16, 17. *The tribes below'd by Pæon*.] Mineral and medicinal springs. Pæon was the physician of the gods.

l. 19. *The winged offspring*.] The Winds; who, according to Hesiod and Apollodorus, were the sons of Astræus and Aurora.

l. 22. *Hyperion*.] A son of Cœlum and Tellus, and father of the Sun, who is thence called, by Pindar, Hyperionides. But Hyperion is put by Homer in the same manner as here, for the Sun himself.

l. 25 *Your sallying streams.*] The state of the atmosphere with respect to rest and motion is, in several ways, affected by rivers and running streams; and that more especially in hot seasons: first, they destroy its equilibrium, by cooling those parts of it with which they are in contact; and secondly, they communicate their own motion: and the air which is thus moved by them, being left heated, is of consequence more elastic than other parts of the atmosphere, and therefore fitter to preserve and to propagate that motion.

P. 302. l. 16. *Delian king.*] One of the epithets of Apollo, or the Sun, in the Orphic hymn inscribed to him.

l. 25. *Chloris.*] The ancient Greek name for Flora.

l. 29. *Amalthea.*] The mother of the first Bacchus, whose birth and education was written, as Diodorus Siculus informs us, in the old Pelasgic character, by Thymætes, grandson to Laomedon, and contemporary with Orpheus. Thymætes had travelled over Libya to the country which borders on the western ocean; there he saw the island of Nyssa, and learned from the inhabitants, that “ Ammon, king of Libya, was married in former ages to Rhea, sister of Saturn and the Titans: that he afterwards fell in love with a beautiful virgin, whose name was Amalthea; had by her a son, and gave her possession of a neighbouring tract of land, wonderfully fertile; which in shape nearly resembling the horn of an ox, was
“ thence

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“ thence called the Hesperian horn and afterwards
 “ the horn of Amalthea: that, fearing the jea-
 “ lousy of Rhea, he concealed the young Bacchus,
 “ with his mother, in the island of Nyfa;” the beauty
 of which, Diodorus describes with great dignity and
 pomp of style. This fable is one of the noblest in all
 the ancient mythology, and seems to have made
 a particular impresson on the imagination of Milton;
 the only modern poet (unless perhaps it be necessary
 to except Spenser) who, in these mysterious traditions
 of the poetic story, had a heart to feel, and words to
 express, the simple and solitary genius of antiquity.
 To raise the idea of his Paradise, he prefers it even to

— “ that Nysean isle

“ Girt by the river Triton, where old Cham,

“ (Whom Gentiles Ammon call, and Libyan Jove)

“ Hid Amalthea, and her florid son,

“ Young Bacchus, from his stepdame Rhea’s eye.”

P. 303. l. 10. *Edonian band.*] The priestesses and
 other ministers of Bacchus; so called from Edonus, a
 mountain of Thrace, where his rites were celebrated.

l. 21. *When Hermes.*] Hermes, or Mercury, was
 the patron of commerce; in which benevolent cha-
 racter he is addressed by the author of the *Indigitamenta*,
 in these beautiful lines:

Ἑρμῆνευ πάντων, κερδέμπορε, λυσιμέριμνε,

ὅς χειρᾶσθιν ἔχεις εἰρήνης ὄπλον ἀμέμφες.

P. 304. l. 7. *Dispense the mineral treasure.*] The
 merchants of Sidon and Tyre made frequent voyages

to the coast of Cornwall, from whence they carried home great quantities of tin.

P. 304. l. 22. *Hath he not won.*] Mercury, the patron of commerce, being so greatly dependent on the good offices of the Naiads, in return obtains for them the friendship of Minerva, the goddess of war; for military power, at least the naval part of it, hath constantly followed the establishment of trade; which exemplifies the preceding observation, that “from bounty issueth power.”

P. 29, 30. *Calpe — Cantabrian surge.*] Gibraltar and the bay of Biscay.

P. 305. l. 6. *Ægina's gloomy surge.*] Near this island, the Athenians obtained the victory of Salamis, over the Persian navy.

l. 16. *Xerxes saw.*] This circumstance is recorded in that passage, perhaps the most splendid among all the remains of ancient history, where Plutarch, in his “Life of Themistocles,” describes the sea-fights of Artemisium and Salamis.

P. 306. l. 30, *Thyrus.*] A staff, or spear, wreathed round with ivy; of constant use in the bacchanalian mysteries.

P. 307. l. 23. *Io Pæan.*] An exclamation of victory and triumph, derived from Apollo's encounter with Python.

P. 308. l. 19. *Cirrha.*] One of the summits or Parnassus, and sacred to Apollo. Near it were several fountains, said to be frequented by the Muses. Nyssa,

the

the other eminence of the same mountain, was dedicated to Bacchus.

P. 309. l. 1. *Charm the mind of gods.*] This whole passage, concerning the effects of sacred music among the gods, is taken from Pindar's first Pythian ode.

P. 310. l. 6. *Phrygian pipe's.*] The Phrygian music was fantastic and turbulent, and fit to excite disorderly passions.

l. 11, 12. *The gates where Pallas holds*

The guardian key.] It was the office of Minerva to be the guardian of walled cities; whence she was named ΠΟΛΙΑΣ and ΠΟΛΙΟΥΧΟΣ, and had her statues placed in their gates, being supposed to keep the keys; and on that account stiled ΚΛΗΔΟΥΧΟΣ.

l. 19, 20. *Fate of sober Pentheus.*] Pentheus was torn in pieces by the bacchanalian priests and women, for despising their mysteries.

l. 27, 28. *The cave Corycian.*] Of this cave Pausanias, in his Tenth Book, gives the following description: "Between Delphi and the eminences of Parnassus, in a road to the grotto of Corycium, which has its name from the nymph Corycia, and is by far the most remarkable which I have seen. One may walk a great way into it without a torch. It is of a considerable height and hath several springs within it; and yet a much greater quantity of water distills from the shell and roof, so as to be continually dropping on the ground. The people round Parnassus hold it sacred to the Corycian nymphs and to Pan."

TO THE NAIADS.

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l. 28. *Delphic mount.*] Delphi, the seat and oracle of Apollo, had a mountainous and rocky situation, on the skirts of Parnassus.

P. 311. l. 7. *Cyrenaïc.*] Cyrene was the native country of Callimachus, whose hymns are the most remarkable example of that mythological passion which is assumed in the preceding poem, and have always afforded particular pleasure to the author of it, by reason of the mysterious solemnity with which they affect the mind. On this account he was induced to attempt somewhat in the same manner; solely by way of exercise: the manner itself being now almost intirely abandoned in poetry. And as the meer genealogy, or the personal adventures of heathen gods, could have been but little interesting to a modern reader; it was therefore thought proper to select some convenient part of the history of nature, and to employ these ancient divinities as it is probable they were first employed; to wit, in personifying natural causes, and in representing the mutual agreement or opposition of the corporeal and moral powers of the world: which hath been accounted the very highest office of poetry.

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I N S C R I P T I O N S.

I.

F O R A G R O T T O.

TO me, whom in their lays the shepherds call
 Actæa, daughter of the neighbouring stream,
 This cave belongs. The fig-tree and the vine,
 Which o'er the rocky entrance downward shoot,
 Where plac'd by Glycon. He with cowslips pale,
 Primrose, and purple lychnis, deck'd the green
 Before my threshold, and my shelving walls
 With honeysuckle cover'd. Here at noon,
 Lull'd by the murmur of my rising fount,
 I slumber: here my clustering fruits I tend:
 Or from the humid flowers, at break of day,
 Fresh garlands weave, and chace from all my bounds
 Each thing impure or noxious. Enter in,
 O stranger, undismay'd. Nor bat, nor toad
 Here lurks: and if thy breast of blameless thoughts
 Approve thee, not unwelcome shalt thou tread
 My quiet mansion: chiefly, if thy name
 Wise Pallas and the immortal Muses own.

II. F O R

II.

FOR A STATUE OF CHAUCER
AT WOODSTOCK.

SUCH was old Chaucer. Such the placid mien
Of him who first with harmony inform'd
The language of our fathers. Here he dwelt
For many a cheerful day. These ancient walls
Have often heard him, while his legends blithe
He sang; of love, or knighthood, or the wiles
Of homely life: through each estate and age,
The fashions and the follies of the world
With cunning hand portraying. Though perchance
From Blenheim's towers, O stranger, thou art come
Glowing with Churchill's trophies; yet in vain
Dost thou applaud them if thy breast be cold
To him, this other hero; who, in times
Dark and untaught, began with charming verse
To tame the rudeness of his native land.

III.

WHOE'ER thou art whose path in Summer lies
Through yonder village, turn thee where the
grove
Of branching oaks a rural palace old
Imbosoms. Their dwells Albert, generous lord
Of all the harvest round, And onward thence

A low

A low plain chapel fronts the morning light
 Fast by a silent rivulet. Humbly walk,
 O stranger, o'er the consecrated ground;
 And on that verdant hillock, which thou see'st
 Beset with osiers, let thy pious hand
 Sprinkle fresh water from the brook, and strew
 Sweet-smelling flowers. For there doth Edmund rest,
 The learned shepherd; for each rural art
 Fam'd, and for songs harmonious, and the woes
 Of ill-requited love. The faithless pride
 Of fair Matilda sank him to the grave
 In manhood's prime. But soon did righteous Heaven
 With tears, with sharp remorse, and pining care,
 Avenge her falsehood. Nor could all the gold,
 And nuptial pomp, which lur'd her plighted faith
 From Edmund to a loftier husband's home,
 Relieve her breaking heart, or turn aside
 The strokes of Death. Go, traveller; relate
 The mournful story. Haply some fair maid
 May hold it in remembrance, and be taught
 That riches cannot pay for truth or love.

IV.

O YOUTHS and virgins: O declining ed
 O pale Misfortune's slaves: O ye who dwell
 Unknown with humble quiet; ye who wait
 In courts, or fill the golden seat of kings:
 O sons of Sport and Pleasure: O thou wretch
 That weep'st for jealous love, or the sore wounds]

Of conscious Guilt, or Death's rapacious hand
Which left thee void of hope : O ye who roam
In exile ; ye who through the imbattled field
Seek bright renown ; or who for nobler palms
Contend, the leaders of a public cause ;
Approach : behold this marble. Know ye not
The features ? Hath not oft his faithful tongue
Told you the fashion of your own estate,
The secrets of your bosom ? Here then, round
His monument with reverence while ye stand,
Say to each other : " ' This was Shakespeare's form ;
" Who walk'd in every path of human life.
" Felt every passion ; and to all mankind
" Doth now, will ever, that experience yield
" Which his own genius only could acquire,"

V.

GULIELMVS III. FORTIS, PIVS, LIBERATOR, CVM
INEVNTAE AETATE PATRIAE LABENTI ADVISSET
SALVS IPSE VNICA ; CVM MOX ITIDEM REIPVBLICAE
BRITANNICAE VINDEXT RENVNCIATVS
ESSET ATQVE STATOR ; TVM DENIQVE AD ID SE
NATVM RECOGNOVIT ET REGEM FACTVM, VT
CVRARET NE DOMINO IMPOTENTI CEDERENT PAX,
FIDES, FORTVNA, GENERIS HVMANI. AVCTORI
PVBLICAE FELICITATIS P. G. A. M. A.

VI. FOR

VI

FOR A COLUMN AT RUNNYMEDE.

THOU, who the verdant plain dost traverse here,
 While Thames among his willows from thy view
 Retires; O stranger, stay thee, and the scene
 Around contemplate well. This is the place
 Where England's ancient barons, clad in arms
 And stern with conquest, from their tyrant king
 (Then render'd tame) did challenge and secure
 The charter of thy freedom. Pass not on
 Till thou hast blest'd their memory, and paid
 Those thanks which God appointed the reward
 Of public virtue. And if chance thy home
 Salute thee with a father's honour'd name,
 Go, call thy sons: instruct them what a debt
 They owe their ancestors; and make them swear
 To pay it, by transmitting down intire
 Those sacred rights to which themselves were born.

VII.

THE WOOD-NYMPH.

APPROACH in silence. 'Tis no vulgar tale
 Which I, the Dryad of this hoary oak,
 Pronounce to mortal ears. The second age
 Now hasteneth to its period, since I rose
 On this fair lawn. The groves of yonder vale

L 2

Are

Are all my offspring : and each Nymph, who guards
 The copfes and the furrow'd fields beyond,
 Obeys me. Many changes have I feen
 In human things, and many awful deeds
 Of Juſtice, when the ruling hand of Jove
 Againſt the tyrants of the land, againſt
 The unhallow'd ſons of luxury and guile,
 Was arm'd for retribution. Thus at length
 Expert in laws divine, I know the paths
 Of Wiſdom, and erroneous Folly's end
 Have oft preſag'd : and now well-pleas'd I wait
 Each evening till a noble youth, who loves
 My ſhade, a while releas'd from public cares,
 Yon peaceful gate ſhall enter, and ſit down
 Beneath my branches. Then his muſing mind
 I prompt, unſeen ; and place before his view
 Sincereſt forms of good ; and move his heart
 With the dread bounties of the Sire Supreme
 Of gods and men, with Freedom's generous deeds,
 The lofty voice of Glory and the faith
 Of ſacred Friendſhip. Stranger, I have told
 My function. If within thy boſom dwell
 Aught which may challenge praiſe, thou wilt not leave
 Unhonour'd my abode, nor ſhall I hear
 A ſparing benediction from thy tongue.

VIII.

YE powers unseen, to whom the Bards of Greece
Erected altars; ye who to the mind
More lofty views unfold, and prompt the heart
With more divine emotions; if erewhile
Not quite unpleasing have my votive rites
Of you been deem'd when oft this lonely seat
To you I consecrated; then vouchsafe
Here with your instant energy to crown
My happy solitude. It is the hour
When most I love to invoke you, and have felt
Most frequent your glad ministry divine.
The air is calm: the sun's unveiled orb
Shines in the middle heaven. The harvest round
Stands quiet, and among the golden sheaves
The reapers lie reclin'd. The neighbouring groves
Are mute; nor even a linnet's random strain
Echoeth amid the silence. Let me feel
Your influence, ye kind powers. Aloft in heaven
Abide ye? or on those transparent clouds
Pass ye from hill to hill? or on the shades
Which yonder elms cast o'er the lake below
Do you converse retir'd? From what lov'd haunt
Shall I expect you? Let me once more feel
Your influence, O ye kind inspiring powers:
And I will guard it well, nor shall a thought
Rise in my mind, nor shall a passion move
Across my bosom unobserv'd, unstor'd

By faithful memory. And then at some
 More active moment, will I call them forth
 Anew; and join them in majestic forms,
 And give them utterance in harmonious strains;
 That all mankind shall wonder at your sway.

IX.

ME though in life's sequester'd vale
 The Almighty Sire ordain'd to dwell,
 Remote from Glory's toilsome ways,
 And the great scenes of public praise;
 Yet let me still with grateful pride
 Remember how my infant frame
 He temper'd with prophetic flame,
 And early music to my tongue supply'd.

'Twas then my future fate he weigh'd.
 And, This be thy concern, he said,
 At once with Passion's keen alarms,
 And Beauty's pleasurable charms,
 And sacred Truth's eternal light,
 To move the various mind of man;
 Till under one unblemish'd plan,
 His reason, fancy, and his heart unite.

AN EPISTLE TO CURIO*.

THRICE has the Spring beheld thy faded fame,
 And the fourth Winter rises on thy shame,
 Since I exulting grasp'd the votive shell,
 In sounds of triumph all thy praise to tell;
 Blest could my skill through ages make thee shine,
 And proud to mix my memory with thine.
 But now the cause that wak'd my song before,
 With praise, with triumph, crowns the toil no more.
 If to the glorious man, whose faithful cares,
 Nor quell'd by malice, nor relax'd by years,
 Had aw'd ambition's wild audacious hate,
 And dragg'd at length Corruption to her fate;

* Curio was a young Roman Senator of distinguished birth and parts, who, upon his first entrance into the Forum, had been committed to the care of Cicero. Being profuse and extravagant, he soon dissipated a large and splendid fortune; to supply the want of which, he was driven to the necessity of abetting the designs of Cæsar against the liberties of his country, although he had before been a professed enemy to him.—Cicero exerted himself with great energy to prevent his ruin, but without effect, and he became one of the first victims in the civil war. This epistle was first published in the year 1744, when a celebrated patriot, after a long and at last a successful opposition to an unpopular minister, had deserted the cause of his country, and become the foremost in support and defence of the same measures he had so steadily and for such a length of time contended against. It was altered by the Author into the "Ode to Curio;" but the original poem is too curious to be omitted. N.

If every tongue its large applauses ow'd,
 And well-earn'd laurels every Muse bestow'd;
 If public justice urg'd the high reward,
 And Freedom smil'd on the devoted Bard:
 Say then, to him whose levity or lust
 Laid all a people's generous hopes in dust;
 Who taught Ambition firmer heights of power,
 And fav'd Corruption at her hopeless hour;
 Does not each tongue its execrations owe?
 Shall not each Muse a wreath of shame bestow?
 And public justice sanctify the award?
 And Freedom's hand protect the impartial bard?

Yet long reluctant I forbore thy name,
 Long watch'd thy virtue like a dying flame,
 Hung o'er each glimmering spark with anxious eyes,
 And wish'd and hop'd the light again would rise.
 But since thy guilt still more intire appears,
 Since no art hides, no supposition clears;
 Since vengeful Slander now too sinks her blast,
 And the first rage of party-hate is past;
 Calm as the Judge of Truth, at length I come
 To weigh thy merits, and pronounce thy doom:
 So may my trust from all reproach be free,
 And Earth and Time confirm the fair decree.

There are who say they view'd without amaze
 Thy sad reverse of all thy former praise;
 That through the pageants of a patriot's name,
 They pierc'd the foulness of thy secret aim;
 Or deem'd thy arm exalted but to throw
 The public thunder on a private foe.

But

But I, whose soul consented to thy cause,
 Who felt thy genius stamp its own applause,
 Who saw the spirits of each glorious age
 Move in thy bosom, and direct thy rage;
 I scorn'd the ungenerous gloss of slavish minds,
 The owl-eyed race, whom Virtue's lustre blinds.
 Spite of the learned in the ways of Vice,
 And all who prove that each man has his price,
 I still believ'd thy end was just and free;
 And yet, even yet believe it—spite of thee.
 Even though thy mouth impure has dar'd disclaim,
 Urg'd by the wretched impotence of shame,
 Whatever filial cares thy zeal had paid
 To laws infirm and liberty decay'd;
 Has begg'd Ambition to forgive the show;
 Has told Corruption thou wert ne'er her foe;
 Has boasted in thy country's awful ear,
 Her gross delusion when she held thee dear;
 How tame she follow'd thy tempestuous call,
 And heard thy pompous tales, and trusted all—
 Rise from your sad abodes, ye curst of old
 For laws subverted, and for cities fold!
 Paint all the noblest trophies of your guilt,
 The oaths you perjur'd, and the blood you spilt;
 Yet must you one untempted vileness own,
 One dreadful palm reserv'd for him alone:
 With studied arts his country's praise to spurn,
 To beg the infamy he did not earn,
 To challenge hate when honour was his due,
 And plead his crimes where all his virtue knew.

Do

Do robes of state the guarded heart inclose
 From each fair feeling human nature knows ?
 Can pompous titles stun the enchanted ear
 To all that reason, all that sense, would hear ?
 Else could'st thou e'er desert thy sacred post,
 In such unthankful baseness to be lost ?
 Else could'st thou wed the emptiness of vice.
 And yield thy glories at an idiot's price ?

When they who, loud for liberty and laws,
 In doubtful times had fought their country's cause,
 When now of conquest and dominion sure,
 They fought alone to hold their fruits secure ;
 When taught by these, Oppression hid the face
 To leave Corruption stronger in her place,
 By silent spells to work the public fate,
 And taint the vitals of the passive state,
 Till healing Wisdom should avail no more,
 And Freedom loath to tread the poison'd shore ;
 Then, like some guardian god that flies to save
 The weary pilgrim from an instant grave,
 Whom, sleeping and secure, the guileful snake
 Steals near and nearer through the peaceful brake ;
 Then Curio rose to ward the public woe,
 To wake the heedless, and incite the slow,
 Against Corruption Liberty to arm,
 And quell the enchantress by a mightier charm.

Swift o'er the land the fair contagion flew,
 And with thy country's hopes thy honours grew.
 Thee, Patriot, the patrician roof confess'd :
 Thy powerful voice the rescued merchant bless'd ;

Of thee with awe the rural hearth resounds ;
 The bowl to thee the grateful sailer crowns ;
 Touch'd in the fighting shade with manlier fires,
 To trace thy steps the love-sick youth aspires ;
 The learn'd recluse, who oft amaz'd had read
 Of Grecian heroes, Roman patriots dead,
 With new amazement hears a living name
 Pretend to share in such forgotten fame ;
 And he who, scorning courts and courtly ways,
 Left the tame track of these dejected days,
 The life of nobler ages to renew
 In virtues sacred from a monarch's view,
 Rouz'd by thy labours from the blest retreat,
 Where social ease and public passions meet,
 Again ascending treads the civil scene,
 To act and be a man, as thou hadst been.

Thus by degrees thy cause superior grew,
 And the great end appear'd at last in view :
 We heard the people in thy hopes rejoice ;
 We saw the senate bending to thy voice ;
 The friends of freedom hail'd the approaching reign
 Of laws for which our fathers bled in vain ;
 While venal Faction, struck with new dismay,
 Shrunk at their frown, and self-abandon'd lay.
 Wak'd in the shock, the Public Genius rose,
 Abash'd and keener from his long repose ;
 Sublime in ancient pride, he rais'd the spear
 Which slaves and tyrants long were wont to fear :
 The city felt his call : from man to man,
 From street to street, the glorious horror ran ;

Each

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Each crouded haunt was stirr'd beneath his power;
And, murmuring, challeng'd the deciding hour.

Lo! the deciding hour at last appears;
The hour of every freeman's hopes and fears!
Thou, Genius! Guardian of the Roman name,
O ever prompt tyrannic rage to tame!
Instruct the mighty moments as they roll,
And guide each movement steady to the goal.
Ye spirits, by whose providential art
Succeeding motives turn the changeful heart,
Keep, keep the best in view to Curio's mind,
And watch his fancy, and his passions bind!
Ye shades immortal, who, by Freedom led,
Or in the field, or on the scaffold bled,
Bend from your radiant seats a joyful eye,
And view the crown of all your labours nigh,
See Freedom mounting her eternal throne!
The sword submitted, and the laws her own:
See! public Power chastis'd beneath her stands,
With eyes intent, and uncorrupted hands!
See private life by wisest arts reclaim'd!
See ardent youth to noblest manners fram'd!
See us acquire whate'er was fought by you,
If Curio, only Curio will be true.

'Twas then—O Shame! O Trust how ill repaid!
O Latium, oft by faithless sons betray'd!—
'Twas then—What frenzy on thy reason stole?
What spells unfinew'd thy determin'd soul?
—Is this the man in Freedom's cause approv'd?
The man so great, so honour'd, so lov'd?

Thi

This patient slave by tinsel chains allur'd?
 This wretched suitor for a boon abjur'd?
 This Curio, hated and despis'd by all?
 Who sell himself, to work his country's fall?
 O lost, alike to action and repose!
 Unknown, unpitied in the worst of woes!
 With all that conscious, undissembled pride,
 Sold to the insults of a foe de'fy'd!
 With all that habit of familiar fame,
 Doom'd to exhaust the dregs of life in shame!
 The sole sad refuge of thy baffled art,
 To act a statesman's dull, exploded part,
 Renounce the praise no longer in thy power,
 Display thy virtue, though without a dower,
 Contemn the giddy crowd, the vulgar wind,
 And shut thy eyes that others may be blind.
 —Forgive me, Romans, that I bear to smile
 When shameless mouths your majesty defile,
 Paint you a thoughtless, frantic, headlong crew,
 And cast their own impieties on you.
 For witness, Freedom, to whose sacred power
 My soul was vow'd from reason's earliest hour,
 How have I stood exulting, to survey
 My country's virtues opening in thy ray!
 How, with the sons of every foreign shore
 The more I match'd them, honour'd her's the more!
 O e erect! whose native strength of soul,
 Which kings, nor priests, nor sordid laws controul,
 Bursts the tame round of animal affairs,
 And seeks a nobler centre for its cares;

Intent the laws of life to comprehend,
 And fix dominion's limits by its end.
 Who, bold and equal in their love or hate,
 By conscious reason judging every state,
 The man forget not, though in rags he lies,
 And know the mortal through a crown's disguise:
 Thence prompt alike with witty scorn to view
 Fastidious grandeur lift his solemn brow,
 Or, all awake at Pity's soft command,
 Bend the mild ear, and stretch the gracious hand:
 Thence large of heart, from envy far remov'd,
 When public toils to virtue stand approv'd,
 Not the young lover fonder to admire,
 Nor more indulgent the delighted fire;
 Yet high and jealous of their free-born name,
 Fierce as the flight of Jove's destroying flame,
 Where'er Oppression works her wanton sway,
 Proud to confront, and dreadful to repay.
 But if, to purchase Curio's sage applause,
 My country must with him renounce her cause,
 Quit with a slave the path a patriot trod,
 Bow the meek knee, and kiss the regal rod;
 Then still, ye powers, instruct his tongue to rail,
 Nor let his zeal, nor let his subject fail:
 Else, ere he change the style, bear me away
 To where the Gracchi, * where the Bruti stay!

* The two brothers, Tiberius and Caius Gracchus lost their lives in attempting to introduce the only regulation that could give stability and good order to the Roman republic. L. Junius Brutus founded the commonwealth, and died in its defence.

A K E N S I D E .

O long

O long rever'd, and late resign'd to shame!
 If this uncourtly page thy notice claim
 When the loud cares of business are withdrawn,
 Nor well-drest beggars round thy footsteps fawn;
 In that still, thoughtful, solitary hour,
 When Truth exerts her unresisted power,
 Breaks the false optics ting'd with Fortune's glare,
 Unlocks the breast, and lays the passions bare:
 Then turn thy eyes on that important scene,
 And ask thyself—if all be well within.
 Where is the heart-felt worth and weight of soul,
 Which labour could not stop, nor fear controul?
 Where the known dignity, the stamp of awe,
 Which, half abash'd, the proud and venal saw?
 Where the calm triumphs of an honest cause?
 Where the delightful taste of just applause?
 Where the strong reason, the commanding tongue,
 On which the senate fir'd or trembling hung?
 All vanish'd, all are sold—And in their room,
 Couch'd in thy bosom's deep, distracted gloom,
 See the pale form of barbarous grandeur dwell,
 Like some grim idol in a forcerer's cell!
 To her in chains thy dignity was led;
 At her polluted shrine thy honour bled;
 With blasted weeds thy awful brow she crown'd,
 Thy powerful tongue with poison'd philters bound,
 That baffled reason straight indignant flew,
 And fair persuasion from her seat withdrew:
 For now no longer Truth supports thy cause;
 No longer Glory prompts thee to applause;

No

No longer Virtue breathing in thy breast,
 With all her conscious majesty confest,
 Still bright and brighter wakes the Almighty flame,
 To rouse the feeble, and the wilful tame,
 And where she sees the catching glimpses roll,
 Spreads the strong blaze, and all involves the soul;
 But cold restraints thy conscious fancy chill,
 And formal passions mock thy struggling will;
 Or, if thy Genius e'er forget his chain,
 And reach impatient at a nobler strain,
 Soon the sad bodings of contemptuous mirth
 Shoot through thy breast, and stab the generous birth,
 Till, blind with smart, from Truth to Frenzy tost,
 And all the tenor of thy reason lost,
 Perhaps thy anguish drains a real tear;
 While some with pity, some with laughter hear.
 —Can Art, alas! or Genius, guide the head,
 Where Truth and Freedom from the heart are fled?
 Can lesser wheels repeat their native stroke,
 When the prime function of the soul is broke?
 But come, unhappy man! thy fates impend;
 Come, quit thy friends, if yet thou hast a friend;
 Turn from the poor rewards of guilt like thine,
 Renounce thy titles, and thy robes resign;
 For see the hand of Destiny display'd
 To shut thee from the joys thou hast betray'd!
 See the dire fane of Infamy arise!
 Dark as the grave, and spacious as the skies;
 Where, from the first of time, thy kindred train,
 The chiefs and princes of the unjust remain.

Eternal

Eternal barriers guard the pathless road
 To warn the wanderer of the curst abode ;
 But prone as whirlwinds scour the passive sky,
 The heights surmounted, down the steep they fly.
 There, black with frowns, relentless Time awaits,
 And goads their footsteps to the guilty gates :
 And still he asks them of their unknown aims,
 Evolves their secrets, and their guilt proclaims ;
 And still his hands despoil them on the road
 Of each vain wreath, by lying Bards bestow'd,
 Break their proud marbles, crush their festal cars,
 And rend the lawless trophies of their wars.
 At last the gates his potent voice obey ;
 Fierce to their dark abode he drives his prey,
 Where, ever arm'd with adamantine chains,
 The watchful dæmon o'er her vassals reigns,
 O'er mighty names and giant-powers of lust,
 The Great, the Sage, the Happy, and August*.
 No gleam of hope their baleful mansion cheers,
 No sound of honour hails their unblest ears ;
 But dire reproaches from the friend betray'd,
 The childless fire and violated maid ;
 But vengeful vows for guardian laws effac'd,
 From towns enslav'd and continents laid waste ;
 But long Posterity's united groan,
 And the sad charge of horrors not their own,

* Titles which have been generally ascribed to the most pernicious of men. AKENSIDE.

For ever through the trembling space resound,
And sink each impious forehead to the ground.

Ye mighty foes of Liberty and Rest,
Give way, do homage to a mightier guest !
Ye daring spirits of the Roman race,
See Curio's toil your proudest claims efface !
—Aw'd at the name, fierce * Appius rising bends,
And hardy Cinna from his throne attends :
“ He comes, they cry, to whom the fates assign'd
“ With surer arts to work what we design'd,
“ From year to year the stubborn herd to sway,
“ Mouth all their wrongs, and all their rage obey ;
“ Till, own'd their guide and trusted with their power,
“ He mock'd their hopes in one decisive hour :
“ Then, tir'd and yielding, led them to the chain,
“ And quench the spirit we provok'd in vain.”

But thou, Supreme, by whose eternal hands
Fair Liberty's heroic empire stands ;
Whose thunders the rebellious deep controul,
And quell the triumphs of the traitor's soul,
O turn this dreadful omen far away !
On Freedom's foes their own attempts repay ;
Relume her sacred fire so near suppress'd,
And fix her shrine in every Roman breast :
Though bold Corruption boast around the land,
“ Let Virtue, if she can, my baits withstand !”

* Appius Claudius the Decemvir, and L. Cornelius Cinna, both attempted to establish a tyrannical dominion in Rome, and both perished by the treason. A K E N S I D E ,

Though

EPISTLE TO CURIO. 163.

Though bolder now she urge the accursed claim,
 Gay with her trophies rais'd on Curio's shame;
 Yet some there are who scorn her impious mirth,
 Who know what conscience and a heart are worth.
 —O friend and father of the human mind,
 Whose art for noblest ends our frame design'd!
 If I, though fated to the studious shade
 Which party-strife nor anxious power invade,
 If I aspire in public virtue's cause,
 To guide the Muses by sublimer laws,
 Do thou her own authority impart,
 And give my numbers entrance to the heart.
 Perhaps the verse might rouse her smother'd flame,
 And snatch the fainting patriot back to fame;
 Perhaps, by worthy thoughts of human kind,
 To worthy deeds exalt the conscious mind;
 Or dash Corruption in her proud career,
 And teach her slaves that Vice was born to fear.

LOVE. AN ELEGY.

TOO much my heart of Beauty's power hath known,
 Too long to Love hath Reason left her throne;
 Too long my genius mourn'd his myrtle chain,
 And three rich years of youth consum'd in vain.
 My wishes, lull'd with soft inglorious dreams,
 Forgot the patriot's and the sage's themes:
 Through each Elysian vale and Fairy grove,
 Through all the enchanted paradise of Love.

Misled by sickly hope's deceitful flame,
Averse to action, and renouncing fame.

At last the visionary scenes decay,
My eyes, exulting, bless the new-born day,
Whose faithful beams detect the dangerous road
In which my heedless feet securely trod,
And strip the phantoms of their lying charms
That lur'd my soul from Wisdom's peaceful arms.

For silver streams and banks bespread with flowers,
For mossy couches and harmonious bowers,
Lo! barren heaths appear, and pathless woods,
And rocks hung dreadful o'er unfathom'd floods:
For openness of heart, for tender smiles,
Looks fraught with love, and wrath disarming wiles,
Lo! sullen Spite, and perjur'd Lust of Gain,
And cruel Pride, and crueler Disdain.
Lo! cordial Faith to idiot airs refin'd,
Now coolly civil, now transporting kind.
For graceful Ease, lo! Affectation walks;
And dull Half-sense, for Wit and Wisdom talks.
New to each hour what low delight succeeds,
What precious furniture of hearts and heads!
By nought their prudence, but by getting, known;
And all their courage in deceiving shown.

See next what plagues attend the lover's state,
What frightful forms of terror, scorn, and hate!
See burning Fury heaven and earth defy!
See dumb Despair in icy fetters lie!
See black Suspicion bend his gloomy brow,
The hideous image of himself to view!

And

And fond Belief, with all a lover's flame,
Sinks in those arms that points his head with shame!
There wan Dejection, faltering as he goes,
In shades and silence vainly seeks repose;
Musing through pathless wilds, consumes the day,
Then lost in darkness weeps the hours away.
Here the gay crowd of Luxury advance,
Some touch the lyre, and others urge the dance;
On every head the rosy garland glows,
In every hand the golden goblet flows.
The Syren views them with exulting eyes,
And laughs at bashful Virtue as she flies.
But see behind, where Scorn and Want appear,
The grave remonstrance and the witty sneer.
See fell Remorse in action, prompt to dart
Her snaky poison through the conscious heart.
And Sloth to cancel, with oblivious shame,
The fair memorial of recording Fame.

Are these delights that one would wish to gain?
Is this the Elysium of a sober brain;
To wait for happiness in female smiles,
Bear all her scorn, be caught with all her wiles,
With prayers, with bribes, with lies, her pity crave,
Bless her hard bonds, and boast to be her slave;
To feel, for trifles, a distracting train
Of hopes and terrors equally in vain;
This hour to tremble, and the next to glow,
Can pride, can sense, can reason, stoop so low?
When Virtue, at an easier price, displays
The sacred wreaths of honourable praise;

When Wisdom utters her divine decree,
To laugh at pompous Folly, and be free.

I bid adieu, then, to these woeful scenes;
I bid adieu to all the sex of queens;
Adieu to every suffering, simple soul
That lets a woman's will his ease controul.
There laugh, ye witty; and rebuke, ye grave!
For me, I scorn to boast that I'm a slave.
I bid the whining brotherhood be gone,
Joy to my heart! my wishes are my own!
Farewell the female heaven, the female hell;
To the great God of Love a glad farewell.
Is this the triumph of thy awful name?
Are these the splendid hopes that urg'd thy aim,
When first my bosom own'd thy haughty sway?
When thus Minerva heard thee, boasting, say,
"Go, martial maid, elsewhere thy arts employ,
"Nor hope to shelter that devoted boy.
"Go teach the solemn sons of care and age,
"The pensive statesmen, and the midnight sage;
"The young with me must other lessons prove,
"Youth calls for Pleasure, Pleasure calls for Love.
"Behold his heart thy grave advice disdains,
"Behold I bind him in eternal chains."

Alas! great Love, how idle was the boast!
Thy chains are broken, and thy lessons lost;
Thy wilful rage has tir'd my suffering heart,
And passion, reason, forc'd thee to depart.

But wherefore dost thou linger on thy way?
Why vainly search for some pretence to stay,

When

When crowds of vassals court thy pleasing yoke,
 And countless victims bow them to the stroke?
 Lo! round thy shrine a thousand youths advance,
 Warm with the gentle ardours of romance;
 Each longs to assert thy cause with feats of arms,
 And make the world confess Dulcinea's charms.
 Ten thousand girls, with flowery chaplets crown'd,
 To groves and streams thy tender triumph sound;
 Each bids the stream in murmurs speak her flame,
 Each calls the grove to sigh her shepherd's name.
 But, if thy pride such easy honour scorn,
 If nobler trophies must thy toil adorn,
 Behold yon flowery antiquated maid
 Bright in the bloom of threescore years display'd;
 Her shalt thou bind in thy delightful chains,
 And thrill with gentle pangs her wither'd veins,
 Her frosty cheek with crimson blushes dye,
 With dreams of rapture melt her maudlin eye.

Turn then thy labours to the servile crowd,
 Entice the wary, and controul the proud;
 Make the sad miser his best gains forego,
 'The solemn statesman sigh to be a beau.
 'The bold coquette with fondest passion burn,
 The bacchanalian o'er his bottle mourn:
 And that chief glory of thy power maintain,
 "To poise ambition in a female brain."
 Be these thy triumphs. But no more presume
 That my rebellious heart will yield thee room.
 I know thy puny force, thy simple wiles;
 I break triumphant through thy flimsy toils:

I see thy dying lamp's last languid glow,
 Thy arrows blunted, and unbrac'd thy bow.
 I feel diviner fires my breast inflame,
 To active science, and ingenuous fame:
 Resume the paths my earliest choice began,
 And lose, with pride, the lover in the man.

A B R I T I S H P H I L I P P I C :

OCCASIONED BY THE INSULTS OF THE SPANIARDS,
 AND THE PRESENT PREPARATIONS FOR WAR.

M.DCC.XXXVIII.

WHENCE this unwonted transport in my breast?
 Why glow my thoughts, and whither would
 the Muse

Aspire with rapid wing? Her country's cause
 Demands her efforts; at that sacred call
 She summons all her ardour, throws aside
 The trembling lyre, and with the warrior's trump
 She means to thunder in each British ear;
 And if one spark of honour or of fame,
 Disdain of insult, dread of infamy,
 One thought of public virtue yet survive,
 She means to wake it, rouse the generous flame,
 With patriot zeal inspire every breast,
 And fire each British heart with British wrongs.

Alas, the vain attempt! what influence now
 Can the Muse boast? or what attention now

Is paid to fame or virtue? Where is now
 The British spirit, generous, warm, and brave,
 So frequent wont from tyranny and woe
 To free the suppliant nations? Where, indeed!
 If that protection, once to strangers given,
 Be now withheld from sons? Each nobler thought,
 That warm'd our fires, is lost and buried now
 In luxury and avarice. Baneful vice!
 How it unmans a nation! Yet I'll try,
 I'll aim to shake this vile degenerate sloth;
 I'll dare to rouse Britannia's dreaming sons
 To fame, to virtue, and impart around
 A generous feeling of compatriot woes.

Come then the various powers of forceful speech,
 All that can move, awaken, fire, transport;
 Come the bold ardour of the Theban bard!
 The arousing thunder of the patriot Greek!
 The soft persuasion of the Roman sage!
 Come all! and raise me to an equal height,
 A rapture worthy of my glorious cause!
 Left my best efforts failing should debase
 The sacred theme; for with no common wing
 The Muse attempts to soar. Yet what need these?
 My country's fame, my free-born British heart,
 Shall be my best inspirers, raise my flight
 High as the Theban's pinion, and with more
 Than Greek or Roman flame exalt my soul.
 Oh! could I give the vast ideas birth
 Expressive of the thoughts that flame within,

No more should lazy luxury detain
 Our ardent youth ; no more should Britain's sons
 Sit tamely passive by, and careless hear
 The prayers, sighs, groans (immortal infamy!)
 Of fellow Britons, with oppression sunk,
 In bitterness of soul demanding aid,
 Calling on Britain, their dear native land,
 The land of Liberty ; so greatly fam'd
 For just redress ; the land so often dyed
 With her best blood, for that arousing cause,
 The freedom of her sons ; those sons that now,
 Far from the manly blessings of her sway,
 Drag the vile fetters of a Spanish lord.
 And dare they, dare the vanquish'd sons of Spain,
 Enslave a Briton ? Have they then forgot,
 So soon forgot, the great, the immortal day,
 When rescued Sicily with joy beheld
 The swift-wing'd thunder of the British arm
 Disperse their navies ? when their coward bands
 Fled, like the raven from the bird of Jove,
 From swift impending vengeance fled in vain :
 Are these our lords ? And can Britannia see
 Her foes oft vanquish'd, thus defy her power,
 Insult her standard, and enslave her sons,
 And not arise to justice ? Did our fires,
 Unaw'd by chains, by exile, or by death,
 Preserve inviolate her guardian rights,
 To Britons ever sacred ! that their sons
 Might give them up to Spaniards ?—Turn your eyes,
 Turn ye degenerate, who with haughty boast

Call yourselves Britons, to that dismal gloom,
That dungeon dark and deep, where never thought
Of joy or peace can enter; see the gates
Harsh-creaking open; what an hideous void,
Dark as the yawning grave! while still as death
A frightful silence reigns: There on the ground
Behold your brethren chain'd like beasts of prey:
There mark your numerous glories, there behold
The look that speaks unutterable woe;
The mangled limb, the faint, the deathful eye
With famine sunk, the deep heart-bursting groan
Suppress'd in silence; view the loathsome food,
Refus'd by dogs, and oh! the stinging thought!
View the dark Spaniard glorying in their wrongs,
The deadly priest triumphant in their woes,
And thundering worse damnation on their souls:
While that pale form, in all the pangs of death,
Too faint to speak, yet eloquent of all
His native British spirit yet untam'd,
Raises his head, and with indignant frowns
Of great defiance, and superior scorn,
Looks up and dies.—Oh! I am all on fire!
But let me spare the theme, lest future times
Should blush to hear that either conquer'd Spain
Durst offer Britain such outrageous wrong,
Or Britain tamely bore it—
Descend, ye guardian heroes of the land!
Scourges of Spain, descend! Behold your sons,
See! how they run the same heroic race,
How prompt, how ardent in their country's cause,
How

How greatly proud to assert their British blood,
 And in their deeds reflect their fathers' fame!
 Ah! would to heaven! ye did not rather see
 How dead to virtue in the public cause!
 How cold, how careless, how to glory deaf,
 They shame your laurels, and belye their birth!

Come, ye great spirits, Ca'ndish, Raleigh, Blake!
 And ye of later name your country's pride,
 Oh! come, disperse these lazy fumes of sloth,
 Teach British hearts with British fires to glow!
 In wakening whispers rouse our ardent youth,
 Blazon the triumphs of your better days,
 Paint all the glorious scenes of rightful war,
 In all its splendors; to their swelling souls
 Say how ye bow'd the insulting Spaniards pride,
 Say how ye thunder'd o'er their prostrate heads,
 Say how ye broke their lines and fir'd their ports,
 Say how not death, in all its frightful shapes,
 Could damp your souls, or shake the great resolve
 For Right and Britain: Then display the joys
 The patriot's soul exalting, while he views
 Transported millions hail with loud acclaim
 The guardian of their civil, sacred rights.
 How greatly welcome to the virtuous man
 Is death for others good! the radiant thoughts
 That beam celestial on his passing soul,
 The unfading crowns awaiting him above,
 The exalting plaudit of the Great Supreme,
 Who in his actions with complacence views
 His own reflected splendor; then descend,

Though to a lower, yet a nobler scene ;
 Paint the just honours to his reliques paid,
 Shew grateful millions weeping o'er his grave ;
 While his fair fame in each progressive age
 For ever brightens ; and the wise and good
 Of every land in universal choir
 With richest incense of undying praise
 His urn encircle, to the wondering world
 His numerous triumphs blazon ; while with awe,
 With filial reverence, in his steps they tread,
 And, copying every virtue, every fame,
 Transplant his glories into second life,
 And, with unsparing hand, make nations blest
 By his example. Vast immense rewards !
 For all the turmoils which the virtuous mind
 Encounters here. Yet, Britons, are ye cold ?
 Yet deaf to glory, virtue, and the call
 Of your poor injur'd countrymen ? Ah ! no.
 I see ye are not ; every bosom glows
 With native greatness, and in all its state
 The British spirit rises : Glorious change !
 Fame, Virtue, Freedom, welcome ! Oh ! forgive
 The Muse, that ardent in her sacred cause
 Your glory question'd : She beholds with joy ;
 She owns, she triumphs in her wish'd mistake.
 See ! from her sea-beat throne in awful march
 Britannia towers : upon her laurel crest
 The plumes majestic nod ; behold she heaves
 Her guardian shields, and terrible in arms
 For battle shakes her adamantine spear :

Loud

174 A K E N S I D E ' S P O E M S.

Loud at her foot the British lion roars,
 Frighting the nations ; haughty Spain full soon
 Shall hear and tremble. Go then, Britons, forth,
 Your country's daring champions : tell your foes,
 Tell them in thunders o'er their prostrate land
 You were not born for slaves : Let all your deeds
 Shew that the sons of those immortal men,
 The stars of shining story, are not flow
 In virtue's path to emulate their fires,
 To assert their country's rights, avenge her sons,
 And hurl the bolts of justice on her foes.

H Y M N T O S C I E N C E.

“ O Vitæ Philosophia Dux ! O Virtutis indagatrix,
 “ expultrixque Vitiorum. — Tu Urbes peperisti ;
 “ tu inventrix Legum, tu magistra Morum &
 “ Disciplinæ fuisti : Ad te confugimus, a te Opem
 “ petimus.” C I C. Tusc. Quæst.

I.

S C I E N C E ! thou fair effusive ray
 From the great source of mental day,
 Free, generous, and refin'd !
 Descend with all thy treasures fraught,
 Illumine each bewilder'd thought,
 And bless my labouring mind.

II. But

II.

But first with thy resistless light,
 Disperse those phantoms from my sight,
 Those mimic shades of thee :
 The scholiast's learning, sophist's cant,
 The visionary bigot's rant,
 The monk's philosophy.

III.

O! let thy powerful charms impart
 The patient head, the candid heart,
 Devoted to thy sway ;
 Which no weak passions e'er mislead,
 Which still with dauntless steps proceed
 Where reason points the way.

IV.

Give me to learn each secret cause ;
 Let Number's, Figure's, Motion's laws
 Reveal'd before me stand ;
 These to great Nature's scenes apply,
 And round the globe, and through the sky,
 Disclose her working hand.

V.

Next, to thy nobler search resign'd,
 The busy, restless, human mind
 Through every maze pursue ;
 Detect Perception where it lies,
 Catch the ideas as they rise,
 And all their changes view.

VI. Say

VI.

Say from what simple springs began
The vast, ambitious thoughts of man,
Which range beyond controul;
Which seek Eternity to trace,
Dive through the infinity of space,
And strain to grasp the whole.

VII.

Her secret stores let Memory tell,
Bid Fancy quit her fairy cell,
In all her colours drest;
While, prompt her fallies to controul,
Reason, the judge, recalls the soul
To Truth's severest test.

VIII.

Then launch through Being's wide extent;
Let the fair scale, with just ascent,
And cautious steps, be trod;
And from the dead, corporeal mafs,
Through each progressive order pass
To Instinct, Reason, God.

IX.

There, Science! veil thy daring eye;
Nor dive too deep, nor soar too high,
In that divine abyss;
To Faith content thy beams to lend,
Her hopes to assure, her steps befriend,
And light her way to bliss.

X. Then

X.

Then downwards take thy flight again,
Mix with the policies of men,
And social nature's ties ;
The plan the genius of each state,
Its interest and its powers relate,
Its fortunes and its rise.

XI.

Through private life pursue thy course,
Trace every action to its source,
And means and motives weigh :
Put tempers, passions, in the scale,
Mark what degrees in each prevail,
And fix the doubtful sway.

XII.

That last, best effort of thy skill,
To form the life, and rule the will,
Propitious power ! impart :
Teach me to cool my passions fires,
Make me the judge of my desires,
The master of my heart.

XIII.

Raise me above the vulgar's breath,
Pursuit of fortune, fear of death,
And all in life that's mean :
Still true to reason be my plan,
Still let my actions speak the man,
Through every various scene.

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N

XIV. Hail !

XIV.

Hail ! queen of manners, light of truth ;
Hail ! charm of age, and guide of youth ;
Sweet refuge of distress :
In business, thou ! exact, polite ;
Thou giv'st Retirement its delight,
Prosperity its grace.

XV.

Of wealth, power, freedom, thou ! the cause ;
Foundress of order, cities, laws,
Of arts inventress, thou !
Without thee, what were human-kind ?
How vast their wants, their thoughts how blind !
Their joys how mean ! how few !

XVI.

Sun of the soul ! thy beams unveil !
Let others spread the daring sail,
On fortune's faithless sea :
While, undeluded, happier I
From the vain tumult timely fly,
And sit in peace with Thee.

END OF AKENSIDE'S POEMS.

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C O N T E N T S

T O

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C O N T E N T S.

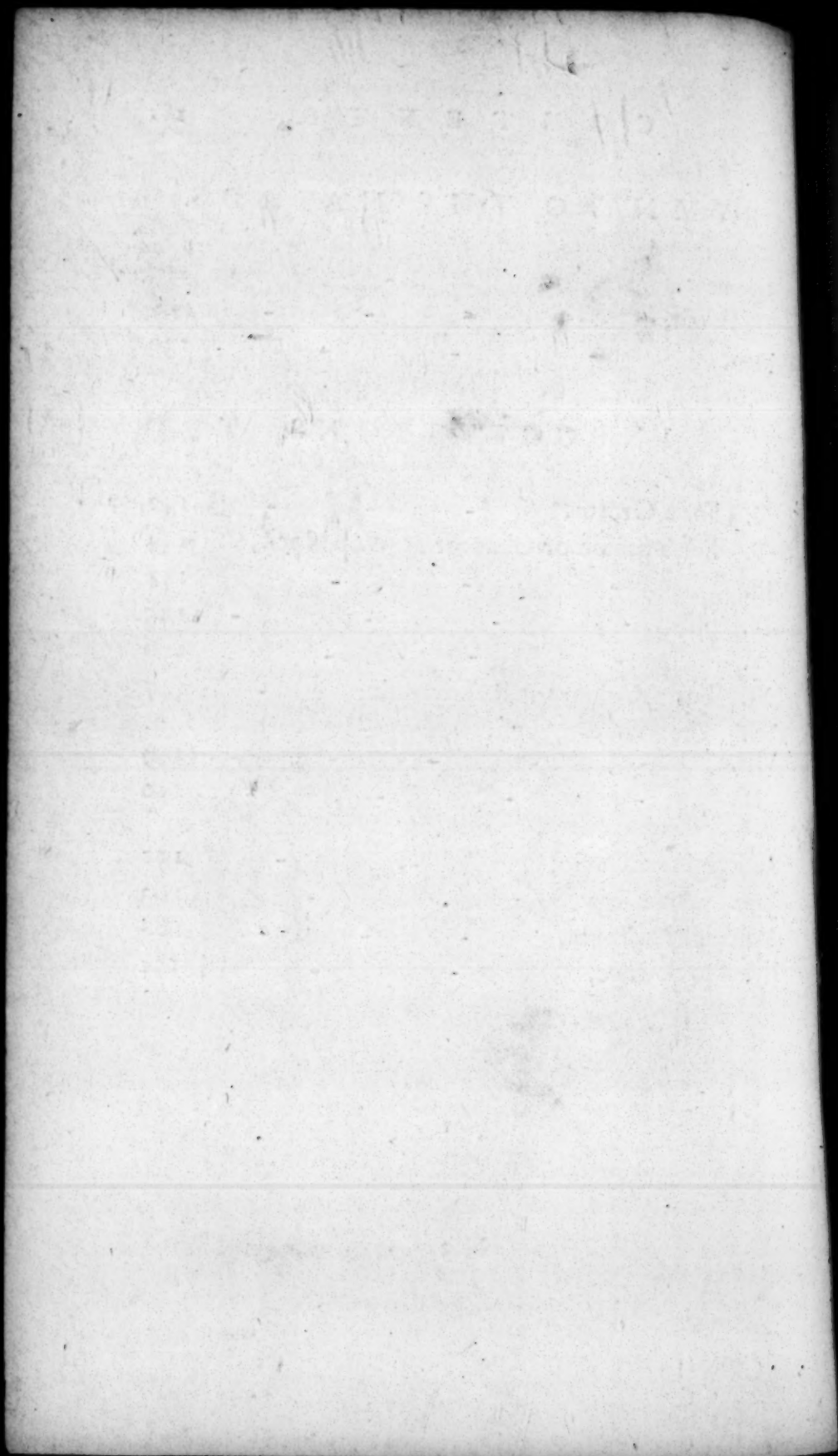
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O D E
O N T H E
S P R I N G.

L O! where the rosy-bosom'd hours,
Fair Venus' train appear,
Disclose the long-expecting flowers,
And wake the purple year!
The Attic warbler pours her throat,
Responsive to the cuckoo's note,
The untaught harmony of spring:
While, whispering pleasure as they fly,
Cool zephyrs through the clear blue sky
Their gather'd fragrance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch
A broader browner shade;
Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech
O'er-canopies the glade *,
Beside some water's rushy brink
With me the Muse shall sit, and think
(At ease reclin'd in rustic state)
How vain the ardour of the Crowd,
How low, how little are the Proud,
How indigent the Great!

* - - - - a bank
O'er-canopied with luscious woodbine.

SHAKESP. MIDS. NIGHT'S DREAM.

Still

Still is the toiling hand of Care :
 The panting herd's repose :
 Yet hark, how through the peopled air
 The busy murmur glows !
 The insect youth are on the wing,
 Eager to taste the honied spring,
 And float amid the liquid noon * :
 Some lightly o'er the current skim,
 Some shew their gayly-gilded trim
 Quick-glancing to the sun †.

To contemplation's sober eye ‡
 Such is the race of Man :
 And they that creep, and they that fly,
 Shall end where they began.
 Alike the Busy and the Gay
 But flutter through life's little day.
 In Fortune's varying colours drest :
 Brush'd by the hand of rough Mischance,
 Or chill'd by Age, their airy dance
 They leave in dust to rest.

* " Nare per æstatem liquidam — "

VIRG. GEORG. LIB. IV.

† - - - - - sporting with quick glance
 Shew to the sun their waved coats drop'd with gold.

MILTON'S PARADISE LOST, BOOK VII.

‡ While insects from the threshold preach, &c.

M. GREEN, IN THE GROTTO.

DODSLEY'S MISCELLANIES, vol. v. p. 161.

Methinks

Methinks I hear in accents low
The sportive kind reply ;
Poor Moralist ! and what art thou ?
A solitary fly !
Thy joys no glittering female meets,
No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,
No painted plumage to display :
On hasty wings thy youth is flown :
Thy fun is fet, thy spring is gone —
We frolick while 'tis May.

O D E

ON THE DEATH OF A

F A V O U R I T E C A T,

DROWNED IN A TUB OF GOLD FISHES.

'T W A S on a lofty vase's side,
 Where China's gayest art had dy'd
 The azure flowers that blow ;
 Demurest of the tabby kind,
 The pensive Selima reclin'd,
 Gaz'd on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declar'd ;
 The fair round face, the snowy beard,
 The velvet of her paws,
 Her coat, that with the tortoise vies,
 Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,
 She saw ; and purr'd applause.

Still had she gaz'd ; but 'midst the tide
 Two angel forms were seen to glide,
 The Genii of the stream :
 Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue
 Through richest purple to the view
 Betray'd a golden gleam.

ODE ON A FAVOURITE CAT. 189

The hapless Nymph with wonder saw :
A whisker first, and then a claw,
With many an ardent wish,
She stretch'd in vain to reach the prize ;
What female heart can gold despise ?
What Cat's averse to fish ?

Presumptuous Maid ! with looks intent
Again she stretch'd, again she bent,
Nor knew the gulph between.
(Malignant Fate fate by, and smil'd)
The slippery verge her feet beguil'd,
She tumbled headlong in.

Eight times emerging from the flood
She mew'd to every watery god,
Some speedy aid to send.
No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirr'd ;
Nor cruel Tom, nor Susan heard,
A favourite has no friend !

From hence, ye beauties, undeceiv'd,
Know, one false step is ne'er retriev'd,
And be with caution bold.
Not all, that tempts your wandering eyes
And heedless hearts, is lawful prize ;
Not all that glisters, gold.

O D E
O N A
D I S T A N T P R O S P E C T
O F
E T O N C O L L E G E.

**Ἄνθρωπος· ἰκανὴν πρόφασιν εἰς τὸ δυσυχεῖν.*

M E N A N D E R.

YE distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the watery glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
Her Henry's * holy shade ;
And ye, that from the stately brow
Of Windfor's heights th' expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver-winding way.

Ah, happy hills, ah, pleasing shade,
Ah, fields belov'd in vain,
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
A stranger yet to pain ?

* King Henry the Sixth, Founder of the College.

I feel

ODE ON ETON COLLEGE. 191

I feel the gales, that from ye blow,
A momentary blifs bestow,
As waving fresh their gladfome wing,
My weary soul they seem to sooth,
And, * redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring.

Say, Father Thames, for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race
Disporting on thy margent green
The paths of pleasure trace,
Who foremost now delight to cleave
With pliant arm thy glassy wave ?
The captive linnet which enthrall ?
What idle progeny succeed
To chace the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the flying ball ?

While some on earnest business bent
Their murmuring labours ply
'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint
To sweeten liberty ;
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare descry :
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.

* And bees their honey redolent of spring.

DRYDEN'S FABLE on the PYTHAG. SYSTEM.

Gay

Gay Hope is theirs, by Fancy fed,
 Less pleasing, when possess'd ;
 The tear forgot as soon as shed,
 The sunshine of the breast :
 Theirs buxom health, of rosy hue ;
 Wild wit, invention ever new,
 And lively cheer of vigour born ;
 The thoughtless day, the easy night,
 The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
 That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas, regardless of their doom,
 The little victims play !
 No sense have they of ills to come,
 Nor care beyond to-day.
 Yet see how all around them wait
 The ministers of human fate,
 And black Misfortune's baleful train,
 Ah, shew them where in ambush stand
 To seize their prey, the murderous band !
 Ah, tell them, they are men !

These shall the fury passions tear,
 The vultures of the mind,
 Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
 And Shame that sculks behind ;
 Or pining Love, shall waste their youth,
 Or Jealousy, with rankling tooth,
 That inly gnaws the secret heart,
 And Envy wan, and faded Care,
 Grim-visag'd comfortless Despair.
 And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition

ODE ON ETON COLLEGE. 193

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,
And grinning Infamy,
The stings of Falsehood those shall try,
And hard Unkindness' alter'd eye,
That mocks the tear it forc'd to flow ;
And keen Remorse, with blood defil'd,
And moody Madness * laughing wild
Amid severest woe.

Lo, in the vale of years beneath
A grisly troop are seen,
The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their Queen :
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every labouring sinew strains,
Those in the deeper vitals rage :
Lo, Poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the soul with icy hand,
And slow-consuming Age.

To each his sufferings: all are men,
Condemn'd alike to groan ;
The tender for another's pain,
The unfeeling for his own.

* — Madness laughing in his ireful mood.

DRYDEN'S FABLE OF PALAMON and ARCITE.

Yet ah ! why should they know their fate !
Since Sorrow never comes too late,
And Happiness too swiftly flies.
Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more ; where Ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.

H Y M N

H Y M N
 T O
A D V E R S I T Y.

—— Ζῆνα

Τὸν φρονεῖν βροτῶς ὁδῶ-
σαντα, τῷ πάθει μαθὼν
Θέλω κυρίως ἔχειν.

ÆSCHYLUS, in AGAMEMNONE.

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless Power,
Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge, and torturing hour,
The bad affright, afflict the best!
Bound in thy adamantine chain
The proud are taught to taste of pain,
And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied, and alone.

When first thy fire to send on earth
Virtue, his darling child, design'd,
To thee he gave the heavenly birth,
And bade to form her infant mind.
Stern rugged nurse; thy rigid lore
With patience many a year she bore:
What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,
And from her own she learn'd to melt at others woe.

Scar'd at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,
And leave us leisure to be good.

Light they disperse, and with them go
The summer friend, the flattering foe;
By vain prosperity receiv'd,
To her they vow their truth, and are again believ'd,

Wisdom, in sable garb array'd,
Immers'd in rapturous thought profound,
And Melancholy, silent maid,
With leaden eye, that loves the ground,
Still on thy solemn steps attend:
Warm Charity, the general Friend,
With Justice, to herself severe,
And Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

Oh, gently on thy suppliant's head,
Dread goddess, lay thy chastening hand!
Not in thy gorgon terrors clad,
Nor circled with the vengeful band
(As by the impious thou art seen)
With thundering voice, and threatening mien,
With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty.

Thy form benign, oh goddess wear,
Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philosophic train be there
To soften, not to wound my heart.
The generous spark extinct revive.
Teach me to love and to forgive,
Exact my own defects to scan,
What others are, to feel, and know myself a man.

ELEGY

E L E G Y

WRITTEN IN A

COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

THE Curfew tolls * the knell of parting day,
 The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
 The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
 Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds ;

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
 The moping owl does to the moon complain
 Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
 Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
 Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
 Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
 The rude Forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,
 The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

* — “squilla di lontano

“Che paia 'l giorno pianger, che si muore.”

DANTE. PURGAT. l. 8.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
 Or busy housewife ply her evening care :
 No children run to lisp their fire's return,
 Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their fickle yield,
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;
 How jocund did they drive their team afield !
 How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
 Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
 The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
 Await alike th' inevitable hour.

The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye Proud, impute to these the fault,
 If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
 Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
 The peeling anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?
 Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust.
 Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death ?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;
 Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
 Or wak'd to extasy the living lyre,

ELEGY IN A CHURCH-YARD. 199

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbad: nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
'This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
* Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd Dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred Spirit shall enquire thy fate,
Haply some hoary-headed Swain may say,
" Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
" Brushing with hasty steps the dews away
" To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

* " Ch'i veggio nel pensier, dolce mio fuoco,
" Fredda una lingua, & due begli occhi chiusi
" Rimaner doppo noi pien di faville."

PETRARCH, SON. 169.

" There

ELEGY IN A CHURCH-YARD. 205

“ There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
“ That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
“ His lifeless length at noontide would he stretch,
“ And pore upon the brook that bubbles by.
“ Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
“ Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove,
“ Now drooping woeful wan, like one forlorn,
“ Or craz’d with care, or cross’d in hopeless love.
“ One morn I miss’d him on the custom’d hill,
“ Along the heath and near his favourite tree ;
“ Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
“ Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he ;
“ The next with dirges due in sad array
“ Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne.
“ Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,
“ Grav’d on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.”

T H E E P I T A P H,

HERE rests his head upon the lap of Earth
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown,
Fair Science frown’d not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark’d him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompence as largely send :
He gave to Misery all he had, a tear ;
He gain’d from Heaven (’twas all he wish’d) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(* There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

* — preventosa speme.

PETRARCH. SON. 114.

THE
PROGRESS OF POESY.

A PINDARIC ODE.

Φωνᾶντα συνελοῖσιν. ἐς
Δὲ τὸ πᾶν ἐρμηνέων χαλίζει. PINDAR. OLYMP. II.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WHEN the Author first published this and the following Ode, he was advised, even by his Friends, to subjoin some few explanatory Notes; but had too much respect for the understanding of his Readers to take that liberty.

I. I.

* **A**WAKE, Æolian lyre, awake,
And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.
From Helicon's harmonious springs
A thousand rills their mazy progress take :

* Awake, my glory : awake, lute and harp.

DAVID'S PSALMS.

Pindar styles his own poetry with its musical accompaniments,
Αἰολῆς μελπή, Αἰόλιδες χορδαί, Αἰολίδων πνοαὶ αὐλῶν.
Æolian song, Æolian strings, the breath of the Æolian flute.

The

The laughing flowers, that round them blow,
 Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
 Now the rich stream of music winds along,
 Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,
 Through verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign:
 Now rolling down the steep amain,
 Headlong, impetuous, see it pour:
 The rocks, and nodding groves, rebellow to the roar.

I. 2.

* Oh! Sovereign of the willing soul,
 Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
 Enchanting shell! the fallen Cares,
 And frantic Passions, hear thy soft controul,
 On Thracia's hills the Lord of War
 Has curb'd the fury of his car,
 And drop'd his thirsty lance at thy command.
 † Perching on the scepter'd hand

The subject and simile, as usual with Pindar, are united. The various sources of poetry, which gives life and lustre to all it touches, are here described; its quiet majestic progress enriching every subject (otherwise dry and barren) with a pomp of diction and luxuriant harmony of numbers; and its more rapid and irresistible course, when swoln and hurried away by the conflict of tumultuous passions.

* Power of harmony to calm the turbulent sallies of the soul. The thoughts are borrowed from the first Pythian of Pindar.

† This is a faint imitation of some incomparable lines in the same Ode.

Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king
With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing :
Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie
The terror of his beak, and lightning of his eye.

I. 3.

* Thee the voice, the dance, obey,
Temper'd to thy warbled lay,
O'er Idalia's velvet-green
The rosy-crowned Loves are seen.
On Cytherea's day
With antic sports, and blue-ey'd pleasures,
Friking light in frolic measures ;
Now pursuing, now retreating,
Now in circling troops they meet :
To brisk notes in cadence beating
† Glance their many-twinkling feet.
Slow melting strains their Queen's approach declare :
Where'er she turns, the Graces homage pay.
With arts sublime, that float upon the air,
In gliding state she wins her easy way :
O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom, move
‡ The bloom of young Desire, and purple light of
Love.

* Power of harmony to produce all the graces of motion in the body.

† Μαρμαρυγὰς θηϊτο ποδῶν. δαύμαζε δὲ θυμῶ.

HOMER. OD. Θ.

‡ Λάμπει δ' ἐπὶ πορφύρεσι.

Παρίησι φῶς ἔρωτος. PHRYNICHUS, apud Athenæum.

II. I.

II. 1.

* Man's feeble race what ills await,
 Labour, and Penury, the racks of Pain,
 Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,
 And Death, sad refuge from the storms of Fate!
 'The fond complaint, my song, disprove,
 And justify the laws of Jove.
 Say, has he given in vain the heavenly Muse?
 Night, and all her sickly dews,
 Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry,
 He gives to range the dreary sky:
 † Till down the eastern cliffs afar
 Hyperion's march they spy, and glittering shafts of
 war.

II. 2.

‡ In climes beyond the solar || road,
 Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
 'The Muse has broke the twilight-gloom
 To cheer the shivering native's dull abode.

* To compensate the real and imaginary ills of life, the Muse was given to mankind by the same Providence that sends the day, by its chearful presence, to dispel the gloom and terrors of the night.

† Or seen the morning's well-appointed star
 Come marching up the eastern hills afar.

COWLEY.

‡ Extensive influence of poetic genius over the remotest and most uncivilized nations: its connection with liberty, and the virtues that naturally attend on it. [See the Erse, Norwegian, and Welsh Fragments, the Lapland and American songs.]

|| "Extra anni solisque vias—"

VIRGIL.

"Tutta lontana dal camin del sole." PETRARCH, CANZON 2.

And

THE PROGRESS OF POESY. 207

And oft, beneath the odorous shade
 Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
 She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat
 In loose numbers wildly sweet
 Their feather-cinctur'd chiefs, and dusky loves.
 Her track, where'er the goddess roves,
 Glory pursue, and generous Shame,
 Th' unconquerable mind, and Freedom's holy flame.

II. 3.

* Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,
 Isles, that crown th' Ægean deep,
 Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,
 Or where Mæander's amber waves
 In lingering labyrinths creep,
 How do your tuneful Echoes languish
 Mute, but to the voice of Anguish?
 Where each old poetic mountain
 Inspiration breath'd around:
 Every shade and hallow'd fountain
 Murmur'd deep a solemn sound:

* Progress of Poetry from Greece to Italy, and from Italy to England. Chaucer was not unacquainted with the writings of Dante, or of Petrarch. The Earl of Surrey, and Sir Thomas Wyatt, had travelled in Italy, and had formed their taste there; Spenser imitated the Italian writers; Milton improved on them: but this school expired soon after the Restoration, and a new one arose on the French model, which has subsisted ever since.

Till

Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,
 Left their Parnassus, for the Latian plains.
 Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant-power,
 And coward Vice, that revels in her chains.
 When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
 They fought, oh Albion! next thy sea-encircled coast,

III. 1.

Far from the sun and summer-gale,
 In thy green lap was Nature's * darling laid,
 What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,
 To him the mighty mother did unveil
 Her awful face: The dauntless child
 Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smil'd.
 This pencil take (she said) whose colours clear
 Richly paint the vernal year:
 Thine too these golden keys, immortal boy!
 This can unlock the gates of Joy;
 Of Horror that, and thrilling Fears,
 Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic Tears.

III. 2.

Nor second he †, that rode sublime
 Upon the seraph-wings of Extasy,
 The secrets of th' abyss to spy.
 ‡ He pass'd the flaming bounds of Place and Time:

* Shakespeare.

† Milton.

‡ “ — flammantia mœnia mundi.”

LUCRETIVS.

* The living throne, the sapphire-blaze,
Where Angels tremble, while they gaze,
He saw; but, blasted with excess of light,
† Clos'd his eyes in endless night.
Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car,
Wide o'er the fields of Glory bear
‡ Two courses of ethereal race,
§ With necks in thunder cloath'd, and long-resound-
ing pace.

III. 3.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright-ey'd Fancy hovering o'er
Scatters from her pictur'd urn
|| Thoughts, that breathe, and words, that burn.
** But ah! 'tis heard no more—

* For the spirit of the living creature was in the wheels—And above the firmament, that was over their heads, was the likeness of a throne, as the appearance of a sapphire-stone.—This was the appearance of the glory of the Lord. EZEKIEL i. 20, 26, 28.

† Ὁφθαλμῶν μὲν ἄμερσε· δίδε δ' ἠδὲ ἄν ἀοιδὴν. HOM. OD.

‡ Meant to express the stately march and sounding energy of Dryden's rhymes.

§ Hast thou cloathed his neck with thunder? JOB.

|| Words, that weep, and tears, that speak. COWLEY.

** We have had, in our language, no other odes of the sublime kind, than that of Dryden on St. Cecilia's-day: for Cowley (who had his merit) yet wanted judgement, style, and harmony, for such a task. That of Pope is not worthy of so great a man. Mr. Mason, indeed, of late days, has touched the true chords, and with a masterly hand, in some of his Choruses—above all, in the last of Caractacus.

Hark! heard ye not yon footstep dread? &c.

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P

Oh!

Oh ! lyre divine, what daring spirit
 Wakes thee now ? though he inherit
 Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
 * That the Theban eagle bear
 Sailing with supreme dominion
 Through the azure deep of air :
 Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
 Such forms, as glitter in the Muse's ray
 With orient hues, unborrow'd of the sun :
 Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
 Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
 Beneath the good how far—but far above the great.

* Διὸς πρὸς ὄρνιθα θεῖον. Olymp. 2. Pindar compares himself to that bird, and his enemies to ravens that croak and clamour in vain below, while it pursues its flight, regardless of their noise.

T H E
B A R D.
A P I N D A R I C O D E.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

THE following Ode is founded on a tradition current in Wales, that Edward the First, when he completed the conquest of that country, ordered all the Bards, that fell into his hands, to be put to death.

I. I.

‘ R U I N feize thee, ruthless king !
 ‘ Confusion on thy banners wait,
 ‘ Though, fann’d by Conquest’s crimson wing,
 ‘ * They mock the air with idle state.
 ‘ Helm, nor † hauberk’s twisted mail,
 ‘ Nor e’en thy virtues, tyrant, shall avail
 ‘ To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
 ‘ From Cambria’s curse from Cambria’s tears !

* Mocking the air with colours idly spread.

SHAKESPEARE’S KING JOHN.

† The hauberk was a texture of steel ringlets, or rings interwoven, forming a coat of mail, that sat close to the body, and adapted itself to every motion.

Such were the sounds, that o'er the * crested pride
 Of the first Edward scatter'd wild dismay,
 As down the steep of † Snowdon's shaggy side
 He wound with toilsome march his long array.
 Stout ‡ Glo'ster stood aghast in speechless trance:
 To arms ! cried § Mortimer, and couch'd his quivering
 lance.

I. 2.

On a rock, whose haughty brow
 Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
 Rob'd in the fable garb of woe,
 With haggard eyes the Poet stood ;
 (|| Loose his beard, and hoary hair
 ** Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air)

* — The crested adder's pride. Dryden's *Indian Queen*.

† Snowdon was a name given by the Saxons to that mountainous tract, which the Welsh themselves call *Craigian-eryri* : it included all the highlands of Caernarvonshire and Merionethshire, as far east as the river Conway. R. Hygden, speaking of the castle of Conway, built by King Edward the first, says, " Ad ortum amnis Conway ad clivum montis Eryri ;" and Matthew of Westminster, (ad ann. 1283,) " Apud Aberconway ad pedes montis Snowdoniæ fecit erigi castrum forte."

‡ Gilbert de Clare, surnamed the Red, Earl of Gloucester and Hertford, son-in-law to King Edward.

§ Edmond de Mortimer, Lord of Wigmore.

They both were Lords-Marchers, whose lands lay on the borders of Wales, and probably accompanied the king in his expedition.

|| The image was taken from the well-known picture of Raphael, representing the Supreme Being in the vision of Ezekiel : there are two of these paintings (both believed original,) one at Florence, the other at Paris.

** Shone, like a meteor, streaming to the wind.

MILTON'S PARADISE LOST.
 And

And with a master's hand, and prophet's fire,
Struck the deep furrows of his lyre.

‘ Hark, how each giant-oak, and desert cave,
‘ Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath !
‘ O'er thee, oh King ! their hundred arms they weave,
‘ Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe ;
‘ Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
‘ To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

I. 3.

‘ Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
‘ That hush'd the stormy main ;
‘ Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed :
‘ Mountains, ye mourn in vain
‘ Modred, whose magic song
 Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-top'd head,
‘ * On dreary Arvon's shore they lie,
‘ Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale :
‘ Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail :
‘ The famish'd † eagle screams, and passes by.

* The shores of Caernarvonshire opposite to the isle of Anglesey.

† Camden and others observe, that eagles used annually to build their aerie among the rocks of Snowdon, which from thence (as some think) were named by the Welsh *Craigian-eryri*, or the crags of the eagles. At this day (I am told) the highest point of Snowdon is called *The Eagle's Nest*. That bird is certainly no stranger to this island, as the Scots, and the people of Cumberland, Westmoreland, &c. can testify : it even has built its nest in the Peak of Derbyshire. [See Willoughby's *Ornithol*, published by Ray.]

- ' Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
- ' * Dear, as the light that visits these sad eyes,
- ' Dear, as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
- ' Ye died amidst your dying country's cries—
- ' No more I weep. They do not sleep.
- ' On yonder cliffs, a griesly band,
- ' I see them sit, they linger yet,
- ' Avengers of their native land :
- ' With me in dreadful harmony they join,
- ' And † weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.

II. I.

- “ Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
- “ The winding-sheet of Edward's race.
- “ Give ample room, and verge enough
- “ The characters of hell to trace.
- “ Mark the year, and mark the night,
- “ ‡ When Severn shall re-echo with affright
- “ The shrieks of death, thro' Berkley's roofs that ring ;
- “ Shrieks of an agonizing King ;
- “ || She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,

* As dear to me as are the ruddy drops,
That visit my sad heart. SHAKESP. JUL. CÆSAR.

† See the Norwegian Ode, that follows.

‡ Edward the second, cruelly butchered in Berkley-castle.

|| Isabel of France, Edward the Second's adulterous Queen.

“ That

" That tears the bowels of thy mangled Mate,
 " * From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs
 " The scourge of Heaven. What terrors round him
 " wait !
 " Amazement in his van, with Flight combin'd ;
 " And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

II. 2.

" Mighty Victor, mighty Lord,
 " † Low on his funeral couch he lies !
 " No pitying heart, no eye, afford
 " A tear to grace his obsequies.
 " Is the fable ‡ Warrior fled ?
 " Thy son is gone. He rests among the Dead.
 " The Swarm, that in the noon-tide beam were born ;
 " Gone to salute the rising Morn.
 " Fair || laughs the Morn, and soft the Zephyr blows,
 " While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
 " In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes ;
 " Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm ;
 " Regardless of the sweeping Whirlwind's sway,
 " That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening-prey.

* Triumphs of Edward the Third in France.

† Death of that King, abandoned by his children, and even robbed in his last moments by his courtiers and his mistress.

‡ Edward the Black Prince, dead sometime before his father.

|| Magnificence of Richard the Second's reign. See Froissard, and other contemporary writers.

II. 3.

" * Fill high the sparkling bowl,
 " The rich repast prepare :
 " Rest of a crown, he yet may share the feast :
 " Close by the regal chair
 " Fell Thirst and Famine cowl
 " A baleful smile upon their baffled guest,
 " Heard ye the din of † battle bray,
 " Lance to lance, and horse to horse !
 " Long years of havock urge their destin'd course,
 " And through the kindred squadrons mow their way.
 " Ye towers of Julius ‡, London's lasting shame,
 " With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
 " Revere his || Confort's faith, his Father's § fame,
 " And spare the meek ¶ Usurper's holy head.

* Richard the Second (as we are told by archbishop Scroop and the confederate Lords in their manifesto, by Thomas of Walsingham, and all the older writers) was starved to death. The story of his assassination by Sir Piers of Exon, is of much later date.

† Ruinous civil wars of York and Lancaster.

‡ Henry the Sixth, George Duke of Clarence, Edward the Fifth, Richard Duke of York, &c. believed to be murdered secretly in the Tower of London. The oldest part of that structure is vulgarly attributed to Julius Cæsar.

|| Margaret of Anjou, a woman of heroic spirit, who struggled hard to save her husband and her crown.

§ Henry the Fifth.

¶ Henry the Sixth very near being canonized, The line of Lancaster had no right of inheritance to the crown.

" Above

- " Above, below, the * rose of snow,
 " Twin'd with her blushing foe we spread :
 " The bristled † boar in infant gore
 " Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
 " Now, Brothers, bending o'er th' accursed loom,
 " Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

III. I.

- " Edward, lo ! to sudden fate
 " (Weave we the woof. The thread is spun).
 " ‡ Half of thy heart we consecrate.
 " (The web is wove. The work is done.)"
 ' Stay, oh stay ! nor thus forlorn
 ' Leave me unblest'd, unpitied, here to mourn :
 ' In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,
 ' They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
 ' But oh ! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height
 ' Descending slow their glittering skirts unroll ?
 ' Visions of glory, spare my aching sight
 ' Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul !

* The white and red roses, devices of York and Lancaster.

† The silver-boar was the badge of Richard the Third; whence he was usually known in his own time by the name of The Boar.

‡ Eleanor of Castile died a few years after the conquest of Wales. The heroic proof she gave of her affection for her Lord is well known. The monuments of his regret, and sorrow for the loss of her, are still to be seen at Northampton, Geddington, Waltham, and other places.

- ‘ No more our long-lost * Arthur we bewail.
- ‘ All-hail, † ye genuine Kings ; Britannia’s issue, hail !

III. 2.

- ‘ Girt with many a Baron bold
- ‘ Sublime their starry fronts they rear ;
- ‘ And gorgeous Dames and Statesmen old,
- ‘ In bearded majesty, appear.
- ‘ In the midst a Form divine !
- ‘ Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line ;
- ‘ Her lion-port ‡, her awe-commanding face,
- ‘ Attemper’d sweet to virgin-grace.
- ‘ What strings symphonious tremble in the air,
- ‘ What strains of vocal transport round her play ;
- ‘ Hear from the grave, great Talieffin ||, hear ;
- ‘ They breathe a soul to animate thy clay,

* It was the common belief of the Welsh nation, that King Arthur was still alive in Fairy-land, and should return again to reign over Britain.

† Both Merlin and Talieffin had prophesied, that the Welsh should regain their sovereignty over this island ; which seemed to be accomplished in the House of Tudor.

‡ Speed, relating an audience given by Queen Elizabeth to Paul Dzialinski, ambassador of Poland, says, ‘ And thus she, lion-like rising, daunted the malapert orator no less with her stately port and majestic deporture, than with the tartness of her princely cheques.

|| Talieffin, Chief of the Bards, flourished in the sixth century. His works are still preserved, and his memory held in high veneration among his countrymen.

‘ Bright

- ‘ Bright rapture calls, and soaring, as she sings,
 ‘ Waves in the eye of heaven her many-colour’d wings.

III. 3.

- ‘ The verse adorn again
 ‘ * Fierce War, and faithful Love,
 ‘ And Truth severe, by fairy Fiction drest.
 ‘ In † buskin’d measures move
 ‘ Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,
 ‘ With Horror, Tyrant of the throbbing breast.
 ‘ A ‡ Voice, as of the Cherub-choir,
 ‘ Gales from blooming Eden bear;
 ‘ || And distant warblings lessen on my ear,
 ‘ That lost in long futurity expire.
 ‘ Fond impious Man, think’st thou, yon sanguine cloud;
 ‘ Rais’d by thy breath, has quench’d the Orb of day?
 ‘ To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
 ‘ And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
 ‘ Enough for me : With joy I see
 ‘ The different doom our Fates assign.
 ‘ Be thine Despair, and scepter’d Care ;
 ‘ To triumph, and to die, are mine.’

He spoke, and headlong from the mountain’s height
 Deep in the roaring tide he plung’d to endless night.

- * Fierce wars and faithful loves shall moralize my song.

SPENSER’S *Proëme to the Fairy Queen*.

† Shakespeare.

‡ Milton.

- || The succession of poets after Milton’s time.

T H E

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THE
FATAL SISTERS.
A N O D E *.

(FROM THE NORSE-TONGUE,)

IN THE
ORCADES OF THORMODUS TORFÆUS
HAFNIÆ, 1697, Folio; and also in BARTHO-
LINUS.

VITT ER OPRIT FYRIR VALFALLI, &c.

* The Author once had thoughts (in concert with a friend) of giving " The History of English Poetry : " In the Introduction to it he meant to have produced some specimens of the Style that reigned in ancient times among the neighbouring nations, or those who had subdued the greater part of this island, and were our progenitors ; the following three imitations made a part of them. He has long since dropped his design, especially after he had heard that it was already in the hands of a person well qualified to do it justice, both by his taste, and his researches into antiquity.

P R E-

P R E F A C E.

IN the eleventh century, Sigurd, Earl of the Orkney-islands, went with a fleet of ships and a considerable body of troops into Ireland, to the assistance of Siötryg with the Silken Beard, who was then making war on his father-in-law Brian, King of Dublin: the Earl and all his forces were cut to pieces; and Siötryg was in danger of a total defeat; but the enemy had a greater loss, by the death of Brian, their king, who fell in the action. On Christmas-day, (the day of the battle,) a native of Caithness, in Scotland, saw at a distance, a number of persons on horseback, riding full speed towards a hill, and seeming to enter into it. Curiosity led him to follow them, till, looking through an opening in the rocks, he saw twelve gigantic figures, resembling women: they were all employed about a loom; and as they wove, they sung the following dreadful song; which when they had finished, they tore the web into twelve pieces, and (each taking her portion) galloped six to the north, and as many to the south.

T H E
F A T A L S I S T E R S.
A N O D E.

NOW the storm begins to lour,
(Haste, the loom of hell prepare,)

* Iron-fleet of arrowy shower

† Hurtles in the darken'd air.

Glittering lances are the loom,
Where the dusky warp we strain,
Weaving many a soldier's doom,
Orkney's woe, and Randver's bane.

See the griesly texture grow,
('Tis of human entrails made,)
And the weights that play below,
Each a gasping warrior's head.

Note — The Valkyriur were female divinities, servants of Odin (or Woden) in the Gothic mythology. Their name signifies chusers of the slain. They were mounted on swift horses, with drawn swords in their hands; and in the throng of battle selected such as were destined to slaughter, and conducted them to Valkalla, the hall of Odin, or paradise of the brave; where they attended the banquet, and served the departed heroes with horns of mead and ale.

* How quick they wheel'd; and flying, behind them shot
Sharp fleet of arrowy shower — MILTON'S PAR. REG.

† The noise of battle hurtled in the air.

SHAKESPEARE'S JUL. CÆSAR.

Shafts

Shafts for shuttles, dipt in gore,
Shoot the trembling cords along ;
Sword, that once a monarch bore,
Keep the tiffue close and strong.

Mista black, terrific maid,
Sangrida, and Hilda fee,
Join the wayward work to aid :
'Tis the woof of victory.

Ere the ruddy fun be set,
Pikes must shiver, javelins sing,
Blade with clattering buckler meet,
Hauberk crash, and helmet ring.

(Weave the crimson web of war,)
Let us go, and let us fly,
Where our friends the conflict share,
Where they triumph, where they die.

As the paths of fate we tread,
Wading through th' ensanguin'd field :
Gondula, and Geira, spread
O'er the youthful king your shield.

We the reins to slaughter give,
Ours to kill, and ours to spare :
Spite of danger he shall live.
(Weave the crimson web of war)

They, whom once the desert-beach
Pént within its bleak domain,
Soon their ample fway shall stretch
O'er the plenty of the plain,

Low the dauntless Earl is laid,
Gor'd with many a gaping wound :
Fate demands a nobler head ;
Soon a king shall bite the ground.

Long his loss shall Eirin weep,
Ne'er again his likeness see ;
Long her strains in sorrow steep,
Strains of immortality !

Horror covers all the heath,
Clouds of carnage blot the sun.
Sisters, weave the web of death ;
Sisters, 'cease, the work is done.

Hail the task, and hail the hands !
Songs of joy and triumph sing !
Joy to the victorious bands :
Triumph to the younger King.

Mortal, thou that hear'st the tale,
Learn the tenour of our song.
Scotland, through each winding vale
Far and wide the notes prolong.

Sisters, hence, with spurs of speed :
Each her thundering faulchion wield ;
Each bestride her sable steed.
Hurry, hurry to the field.

THE
DESCENT OF ODIN.
A N O D E *.

(FROM THE NORSE-TONGUE,)

In BARTHOLINUS, de causis contemnendæ mortis;
HAFNIÆ, 1689, Quarto.

UPREIS ODINN ALLDA GAUIR, &c.

U PROSE the King of Men with speed,
And saddled strait his coal-black steed;
Down the yawning steep he rode,
That leads to * Hela's drear abode,
Him the Dog of Darkness spied,
His shaggy throat he open'd wide,
While from his jaws, with carnage fill'd,
Foam and human gore distill'd;
Hoarse he bays with hideous din,
Eyes that glow, and fangs that grin;
And long pursues, with fruitless yell,
The Father of the powerful spell.

* Nifheimr, the hell of the Gothic nations, consisted of nine worlds, to which were devoted all such as died of sickness, old-age, or by any other means than in battle: Over it presided Hela, the Goddess of Death.

Onward

Onward still his way he takes,
 (The groaning earth beneath him shakes,)
 Till full before his fearless eyes
 The portals nine of hell arise.

Right against the eastern gate,
 By the moss-grown pile he sate;
 Where long of yore to sleep was laid
 The dust of the prophetic maid.
 Facing to the northern clime,
 Thrice he trac'd the Runic rhyme;
 Thrice pronounc'd, in accents dread,
 The thrilling verse that wakes the dead;
 Till from out the hollow ground
 Slowly breath'd a fullen sound.

PR. What call unknown, what charms presume
 To break the quiet of the tomb;
 Who thus afflicts my troubled sprite,
 And drags me from the realms of night?
 Long on these mouldering bones have beat
 The winter's snow, the summer's heat,
 The drenching dews, and driving rain!
 Let me, let me sleep again.
 Who is he with voice unblest,
 That calls me from the bed of rest?

O. A traveller, to thee unknown,
 Is he that calls, a warrior's son.
 Thou the deeds of light shalt know;
 Tell me what is done below,
 For whom yon glittering board is spread,
 Drest for whom yon golden bed.

Q 2

PR. Mantling

PR. Mantling in the goblet, see
The Pure beverage of the bee,
O'er it hangs the shield of gold ;
'Tis, the Drink of Balder bold :
Balder's head to death is given,
Pain can reach the sons of heaven !
Unwilling I my lips uncloze :
Leave me, leave me to repose.

O. Once again my call obey.
Prophetess, arise, and say,
What dangers Odin's child await,
Who the author of his fate ?

PR. In Hoder's hand the hero's doom :
His brother sends him to the tomb.
Now my weary lips I close :
Leave me, leave me, to repose.

O. Prophetess, my spell obey.
Once again arise, and say,
Who th' avenger of his guilt,
By whom shall Hoder's blood be spilt.

PR. In the caverns of the west,
By Odin's fierce embrace compress'd,
A wondrous boy shall Rinda bear,
Who ne'er shall comb his raven-hair,
Nor wash his visage in the stream,
Nor see the sun's departing beam :
'Till he on Hoder's corse shall smile
Flaming on the funeral pile.
Now my weary lips I close :
Leave me, leave me, to repose.

O. Yet

O. Yet a while my call obey,
Prophetess, awake, and say,
What virgins these, in speechless woe,
That bend to earth their solemn brow,
That their flaxen tresses tear,
And snowy veils, that float in air.
Tell me whence their sorrows rose :
Then I leave thee to repose.

PR. Ha ! no traveller art thou
King of men, I know thee now,
Mightiest of a mighty line—

O. No boding maid of skill divine
Art thou, nor prophetess of good ;
But mother of the giant-brood !

PR. Hie thee hence, and boast at home,
That never shall enquirer come
To break my iron-sleep again ;
Till * Lok has burst his tenfold chain.
Never, till substantial night
Has reassum'd her ancient right ;
Till wrap'd in flames, in ruin hurl'd,
Sinks the fabric of the world.

* Lok is the Evil Being, who continues in chains till the twilight of the gods approaches, when he shall break his bonds ; the human race, the stars, and sun, shall disappear ; the earth sink in the seas, and fire consume the skies : even Odin himself and his kindred deities shall perish. For a farther explanation of this mythology, see Mallet's Introduction to the History of Denmark, 1755, Quarto.

THE

TRIUMPHS OF OWEN*.

A FRAGMENT.

FROM

Mr. EVANS'S Specimens of the Welsh Poetry;
LONDON, 1764, Quarto.

OWEN'S praise demands my song,
Owen swift and Owen strong;
Fairest flower of Roderic's stem,
† Gwyneth's shield, and Britain's gem.
He nor heaps his brooded stores,
Nor all profusely pours;
Lord of every regal art,
Liberal hand, and open heart.

Big with hosts of mighty name,
Squadrons three against him came;
This the force of Eirin hiding,
Side by side as proudly riding,
On her shadow long and gay
‡ Lochlin plows the watery way:

* Owen succeeded his father Griffin in the principality of North-Wales, A. D. 1120. This battle was fought near forty years afterwards.

† North-Wales,

‡ Denmark.

There

There the Norman sails afar
Catch the winds, and join the war;
Black and huge along they sweep,
Burthens of the angry deep.

Dauntless on his native sands
* The Dragon-son of Mona stands;
In glittering arms and glory drest,
High he rears his ruby crest.
There the thundering strokes begin,
There the press, and there the din;
Talymalfra's rocky shore
Echoing to the battle's roar
Where his glowing eye-balls turn,
Thousand banners round him burn.
Where he points his purple spear,
Hasty, hasty rout is there,
Marking with indignant eye
Fear to stop, and to shame fly.
There Confusion, Terror's child,
Conflict fierce, and Ruin wild,
Agony, that pants for breath,
Despair and honourable Death.

* * * * *

* The red dragon is the device of Cadwallader, which all his descendants bore on their banners.

E P I T A P H,

AT BECKENHAM, ON MRS. CLARKE*.

LO! where this silent marble weeps,
 A Friend, a Wife, a Mother, sleeps;
 A heart, within whose sacred cell
 The peaceful Virtues lov'd to dwell:
 Affection warm, and Faith sincere,
 And soft Humanity, were there.
 In agony, in death, resign'd,
 She felt the wound she left behind.
 Her infant image, here below,
 Sits smiling on a father's woe;
 Whom what awaits, while yet he strays
 Along this lonely vale of days?
 A pang, to secret sorrow dear;
 A sigh, an unavailing tear;
 Till Time shall every grief remove,
 With Life, with Memory, and with Love.

* Wife to a physician at Epsom; she died April 27, 1757.

STANZAS,

S T A N Z A S,

SUGGESTED BY A VIEW OF THE SEAT AND RUINS
AT KINGSGATE, IN KENT, 1766.

OLD, and abandon'd by each venal friend,
Here H——d took the pious resolution
To smuggle a few years, and strive to mend
A broken character and constitution.

On this congenial spot he fix'd his choice;
Earl Goodwin trembled for his neighbouring sand;
Here sea-gulls scream, and cormorants rejoice,
And mariners, though shipwreck'd, fear to land.

Here reign the blustering North and blighting East,
No tree is heard to whisper, bird to sing;
Yet Nature could not furnish out the Feast,
Art he invokes new terrors still to bring.

Now mouldering fanes and battlements arise,
Turrets and arches nodding to their fall,
Unpeopled monasteries delude our eyes,
And mimic desolation covers all.

“ Ah !

"Ah!" said the sighing peer, "had B—te been true,
 Nor G——'s, nor B——d's promises been vain,
 Far other scenes than this had grac'd our view,
 And realis'd the horrors which we feign.

"Purg'd by the sword, and purify'd by fire,
 Then had we seen proud London's hated walls;
 Owls should have hooted in St. Peter's choir,
 And foxes stunk and litter'd in St. Paul's."

O D E

F O R

M U S I C K.

Performed in the Senate-House at Cambridge, July 1,
 1769, at the Installation of his Grace Augustus-Henry
 Fitzroy, Duke of Grafton, Chancellor of the Uni-
 versity.

I.

"HENCE, avaunt. ('tis holy ground),
 "Comus, and his midnight-crew,
 "And Ignorance with looks profound,
 "And dreaming Sloth of pallid hue,
 "Mad Sedition's cry profane,
 "Servitude that hugs her chain,
 "Nor in these consecrated bowers
 "Let painted Flattery hide her serpent-train in flowers,

" Nor Envy base, nor creeping Gain,
 " Dare the Muse's walk to stain,
 " While bright-eyed Science watches round :
 " Hence, away, 'tis holy ground !"

II.

From yonder realms of empyrean day
 Bursts on my ear th' indignant lay :
 There sit the fainted Sage, the Bard divine,
 The Few, whom Genius gave to shine
 Through every unborn age and undiscover'd clime.
 Rapt in celestial transport they,
 Yet hither oft a glance from high
 They send of tender sympathy
 To bless the place, where on their opening soul
 First the genuine ardor stole.
 'Twas Milton struck the deep-ton'd shell,
 And, as the choral warblings round him swell,
 Meek Newton's self bends from his state sublime,
 And nods his hoary head, and listens to the rhyme.

III.

" Ye brown o'er-arching Groves,
 " That Contemplation loves,
 " Where willowy Camus lingers with delight !
 " Oft at the blush of dawn
 " I trod your level lawn,
 " Oft woo'd the gleam of Cynthia silver-bright
 " In cloisters dim, far from the haunts of Folly,
 " With Freedom by my side, and soft-ey'd Melan-
 " choly."

IV. But

IV.

But hark ! the portals sound, and pacing forth
 With solemn steps and flow,
 High Potentates, and Dames of royal birth,
 And mitred Fathers in long order go :
 Great * Edward, with the lilies on his brow
 From haughty Gallia torn,
 And || sad Chatillon, on her bridal morn
 That wept her bleeding Love, and princely † Clare,
 And ‡ Anjou's Heroine, and § the paler Rose,

* Edward the Third ; who added the Fleur de lys of France to the arms of England. He founded Trinity College.

|| Mary de Valentia, Countess of Pembroke, daughter of Guy de Chatillon Comte de St. Paul in France : of whom tradition says, that her husband Audemar de Valentia, Earl of Pembroke, was slain at a tournament on the day of his nuptials. She was the foundress of Pembroke College or Hall, under the name of Aula Mariæ de Valentia.

† Elizabeth de Burg, Countess of Clare, was wife of John de Burg, son and heir of the Earl of Ulster, and daughter of Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Gloucester, by Joan of Acres, daughter of Edward the First. Hence the Poet gives her the epithet of Princely. She founded Clare Hall.

‡ Margaret of Anjou, wife of Henry the Sixth, foundress of Queen's College. The Poet has celebrated her conjugal fidelity in a former Ode.

§ Elizabeth Widville, wife of Edward the Fourth (hence called the paler Rose, as being of the House of York). She added to the foundation of Margaret of Anjou.

The

The rival of her crown and of her woes,
 And * either Henry there,
 The murder'd Saint, and the majestic Lord,
 That broke the bonds of Rome.
 (Their tears, their little triumphs o'er,
 Their human passions now no more,
 Sav^d Charity, that glows beyond the tomb)
 All that on Granta's fruitful plain
 Rich streams of regal bounty pour'd,
 And bade these awful fanes and turrets rise,
 To hail their Fitzroy's festal morning come;
 And thus they speak in soft accord
 The liquid language of the skies.

V.

"What is Grandeur, what is Power
 "Heavier toil, superior pain.
 "What the bright reward we gain?
 "The grateful memory of the Good.
 "Sweet is the breath of vernal shower,
 "The bee's collected treasure's sweet,
 "Sweet music's melting fall, but sweeter yet
 "The still small voice of Gratitude."

VI.

Foremost and leaning from her golden cloud
 The † venerable Marg'ret see!

* Henry the Sixth and Eighth. The former the founder of King's, the latter the greatest benefactor to Trinity College.

† Countess of Richmond and Derby; the mother of Henry the Seventh, foundress of St. John's and Christ's Colleges.

" Welcome, my noble Son (she cries aloud),
 " To this, thy kindred train, and me :
 " Pleas'd in thy lineaments we trace
 " A * Tudor's fire, a Beaufort's grace.
 " Thy liberal heart, thy judging eye,
 " The flower unheeded shall descry,
 " And bid it round heaven's altars shed
 " The fragrance of its blushing head :
 " Shall raise from earth the latent gem,
 " To glitter on the diadem.

VII.

" Lo, Granta waits to lead her blooming band,
 " Not obvious, not obtrusive, she
 " No vulgar praise, no venal incense flings;
 " Nor dares with courtly tongue refin'd
 " Profane thy inborn royalty of mind :
 " She reveres herself and thee.
 " With modest pride to grace thy youthful brow
 " The laureat wreath, † that Cecil wore, she brings,
 " And to thy just, thy gentle hand
 " Submits the Fasces of her sway,
 " While Spirits blest above and Men below
 " Join with glad voice the loud symphonious lay.

* The Countess was a Beaufort, and married to a Tudor; hence the application of this line to the Duke of Grafton, who claims descent from both these families.

† Lord Treasurer Burleigh was Chancellor of the University, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

" Through

VIII.

" Through the wild waves as they roar
 " With watchful eye and dauntless mien
 " Thy steady course of honour keep,
 " Nor fear the rocks, nor seek the shore :
 " The Star of Brunswick smiles serene,
 " And gilds the horrors of the deep."

A

LONG STORY*.

I N Britain's isle, no matter where,
 An antient pile of building stands :
 The Huntingdons and Hattons there
 Employ'd the power of Fairy hands

* When Mr. Gray had put his last hand to the celebrated Elegy in the Country Church-yard, he communicated it to his friend Mr. Walpole, whose good taste was too much charmed with it to suffer him to with-hold the sight of it from his acquaintance ; accordingly it was shewn about for some time in manuscript, and received with all the applause it so justly merited. Amongst the rest of the fashionable world, for to those only it was at present communicated, Lady Cobham, who now lived at the mansion-house at Stoke-Pogis, had read and admired it. She wished to be acquainted with the author ; accordingly her relation, Miss Speed, and Lady Schaub, then at her house, undertook to bring this about by making him the first visit. He happened to be from home when the Ladies arrived at his Aunt's solitary mansion ; and, when he returned, was surprized to find, written on one of his papers

To raise the cieling's fretted height,
 Each pannel in atchievements cloathing,
 Rich windows that exclude the light,
 And passages, that lead to nothing *.

Full oft within the spacious walls,
 When he had fifty winters o'er him,
 † My grave Lord-Keeper led the brawls;
 The seal and maces danc'd before him.

papers in the parlour where he usually read, the following note: "Lady Schaub's compliments to Mr. Gray; she is sorry
 "not to have found him at home, to tell him that Lady Brown
 "is very well." This necessarily obliged him to return the visit, and soon after induced him to compose a ludicrous account of this little adventure, for the amusement of the Ladies in question. He wrote it in ballad measure, and entitled it a Long Story: when it was handed about in manuscript, nothing could be more various than the opinions concerning it; by some it was thought a masterpiece of original humour, by others a wild and fantastic farrago; and when it was published, the sentiments of good judges were equally divided about it. See Mr. Mason's Memoirs, vol. III. p. 125.

* The mansion-house at Stoke-Pogis, then in the possession of Viscountess Cobham. The style of building, which we now call Queen Elizabeth's, is here admirably described, both with regard to its beauties and defects; and the third and fourth stanzas delineate the fantastic manners of her time with equal truth and humour. The house formerly belonged to the Earls of Huntingdon and the family of Hatton. M.

† Sir Christopher Hatton, promoted by Queen Elizabeth for his graceful person and fine dancing. G.—Brawls were a sort of figure-dance, then in vogue, and probably deemed as elegant as our modern Cotillions, or still more modern Quadrilles. M.

His

His bushy beard, and shoe-strings green,
His high-crown'd hat, and fatten doublet,
Mov'd the stout heart of England's Queen,
Though Pope and Spaniard could not trouble it.

What, in the very first beginning !
Shame of the versifying tribe !
Your history whither are you spinning !
Can you do nothing but describe ?

A house there is (and that's enough)
From whence one fatal morning issues
* A brace of warriors, not in buff,
But rustling in their filks and tissues.

The first came cap-a-pee from France,
Her conquering destiny fulfilling,
Whom meaner beauties eye askance,
And vainly ape her art of killing.

The other Amazon kind heaven
Had arm'd with spirit, wit, and satire :
But Cobham had the polish given,
And tipp'd her arrows with good-nature.

To celebrate her eyes, her air—
Coarse panegyrics would but teaze her.
Melissa is her *Nom de Guerre*.

Alas, who would not wish to please her !

* The reader is already apprised who these Ladies were ; the two descriptions are prettily contrasted ; and nothing can be more happily turned than the compliment to Lady Cobham in the eighth stanza. M.

With bonnet blue and capuchine,
And aprons long they hid their armour,
And veil'd their weapons bright and keen;
In pity to the country farmer.

Fame, in the shape of * Mr. P—t,
(By this time all the parish know it)
Had told, that thereabouts there lurk'd
A wicked Imp they call a Poet :

Who prowl'd the country far and near,
Bewitch'd the children of the peasants,
Dried up the cows, and lam'd the deer,
And suck'd the eggs, and kill'd the pheasants.

My Lady hear'd their joint petition,
Swore by her coronet and ermine,
She'd issue out her high commission
To rid the manor of such vermin.

The Heroines undertook the task,
Thro' lanes unknown, o'er stiles they ventur'd,
Rap'd at the door, nor stay'd to ask,
But bounce into the parlour enter'd.

The trembling family they daunt,
They flirt, they fign, they laugh, they tattle,
Rummage his Mother, pinch his Aunt,
And up stairs in a whirlwind rattle.

* I have been told that this Gentleman, a neighbour and acquaintance of Mr. Gray's in the country, was much displeased at the liberty here taken with his name; yet, surely, without any great reason. M.

A LONG STORY.

243

Each hole and cubboard they explore,
Each creek and cranny of his chamber,
Run hurry-skurry round the floor,
And o'er the bed and tester clamber;

Into the drawers and china pry,
Papers and books a huge imbroglio!
Under a tea cup he might lie,
Or creas'd, like dogs-ears, in a folio.

On the first marching of the troops
The Muses, hopeless of his pardon,
Convey'd him underneath their hoops
To a small closet in the garden.

So Rumour says: (who will, believe.)
But that they left the door a-jar,
Where, safe and laughing in his fleecy,
He heard the distant din of war.

Short was his joy. He little knew
The power of Magic was no fable;
Out of the window, wisk, they flew,
But left a spell upon the table.

The words too eager to unriddle,
The Poet felt a strange disorder:
Transparent bird-lime form'd the middle,
And chains invisible the border.

So cunning was the Apparatus,
The powerful pot-hooks did so move him,
That, will he, nill he, to the Great-house
He went, as if the Devil drove him.

R 2

Yet

Yet on his way (no sign of grace
 For folks in fear are apt to pray)
 To Phœbus he preferr'd his case,
 And begg'd his aid that dreadful day.

The Godhead would have back'd his quarrel;
 But with a blush, on recollection,
 Own'd, that his quiver and his laurel
 'Gainst four such eyes were no protection.

The court was sat, the culprit there,
 Forth from the gloomy mansions creeping
 The Lady Janes and Joans repair,
 And from the gallery stand peeping :

Such as in silence of the night
 Come (sweep) along some winding entry,
 * (Styack has often seen the fight)
 Or at the chapel-door stand centry :

In peaked hoods and mantles tarnish'd,
 Sour visages, enough to scare ye,
 High dames of honour once, that garnish'd
 The drawing-room of fierce Queen Mary.

The Peereſs comes. The audience stare,
 And doff their hats with due submission :
 She curtsies, as she takes her chair,
 To all the people of condition.

* The House-keeper.

The

The Bard, with many an artful fib,
 Had in imagination fenc'd him,
 Disprov'd the arguments of * Squib,
 And all that † Groom could urge against him.

But soon his rhetorick forsook him,
 When he the solemn hall had seen;
 A sudden fit of ague shook him.
 He stood as mute as poor ‡ Maclean.

Yet something he was heard to mutter,
 "How in the Park, beneath an old tree,
 "(Without design to hurt the butter,
 "Or any malice to the pouktry,)

"He once or twice had penn'd a sonnet:
 "Yet hoped, that he might save his bacon:
 "Numbers would give their oaths upon it,
 "He ne'er was for a conjurer taken."

The ghostly prudes with hagg'd § face
 Already had condemn'd the finner.
 My Lady rose, and with a grace—
 She smil'd, and bid him come to dinner ||.

* Groom of the Chamber. G.

† The Steward. G.

‡ A famous highwayman, hanged the week before. G.

§ Hagg'd, *i. e.* the face of a witch or hag; the epithet Hagard has been sometimes mistaken, as conveying the same idea; but it means a very different thing, viz. wild and farouche, and is taken from an unreclaimed hawk, called an Hagard. M.

|| Here the story finishes; the exclamation of the Ghosts which follows is characteristic of the Spanish manners of the age, when they are supposed to have lived; and the 500 stanzas, said to be lost, may be imagined to contain the remainder of their long-winded expostulation. M.

“ Jefu-Maria ! Madam Bridget,
 “ Why, what can the Vifcountefs mean !
 (Cried the fquare-hoods in woeful fidget)
 “ ‘The times are alter’d quite and clean !

“ Decorum’s turn’d to mere civility ;
 “ Her air and all her manners shew it,
 Commend me to her affability !
 “ Speak to a Commoner and Poet !”

[Here 500 Stanzas are lost.]

And so God save our noble King,
And guard us from long-winded Lubbers,
That to eternity would sing,
And keep my Lady from her Rubbers.

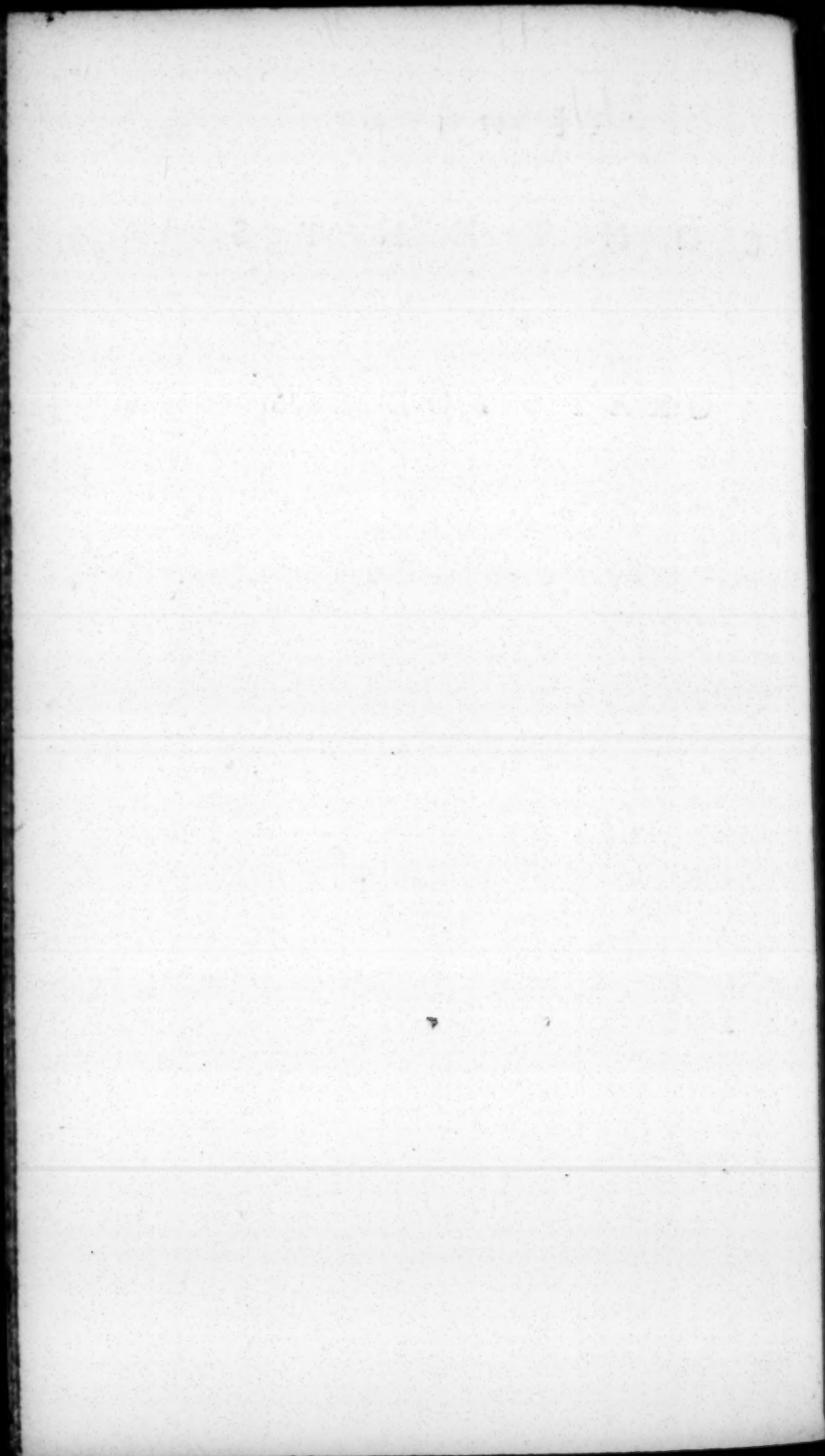
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THE END OF GRAY'S POEMS.



L

T H E

P O E M S

O F

LORD LYTTTELTON.

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I.

II.

III.

IV.

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THE
PROGRESS OF LOVE,
IN FOUR ECLOGUES.

- I. UNCERTAINTY. To Mr. POPE.
II. HOPE. To the Hon. GEORGE DODDINGTON.
III. JEALOUSY. To EDWARD WALPOLE, Esq;
IV. POSSESSION. To the Right Hon. the Lord
Viscount COBHAM.
-

UNCERTAINTY. ECLOGUE I. To Mr. POPE.

POPE, to whose reed beneath the beachen shade,
The Nymphs of Thames a pleas'd attention paid;
While yet thy Muse, content with humbler praise,
Warbled in Windfor's grove her sylvan lays;
Though now, sublimely borne on Homer's wing
Of glorious wars and godlike chiefs she sing:
Wilt thou with me revisit once again
The crystal fountain, and the flowery plain?
Wilt thou, indulgent, hear my verse relate
The various changes of a lover's state;
And, while each turn of passion I pursue,
Ask thy own heart if what I tell be true?

To

To the green margin of a lonely wood,
 Whose pendent shades o'erlook'd a silver flood,
 Young Damon came, unknowing where he stray'd,
 Full of the image of his beauteous maid:
 His flock, far off, unfed, untended, lay,
 To every savage a defenceless prey;
 No sense of interest could their master move,
 And every care seem'd trifling now but love.
 A while in pensive silence he remain'd,
 But, though his voice was mute, his looks complain'd;
 At length the thoughts within his bosom pent
 Forc'd his unwilling tongue to give them vent.

“ Ye nymphs, he cried, ye Dryads, who so long
 “ Have favor'd Damon, and inspir'd his song;
 “ For whom, retir'd, I shun the gay resorts
 “ Of sportful cities, and of pompous courts;
 “ In vain I bid the restless world adieu,
 “ To seek tranquility and peace with you.
 “ Though wild Ambition and destructive Rage,
 “ No factions here can form, no wars can wage:
 “ Though Envy frowns not on your humble shades,
 “ Nor Calumny your innocence invades:
 “ Yet cruel Love, that troubler of the breast,
 “ Too often violates your boasted rest;
 “ With inbred storms disturbs your calm retreat,
 “ And taints with bitterness each rural sweet.
 “ Ah luckless day! when first with fond surprise
 “ On Delia's face I fix'd my eager eyes!
 “ Then in wild tumults all my soul was tost,
 “ Then reason, liberty, at once were lost:

“ And

UNCERTAINTY. ECLOGUE I. 253

" And every wish, and thought, and care, was gone,
 " But what my heart employ'd on her alone.
 " Then too she smil'd : can smiles our peace destroy,
 " Those lovely children of Content and Joy !
 " How can soft pleasure and tormenting woe
 " From the same spring at the same moment flow :
 " Unhappy boy ! these vain enquiries cease,
 " Thought could not guard, nor will restore, thy peace :
 " Indulge the frenzy that thou must endure,
 " And sooth the pain thou know'st not how to cure,
 " Come, flattering Memory ! and tell my heart
 " How kind she was, and with what pleasing art
 " She strove its fondest wishes to obtain,
 " Confirm her power, and faster bind my chain.
 " If on the green we danc'd, a mirthful band ;
 " To me alone she gave her willing hand :
 " Her partial taste, if e'er I touch'd the lyre,
 " Still in my song found something to admire.
 " By none but her my crook with flowers was crown'd,
 " By none but her my brows with ivy bound :
 " The world that Damon, was her choice believ'd,
 " The world, alas ! like Damon, was deceiv'd.
 " When last I saw her, and declar'd my fire
 " In words as soft as passion could inspire,
 " Coldly she heard, and full of scorn withdrew,
 " Without one pitying glance, one sweet adieu.
 " The frighted hind, who sees his ripen'd corn
 " Up from the roots by sudden tempests torn,
 " Whose fairest hopes destroy'd and blasted lie,
 " Feels not so keen a pang of grief as I.

" Ah,

- " Ah, how have I deserv'd, inhuman maid,
 " To have my faithful service thus repaid?
 " Where all the marks of kindness I receiv'd,
 " But dreams of joy, that charm'd me and deceiv'd?
 " Or did you only nurse my growing love,
 " That with more pain I might your hatred prove?
 " Sure guilty treachery no place could find
 " In such a gentle, such a generous mind:
 " A maid brought up the woods and wilds among
 " Could ne'er have learnt the art of courts so young:
 " No; let me rather think her anger feign'd,
 " Still let me hope my Delia may be gain'd;
 " 'Twas only modesty that seem'd disdain,
 " And her heart suffer'd when she gave me pain."

Pleas'd with this flattering thought, the love-sick boy
 Felt the faint dawning of a doubtful joy;
 Back to his flock more chearful he return'd,
 When now the setting sun more fiercely burn'd,
 Blue vapours rose along the mazy rills,
 And light's last blushes ting'd the distant hills.

HOPE. ECLOGUE II.

To Mr. DODDINGTON.

[Afterwards LORD MELCOMBE RECIS.]

HE A R, Doddington, the notes that shepherds sing,
 Like those that warbling hail the genial spring.
 Nor Pan, nor Phœbus, tunes our artless reeds:
 From Love alone their melody proceeds.

From Love, Theocritus, on Enna's plains,
Learnt the wild sweetness of his Doric strains.
Young Maro, touch'd by his inspiring dart,
Could charm each ear, and soften every heart :
Me too his power has reach'd, and bids with thine
My rustic pipe in pleasing concert join *.

Damon no longer sought the silent shade,
No more in unfrequented paths he stray'd,
But call'd the swains to hear his jocund song,
And told his joy to all the rural throng.

“ Blest be the hour, he said, that happy hour,
“ When first I own'd my Delia's gentle power ;
“ Then gloomy discontent and pining care
“ Forsook my breast, and left soft wishes there ;
“ Soft wishes there they left, and gay desires,
“ Delightful languors, and transporting fires.
“ Where yonder limes combine to form a shade,
“ These eyes first gaz'd upon the charming maid ;
“ There she appear'd, on that auspicious day,
“ When swains their sportive rites to Bacchus pay :
“ She led the dance—heavens ! with what grace she
“ mov'd !
“ Who could have seen her then, and not have lov'd ?
“ I strove not to resist so sweet a flame,
“ But gloried in a happy captive's name ;
“ Nor would I now, could Love permit, be free,
“ But leave to brutes their savage liberty.

* Mr. Doddington had written some very pretty love verses, which
have never been published. LYTTLE.

“ And

- " And art thou then, fond youth, secure of joy?
 " Can no reverse thy flattering bliss destroy?
 " Has treacherous Love no torment yet in store?
 " Or hast thou never prov'd his fatal power?
 " Whence flow'd those tears that late bedew'd thy
 " cheek?
 " Why sigh'd thy heart as if it strove to break!
 " Why were the desert rocks invoc'd to hear
 " The plaintive accent of thy sad despair?
 " From Delia's rigour all those pains arose,
 " Delia, who now compassionates my woes,
 " Who bids me *hope*; and in that charming word
 " Has peace and transport to my soul restor'd.
 " Begin my pipe, begin the glad some lay;
 " A kiss from Delia shall thy music pay;
 " A kiss obtain'd 'twixt struggling and consent,
 " Given with forc'd anger, and disguis'd content,
 " No laureat wreaths I ask, to bind my brows,
 " Such as the Muse on lofty Bards bestows:
 " Let other swains to praise or fame aspire;
 " I from her lips my recompence require.
 " Why stays my Delia in her secret bower?
 " Light gales have chac'd the late impending shower;
 " Th' emerging sun more bright his beams extends;
 " Oppos'd, its beauteous arch the rainbow bends!
 " Glad youths and maidens turn the new-made hay:
 " The birds renew their songs on every spray!
 " Come forth, my love, thy shepherd's joys to crown:
 " All nature smiles.—Will only Delia frown!

" Hark

" Hark how the bees with murmurs fill the plain,
 " While every flower of every sweet they drain :
 " See, how beneath yon hillock's shady steep,
 " The shelter'd herds on flowery couches sleep :
 " Nor bees, nor herds, are half so blest as I,
 " If with my fond desires my love comply ;
 " From Delia's lips a sweeter honey flows,
 " And on her bosom dwells more soft repose.
 " Ah how, my dear, shall I deserve thy charms ?
 " What gift can bribe thee to my longing arms ?
 " A bird for thee in filken bands I hold,
 " Whose yellow plumage shines like polish'd gold ;
 " From distant isles the lovely stranger came,
 " And bears the fortunate Canaries name ;
 " In all our woods none boasts so sweet a note,
 " Not ev'n the nightingale's melodious throat.
 " Accept of this ; and could I add beside
 " What wealth the rich Peruvian mountains hide :
 " If all the gems in Eastern rocks were mine,
 " On thee alone their glittering pride should shine.
 " But, if thy mind no gifts have power to move,
 " Phœbus himself shall leave th' Aonian grove :
 " The tuneful Nine, who never sue in vain,
 " Shall come sweet suppliants for their favourite swain.
 " For him each blue-ey'd Naiad of the flood,
 " For him each green-hair'd sister of the wood,
 " Whom oft beneath fair Cynthia's gentle ray
 " His music calls to dance the night away.
 " And you, fair nymphs, companions of my love,
 " With whom she joys the cowslip meads to rove,
 VOL. LXIV. S " I beg

- " I beg you, recommend my faithful flame,
 " And let her often hear her shepherd's name :
 " Shade all my faults from her enquiring sight,
 " And shew my merits in the fairest light ;
 " My pipe your kind assistance shall repay,
 " And every friend shall claim a different lay.
 " But see ! in yonder glade the heavenly fair
 " Enjoys the fragrance of the breezy air—
 " Ah, thither let me fly with eager feet ;
 " Adieu, my pipe ; I go my love to meet—
 " O, may I find her as we parted last,
 " And may each future hour be like the past !
 " So shall the whitest lamb these pastures feed,
 " Propitious Venus, on thy altars bleed."

JEALOUSY. ECLOGUE III

TO MR. EDWARD WALPOLE.

THE gods, O Walpole, given no bliss sincere ;
 Wealth is disturb'd by care, and power by fear :
 Of all the passions that employ the mind,
 In gentle love the sweetest joys we find :
 Yet ev'n those joys dire Jealousy molests,
 And blackens each fair image in our breasts.
 O may the warmth of thy too tender heart
 Ne'er feel the sharpness of his venom'd dart !
 For thy own quiet, think thy mistress just,
 And wisely take thy happiness on trust.

↓

Begin,

JEALOUSY. ECLOGUE III. 259

Begin, my Muse, and Damon's woes rehearse,
In wildest numbers and disorder'd verse.

On a romantic mountain's airy head
(While browsing goats at ease around him fed)
Anxious he lay, with jealous cares oppress'd;
Distrust and anger labouring in his breast—
The vale beneath a pleasing prospect yields
Of verdant meads and cultivated fields;
Through these a river rolls its winding flood,
Adorn'd with various tufts of rising wood;
Here half conceal'd in trees a cottage stands,
A cattle there the opening plain commands;
Beyond, a town with glittering spires is crown'd,
And distant hills the wide horizon bound:
So charming was the scene, a while the swain
Beheld delighted, and forgot his pain:
But soon the stings infix'd within his heart
With cruel force renew'd their raging smart:
His flowery wreath, which long with pride he wore,
The gift of Delia, from his brows he tore,
Then cried, " May all thy charms, ungrateful maid,
" Like these neglected roses, droop and fade!
" May angry heaven deform each guilty grace,
" That triumphs now in that deluding face!
" Those alter'd looks may every shepherd fly,
" And ev'n thy Daphnis hate thee worse than I!
" Say, thou inconstant, what has Damon done,
" To lose the heart his tedious pains had won?
" Tell me what charms you in my rival find,
" Against whose power no ties have strength to bind?

" Has he, like me, with long obedience strove
 " To conquer your disdain, and merit love ?
 " Has he with transport every smile ador'd,
 " And died with grief at each ungentle word ?
 " Ah, no ! the conquest was obtain'd with ease ;
 " He pleas'd you, by not studying to please :
 " His careless indolence your pride alarm'd ;
 " And, had he lov'd you more, he less had charm'd,
 " O pain to think ! another shall possess
 " Those balmy lips which I was wont to press :
 " Another on her panting breast shall lie,
 " And catch sweet madness from her swimming eye !—
 " I saw their friendly flocks together feed,
 " I saw them hand in hand walk o'er the mead :
 " Would my clos'd eye had sunk in endless night,
 " Ere I was doom'd to bear that hateful sight !
 " Where-e'er they pass'd, be blasted every flower,
 " And hungry wolves their helpless flocks devour !—
 " Ah wretched swain, could no examples move
 " Thy heedless heart to shun the rage of love ?
 " Hast thou not heard how poor * Menalcas died
 " A victim to Parthenia's fatal pride ?
 " Dear was the youth to all the tuneful plain,
 " Lov'd by the nymphs, by Phœbus lov'd in vain :
 " Around his tomb their tears the Muses paid ;
 " And all things mourn'd, but the relentless maid.
 " Would I could die like him, and be at peace ?
 " These torments in the quiet grave would cease ;

* See Mr. Gray's Dione.

“ There

" There my vex'd thoughts a calm repose would find
 " And rest, as if my Delia still were kind.
 " No, let me live, her falsehood to upbraid :
 " Some god perhaps my just revenge will aid.—
 " Alas ! what aid, fond swain, wouldst thou receive ?
 " Could thy heart bear to see its Delia grieve ?
 " Protect her, heaven ! and let her never know
 " The slightest part of hapless Damon's woe :
 " I ask no vengeance from the powers above ;
 " All I implore is never more to love.—
 " Let me this fondness from my bosom tear,
 " Let me forget that e'er I thought her fair.
 " Come, cool Indifference, and heal my breast ;
 " Wearied, at length, I seek thy downy rest :
 " No turbulence of passion shall destroy
 " My future ease with flattering hopes of joy.
 " Hear, mighty Pan, and, all ye sylvans, hear
 " What by your guardian deities I swear ;
 " No more my eyes shall view her fatal charms,
 " No more I'll court the traitorefs to my arms ;
 " Not all her arts my steady soul shall move,
 " And she shall find that reason conquers love !"—
 Scarce had he spoke, when through the lawn below
 Alone he saw the beauteous Delia go ;
 At once transported, he forgot his vow,
 (Such perjuries the laughing gods allow !)
 Down the steep hills with ardent haste he flew ;
 He found her kind, and soon believ'd her true.

POSSESSION. ECLOGUE IV.

TO LORD COBHAM.

COBHAM, to thee this rural lay I bring,
 Whose guiding judgment gives me skill to sing;
 Though far unequal to those polish'd strains,
 With which thy Congreve charm'd the listening plains:
 Yet shall its music please thy partial ear,
 And sooth thy breast with thoughts that once were dear;
 Recal those years which time has thrown behind,
 When smiling Lovewith Honour shar'd thy mind:
 When all thy glorious days of prosperous fight
 Delighted less than one successful night.
 The sweet remembrance shall thy youth restore,
 Fancy again shall run past pleasures o'er;
 And, while in Stowe's enchanting walks you stray,
 This theme may help to cheat the summer's day.

Beneath the covert of a myrtle wood,
 To Venus rais'd, a rustic altar stood.
 To Venus and to Hymen, there combin'd,
 In friendly league to favour human-kind.
 With wanton Cupids, in that happy shade,
 'The gentle Virtues and mild Wisdom play'd.
 Nor there in sprightly Pleasure's genial train,
 Lurk'd sick Disgust, or late-repenting Pain,
 Nor Force, nor Interest, join'd unwilling hands,
 But Love consenting tied the blissful bands,

Thither,

Thither, with glad devotion, Damon came,
 To thank the powers who blest his faithful flame :
 Two milk-white doves he on their altar laid,
 And thus to both his grateful homage paid :

“ Hail, bounteous god ! before whose hallow’d shrine

“ My Delia vow’d to be for ever mine,

“ While, glowing in her cheeks, with tender love,

“ Sweet virgin modesty reluctant strove !

“ And hail to thee, fair queen of young desires !

“ Long shall my heart preserve thy pleasing fires,

“ Since Delia now can all its warmth return,

“ As fondly languish, and as fiercely burn.

“ O the dear bloom of last propitious night !

“ O shade more charming than the fairest light !

“ Then in my arms I clasp’d the melting maid,

“ Then all my pains one moment overpaid ;

“ Then first the sweet excess of bliss I prov’d,

“ Which none can taste but who like me have lov’d.

“ Thou too, bright goddess, once, in Ida’s grove,

“ Didst not disdain to meet a shepherd’s love ;

“ With him, while frisking lambs around you play’d,

“ Conceal’d you sported in the secret shade :

“ Scarce could Anchises’ raptures equal mine,

“ And Delia’s beauties only yield to thine.

“ What are ye now, my once most valued joys ?

“ Insipid trifles all, and childish toys—

“ Friendship itself ne’er knew a charm like this,

“ Nor Colin’s talk could please like Delia’s kiss.

“ Ye Muses, skill’d in every winning art,

“ Teach me more deeply to engage her heart ;

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“ Ye Muses, skill'd in every winning art,

“ Teach me more deeply to engage her heart ;

“ Ye nymphs, to her your freshest roses bring,
“ And crown her with the pride of all the spring :
“ On all her days let health and peace attend ;
“ May she ne’er want, nor ever lose, a friend !
“ May some new pleasure every hour employ :
“ But let her Damon be her highest joy !
“ With thee, my love, for ever will I stay,
“ All night cares thee, and admire all day ;
“ In the same field our mingled flocks we ’ll feed,
“ To the same spring our thirsty heifers lead,
“ Together will we share the harvest toils,
“ Together press the vine’s autumnal spoils.
“ Delightful state, where Peace and Love combine,
“ To bid our tranquil days unclouded shine !
“ Here limpid fountains roll through flowery meads ;
“ Here rising forests lift their verdant heads ;
“ Here let me wear my careless life away,
“ And in thy arms insensibly decay.
“ When late old age our heads shall silver o’er,
“ And our slow pulses dance with joy no more ;
“ When Time no longer will thy beauties spare,
“ And only Damon’s eye shall think the fair ;
“ Then may the gentle hand of welcome Death,
“ At one soft stroke, deprive us both of breath !
“ May we beneath one common stone be laid,
“ And the same cypress both our ashes shade !
“ Perhaps some friendly Muse, in tender verse,
“ Shall deign our faithful passion to rehearse
“ And future ages, with just envy mov’d,
“ Be told how Damon and his Delia lov’d.”

SOLILOQUY OF A BEAUTY
IN THE COUNTRY.

Written at EATON SCHOOL.

T WAS night ; and Flavia, to her room retir'd,
With evening chat and sober reading tir'd ;
There, melancholy, pensive, and alone,
She meditates on the forsaken town :
On her rais'd arm reclin'd her drooping head,
She sigh'd and thus in plaintive accents said :
“ Ah, what avails it to be young and fair ;
“ To move with negligence, to dress with care ?
“ What worth have all the charms our pride can boast,
“ If all in envious solitude are lost ?
“ Where none admire, 'tis useless to excel ;
“ Where none are beaux, 'tis vain to be a belle ;
“ Beauty, like wit, to judges should be shown ;
“ Both most are valued, where they best are known.
“ With every grace of nature or of art,
“ We cannot break one stubborn country heart :
“ The brutes, insensible, our power defy :
“ To love, exceeds a squire's capacity.
“ The town, the court, is Beauty's proper sphere ;
“ That is our Heaven, and we are angels there :
“ In that gay circle thousand Cupids rove,
“ The court of Britain is the court of Love.
“ How has my conscious heart with triumph glow'd,
“ How have my sparkling eyes their transport shew'd,
“ At

- " At each distinguish'd birth-night ball, to see
 " The homage, due to Empire, paid to me!
 " When every eye was fix'd on me alone,
 " And dreaded mine more than the Monarch's frown;
 " When rival statesmen for my favour, strove,
 " Less jealous in their power than in their love.
 " Chang'd is the scene; and all my glories die,
 " Like flowers transplanted to a colder sky:
 " Lost is the dear delight of giving pain,
 " The tyrant joy of hearing slaves complain.
 " In stupid indolence my life is spent,
 " Supinely calm, and dully innocent:
 " Unblest I wear my useless time away;
 " Sleep (wretched maid!) all night, and dream all
 " day;
 " Go at set hours to dinner and to prayer
 " (For dullness ever must be regular.)
 " Now with mamma at tedious whist I play;
 " Now without scandal drink insipid tea;
 " Or in the garden breathe the country air,
 " Secure from meeting any tempter there;
 " From books to work, from work to books, I rove,
 " And am (alas!) at leisure to improve!—
 " Is this the life a Beauty ought to lead?
 " Were eyes so radiant only made to read?
 " These fingers, at whose touch ev'n age would glow,
 " Are these of use for nothing but to sew?
 " Sure erring Nature never could design
 " To form a housewife in a mould like mine!

O Venus,

SOLILOQUY OF A BEAUTY. 267

“ O Venus, queen and guardian of the fair,
“ Attend propitious to thy votary’s prayer :
“ Let me revisit the dear town again :
“ Let me be seen!—could I that wish obtain,
“ All other wishes my own power would gain.”

}
}

B L E N H E I M.

Written at the UNIVERSITY of OXFORD,
In the Year 1727.

PARENT of arts, whose skilful hand first taught
The towering pile to rise, and form’d the plan
With fair proportion ; architect divine.
Minerva ; thee to my adventurous lyre
Assist I invoke, that means to sing
Blenheim, proud monument of British fame,
Thy glorious work ! for thou the lofty towers
Didst to his virtue raise, whom oft thy shield
In peril guarded, and thy wisdom steer’d
Through all the storms of war.—Thee too I call,
Thalia, sylvan Muse, who lov’st to rove
Along the shady paths and verdant bowers
Of Woodstock’s happy grove : there tuning sweet
Thy rural pipe, while all the Dryad train
Attentive listen ; let thy warbling song
Paint with melodious praise the pleasing scene,
And equal these to Pindus’ honor’d shades.

When Europe freed, confess’d the saving power
Of Marlborough’s hand ; Britain, who sent him forth
Chief

Chief of Confederate hosts, to fight the cause
Of Liberty and Justice, grateful rais'd
This palace, sacred to her leader's fame :
A trophy of success; with spoils adorn'd
Of conquer'd towns, and glorying in the name
Of that auspicious field, where Churchill's sword
Vanquish'd the might of Gallia, and chastis'd
Rebel Bavar.—Majestic in its strength,
Stands the proud dome, and speaks its great design.

Hail, happy chief, whose valour could deserve
Reward so glorious! grateful nation, hail,
Who paid'st his service with so rich a meed!
Which most shall I admire, which worthiest praise,
The hero or the people? Honour doubts,
And weighs their virtues in an equal scale.
Not thus Germania pays th' uncanceled debt
Of Gratitude to us—Blush, Cæsar, blush,
When thou behold'st these towers; ingrate, to thee
A monument of shame! Canst thou forget
Whence they are nam'd, and what an English arm
Did for thy throne that day? But we disdain
Or to upbraid or imitate thy guilt.
Still thy obdurate heart against the sense
Of obligation infinite; and know,
Britain, like Heaven, protects a thankless world
For her own glory, nor expects reward.

Pleas'd with the noble theme, her task the Muse
Pursues untir'd, and through the palace roves
With ever-new delight. The tapestry rich
With gold, and gay with all the beauteous paint

Of

Of various-colour'd filks, dispos'd with skill,
Attracts her curious eye. Here Ister rolls
His purple wave ; and there the Granick flood
With passing squadrons foams : here hardy Gaul
Flies from the sword of Britain ; there to Greece
Effeminate Persia yields.—In arms oppos'd,
Marlborough and Alexander vie for fame
With glorious competition ; equal both
In valour and in fortune : but their praise
Be different, for with different views they fought ;
This to *subdue*, and that to *free* mankind.

Now, through the stately portals issuing forth,
The Muse to softer glories turns, and seeks
The woodland shade, delighted. Not the vale
Of Tempe fam'd in song, or Ida's grove,
Such beauty boasts. Amid the mazy gloom
Of this romantic wilderness once stood
The bower of Rosamonda, hapless fair,
Sacred to grief and Love ; the crystal fount
In which she us'd to bathe her beauteous limbs
Still warbling flows, pleas'd to reflect the face
Of Spencer, lovely maid, when tir'd she sits
Beside its flowery brink, and views those charms
Which only Rosamond could once excell.
But see where, flowing with a nobler stream,
A limpid lake of purest waters rolls
Beneath the wide-stretch'd arch, stupendous work,
Through which the Danube might collected pour
His spacious urn ! Silent a while and smooth
The current glides, till with an headlong force

Broke

Broke and disorder'd, down the steep it falls
In loud cascades; the silver-sparkling foam
Glitters relucant in the dancing ray.

In these retreats repos'd the mighty soul
Of Churchill, from the toils of war and state,
Splendidly private, and the tranquil joy
Of contemplation felt, while Blenheim's dome
Triumphal ever in his mind renew'd
The memory of his fame, and sooth'd his thoughts
With pleasing record of his glorious deeds.
So, by the rage of Faction home recall'd,
Lucullus, while he wag'd successful war
Against the pride of Asia, and the power
Of Mithridates, whose aspiring mind
No losses could subdue, enrich'd with spoils
Of conquer'd nations, back return'd to Rome,
And in magnificent retirement past
The evening of his life.—But not alone,
In the calm shades of honourable ease,
Great Marlborough peaceful dwelt: indulgent Heaven
Gave a companion to his softer hours,
With whom conversing, he forgot all change
Of fortune, or of state, and in her mind
Found greatness equal to his own, and lov'd
Himself in her.—Thus each by each admir'd,
In mutual honour, mutual fondness join'd:
Like two fair stars, with intermingled light,
In friendly union they together shone,
Aiding each other's brightness, till the cloud
Of night eternal quench'd the beams of one.

Thee,

Thee, Churchill, first the ruthless hand of death
Tore from thy consort's side, and call'd thee hence
To the sublimer seats of joy and love;
Where fate again shall join her soul to thine,
Who now, regardful of thy fame, erects
The column to thy praise, and sooths her woe
With pious honours to thy sacred name
Immortal. Lo ! where, towering in the height
Of yon ærial pillar, proudly stands
Thy image, like a guardian god, sublime,
And awes the subject plain : beneath his feet,
The German eagles spread their wings ; his hand
Grasps Victory, its slave. Such was thy brow
Majestic, such thy martial port, when Gaul
Fled from thy frown, and in the Danube sought
A refuge from thy sword.—There, where the field
Was deepest stain'd with gore, on Höchstet's plain,
The theatre of thy glory, once was rais'd
A meaner trophy, by the Imperial hand ;
Extorted gratitude ! which now the rage
Of malice impotent, beseeming ill
A regal breast, has level'd to the ground :
Mean insult ! This, with better auspices,
Shall stand on British earth to tell the world
How Marlborough fought, for whom, and how repaid
His services. Nor shall the constant love
Of her who rais'd this monument be lost
In dark oblivion : that shall be the theme
Of future Bards in ages yet unborn,
Inspir'd with Chaucer's fire, who in these groves

First

First tun'd the British harp, and little deem'd
His humble dwelling should the neighbour be
Of Blenheim, house superb; to which the throng
Of travellers approaching shall not pass
His roof unnoted, but respectful hail
With reverence due. Such honour does the Muse
Obtain her favourites.—But the noble pile
(My theme) demands my voice.—O shade ador'd,
Marlborough! who now above the starry sphere
Dwell'st in the palaces of heaven, enthron'd
Among the demi-gods, deign to defend
This thy abode, while present here below,
And sacred still to thy immortal fame,
With tutelary care. Preserve it safe
From Time's destroying hand, and cruel stroke
Of factious Envy's more relentless rage.
Here may, long ages hence, the British youth,
When honour calls them to the field of war,
Behold the trophies which thy valour rais'd;
The proud reward of thy successful toils
For Europe's freedom, and Britannia's fame;
That fir'd with generous envy, they may dare
To emulate thy deeds.—So shall thy name,
Dear to thy country, still inspire her sons
With martial virtue; and to high attempts
Excite their arms, till other battles won,
And nations sav'd' new monuments require,
And other Blenheims shall adorn the land.

T O T H E
 REVEREND DR. AYSCOUGH,
 A T O X F O R D .

WRITTEN FROM PARIS IN THE YEAR 1728.

S A Y, dearest friend, how roll thy hours away ?
 What pleasing study cheats the tedious day ?
 Dost thou the sacred volumes oft explore
 Of wise Antiquity's immortal lore,
 Where virtue, by the charms of wit refin'd,
 At once exalts and polishes the mind ?
 How different from our modern guilty art,
 Which pleases only to corrupt the heart ;
 Whose curst refinements odious vice adorn,
 And teach to honour what we ought to scorn !
 Dost thou in sage historians joy to see
 How Roman greatness rose with liberty :
 How the same hands that tyrants durst control
 Their empire stretch'd from Atlas to the Pole ;
 Till wealth and conquest into slaves refin'd
 The proud luxurious masters of mankind ?
 Dost thou in letter'd Greece each charm admire,
 Each grace, each virtue, Freedom could inspire ;
 Yet in her troubled state see all the woes,
 And all the crimes, that giddy Faction knows ;
 Till, rent by parties, by corruption fold,
 Or weakly careless, or too rashly bold,
 She sunk beneath a mitigated doom,
 The slave and tutored of protecting Rome ?

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T

Does

Does calm Philosophy her aid impart,
 To guide the passions, and to mend the heart?
 Taught by her precepts, hast thou learnt the end
 To which alone the wise their studies bend;
 For which alone by nature were design'd
 The powers of thought—to benefit mankind?
 Not, like a cloyster'd drone, to read and dose,
 In undeserving, undeserv'd, repose;
 But Reason's influence to diffuse; to clear
 Th' enlighten'd world of every gloomy fear;
 Dispel the mists of error, and unbind
 Those pedant chains that clog the freeborn mind.
 Happy who thus his leisure can employ!
 He knows the purest hours of tranquil joy;
 Nor vex with pangs that busier bosoms tear,
 Nor lost to social virtue's pleasing care;
 Safe in the port, yet labouring to sustain
 Those who still float on the tempestuous main.

So Locke the days of studious quiet spent;
 So Boyle in wisdom found divine content;
 So Cambray, worthy of a happier doom,
 The virtuous slave of Louis and of Rome.

Good * Wor'ter thus supports his drooping age,
 Far from court-flattery, far from party-rage;
 He, who in youth a tyrant's frown defy'd,
 Firm and intrepid on his country's side,
 Her boldest champion then, and now her mildest
 guide!

* Bp. Hough.

O gen

O generous warmth ! O sanctity divine !
 To emulate his worth, my friend, be thine :
 Learn from his life the duties of the gown ;
 Learn, not to flatter, nor insult the crown ;
 Nor, basely servile, court the guilty great,
 Nor raise the church a rival to the state :
 To error mild, to vice alone severe,
 Seek not to spread the *law of love* by fear.
 The priest who plagues the world can never mend :
 No foe to man was e'er to God a friend.
 Let reason and let virtue faith maintain ;
 All force but theirs is impious, weak, and vain.

Me other cares in other climes engage,
 Cares that become my birth, and suit my age ;
 In various knowledge to improve my youth,
 And conquer prejudice, worst foe to truth ;
 By foreign arts domestic faults to mend,
 Enlarge my notions, and my views extend ;
 The useful science of the world to know,
 Which books can never teach, or pedants show.

A nation here I pity and admire,
 Whom noblest sentiments of glory fire,
 Yet taught, by custom's force and bigot fear,
 To serve with pride, and boast the yoke they bear :
 Whose nobles, born to cringe and to command,
 (In courts a mean, in camps a generous band,)
 From each low tool of power, content receive
 Those laws, their dreaded arms to Europe give.
 Whose people (vain in want, in bondage blest ;
 Though plunder'd, gay ; industrious, though oppress'd)

With happy follies rise above their fate,
The jest and envy of each wiser state.

Yet here the Muses deign'd a while to sport
In the short sun-shine of a favouring court :
Here Boileau, strong in sense and sharp in wit,
Who, from the ancients, like the ancients writ,
Permission gain'd inferior vice to blame,
By flattering incense to his master's fame.
Here Moliere, first of comic wits, excell'd
Whate'er Athenian theatres beheld ;
By keen, yet decent, satire skill'd to please,
With morals mirth uniting, strength with ease.
Now, charm'd, I hear the bold Corneille inspire
Heroic thoughts, with Shakespeare's force and fire!
Now sweet Racine, with milder influence, move
The soften'd heart to pity and to love.

With mingled pain and pleasure, I survey
The pompous works of arbitrary sway ;
Proud palaces, that drain'd the subjects' store,
Rais'd on the ruins of th' oppress'd and poor ;
Where ev'n mute walls are taught to flatter state,
And painted triumphs style Ambition GREAT*.
With more delight those pleasing shades I view,
Where Condé from an envious court withdrew†;
Where, sick of glory, faction, power, and pride,
(Sure judge how empty all, who all had tried!)

* The victories of Louis the Fourteenth, painted in the galleries of Versailles.

† Chantilly.

Beneath his palms the weary chief repos'd,
And life's great scene in quiet virtue clos'd.

With shame that other fam'd retreat I see,
Adorn'd by art, disgrac'd by luxury * :
Where Orleans wasted every vacant hour,
In the wild riot of unbounded power ;
Where feverish debauch and impious love
Stain'd the mad table and the guilty grove.

With these amusements is thy friend detain'd,
Pleas'd and instructed in a foreign land ;
Yet oft a tender wish recalls my mind
From present joys to dearer left behind ?
O native isle, fair Freedom's happiest seat !
At thought of thee, my bounding pulses beat ;
At thought of thee, my heart impatient burns,
And all my country on my soul returns.
When shall I see thy fields, whose plenteous grain
No power can ravish from th' industrious swain ?
When kifs, with pious love, the sacred earth
That gave a Burleigh or a Russel birth ?
When, in the shade of laws, that long have stood,
Propt by their care, or strengthen'd by their blood,
Of fearless independence wisely vain,
The proudest slave of Bourbon's race disdain ?

Yet, oh ! what doubt, what sad presaging voice,
Whispers within, and bids me not rejoice ;
Bids me contemplate every state around,
From sultry Spain to Norway's icy bound ;
Bids their lost rights, their ruin'd glories see ;
And tells me, These, like England, once were free !

* St. Cloud.

T O

M R. P O Y N T Z,

AMBASSADOR AT THE CONGRESS OF SOISSONS,
IN 1728.

WRITTEN AT PARIS.

O THOU, whose friendship is my joy and pride,
Whose virtues warm me, and whose precepts
guide;

Thou to whom greatness, rightly understood,
Is but a larger power of being good;
Say, Poyntz, amidst the toil of anxious state,
Does not thy secret soul desire retreat?
Dost thou not wish (the task of glory done)
Thy busy life at length might be thy own;
That, to thy lov'd philosophy resign'd,
No care might ruffle thy unbended mind?
Just is the wish. For sure the happiest meed,
To favour'd man by smiling Heaven decreed,
Is, to reflect at ease on glorious pains,
And calmly to enjoy what virtue gains.

Not him I praise, who, from the world retir'd,
By no enlivening generous passion fir'd,
On flowery couches slumbers life away,
And gently bids his active powers decay;

Who

Who fears bright Glory's awful face to see,
 And shuns renown as much as infamy.
 But blest is he, who, exercis'd in cares,
 To private leisure public virtue bears;
 Who tranquil ends the race he nobly run,
 And decks repose with trophies Labour won.
 Him Honour follows to the secret shade,
 And crowns propitious his declining head;
 In his retreats their harps the Muses string,
 For him in lays unbought spontaneous sing;
 Friendship and Truth on all his moments wait,
 Pleas'd with retirement better than with state;
 And round the bower, where humbly great he lies,
 Fair olives bloom, or verdant laurels rise.

So when thy country shall no more demand
 The needful aid of thy sustaining hand;
 When peace restor'd shall, on her downy wing,
 Secure repose and careless leisure bring;
 Then, to the shades of learned ease retir'd,
 The world forgetting, by the world admir'd,
 Among thy books and friends, thou shalt possess
 Contemplative and quiet happiness:
 Pleas'd to review a life in honour spent,
 And painful merit paid with sweet content.
 Yet, though thy hours unclogg'd with sorrow roll,
 Though wisdom calm, and science feed thy soul,
 One dearer bliss remains to be possess'd,
 That only can improve and crown the rest.—

Permit thy friend this secret to reveal,
 Which thy own heart perhaps would better tell;

The point to which our sweetest passions move
 Is, to be truly lov'd, and fondl love.
 This is the charm that smooths the troubled breast,
 Friend of our health, and author of our rest:
 Bids every gloomy vexing passion fly,
 And tunes each jarring string to harmony.
 Ev'n while I write, the name of Love inspires
 More pleasing thoughts, and more enlivening fires;
 Beneath his power my raptur'd fancy glows,
 And every tender verse more sweetly flows.
 Dull is the privilege of living free;
 Our hearts were never form'd for liberty:
 Some beauteous image, well imprinted there,
 Can best defend them from consuming care.
 In vain to groves and gardens we retire,
 And Nature in her rural works admire;
 Though grateful these, yet these but faintly charm;
 They may delight us, but can never warm.
 May some fair eyes, my friend, thy bosom fire
 With pleasing pangs of ever-gay desire;
 And teach thee that soft science, which alone
 Still to thy searching mind rests slightly known!
 Thy soul, though great, is tender and refin'd,
 To friendship sensible, to love inclin'd,
 And therefore long thou canst not arm thy breast
 Against the entrance of so sweet a guest.
 Hear what th' inspiring Muses bid me tell,
 For Heaven shall ratify what they reveal:
 " A chosen bride shall in thy arms be plac'd,
 " With all th' attractive charms of beauty grac'd,
 " Whose

T O M R. P O Y N T Z.

282

" Whose wit and virtue shall thy own express,
 " Distinguish'd only by their softer dress :
 " Thy greatness she, or thy retreat, shall share ;
 " Sweeten tranquillity, or soften care ;
 " Her smiles the taste of every joy shall raise,
 " And add new pleasure to renown and praise ;
 " Till charm'd you own the truth my verse would
 " prove,
 " That happiness is near allied to love."

V E R S E S

TO BE WRITTEN UNDER A PICTURE OF
 M R. P O Y N T Z.

SUCH is thy form, O Poyntz, but who shall find
 A hand, or colours, to express thy mind ?
 A mind unmov'd by every vulgar fear,
 In a false world that dares to be sincere ;
 Wise without art ; without ambition great ;
 Though firm, yet pliant ; active, though sedate ;
 With all the richest stores of learning fraught,
 Yet better still by native prudence taught ;
 That, fond the griefs of the distressed to heal,
 Can pity frailties it could never feel ;
 That, when Misfortune sued, ne'er sought to know
 What sect, what party, whether friend or foe ;
 That, fix'd on equal virtue's temperate laws,
 Despises calumny, and shuns applause ;
 That, to its own perfections singly blind,
 Would for another think this praise design'd.

AN

A N

EPISTLE TO MR. POPE.

FROM ROME, 1730.

IMMORTAL bard ! for whom each Muse has wove
 The fairest garlands of th' Aonian grove;
 Preserv'd our drooping genius to restore,
 When Addison and Congreve are no more ;
 After so many stars extinct in night,
 The darken'd age's last remaining light !
 To thee from Latian realms this verse is writ,
 Inspir'd by memory of antient wit ;
 For now no more these climes their influence boast,
 Fall'n is their glory, and their virtue lost ;
 From tyrants, and from priests, the Muses fly,
 Daughters of Reason and of Liberty !
 Nor Baïæ now nor Umbria's plain they love,
 Nor on the banks of Nar or Mincio rove ;
 To Thames's flowery borders they retire,
 And kindle in thy breast the Roman fire.
 So in the shades, where, cheer'd with summer rays,
 Melodious linnets warbled sprightly lays,
 Soon as the faded, falling leaves complain
 Of gloomy Winter's unpropitious reign,
 No tuneful voice is heard of joy or love,
 But mournful silence saddens all the grove.

Unhappy Italy ! whose alter'd state
 Has felt the worst severity of fate.

Not

EPISTLE TO MR. POPE. 232

Not that barbarian hands her fasces broke,
And bow'd her haughty neck beneath their yoke;
Nor that her palaces to earth are thrown,
Her cities desert, and her fields unfown;
But that her ancient spirit is decay'd,
That sacred wisdom from her bounds is fled;
That there the source of science flows no more,
Whence its rich streams supplied the world before.

Illustrious names! that once in Latium shin'd,
Born to instruct, and to command mankind;
Chiefs, by whose virtue mighty Rome was rais'd,
And poets, who those chiefs sublimely prais'd;
Oft I the traces you have left explore,
Your ashes visit, and your urns adore;
Oft kiss, with lips devout, some mouldering stone,
With ivy's venerable shade o'ergrown;
Those horrid ruins better pleas'd to see
Than all the pomp of modern luxury.

As late on Virgil's tomb fresh flowers I strow'd,
While with th' inspiring Muse my bosom glow'd,
Crown'd with eternal bays, my ravish'd eyes
Beheld the poet's awful form arise:

" Stranger, he said, whose pious hand has paid
" These grateful rites to my attentive shade,
" When thou shalt breathe thy happy native air,
" To Pope this message from his master bear:
" Great bard, whose numbers I myself inspire,
" To whom I gave my own harmonious lyre,
" If, high exalted on the throne of wit,
" Near me and Homer thou aspire to sit,

" No

- “ No more let meaner satire dim the rays
“ That flow majestic from thy nobler bays ;
“ In all the flowery paths of Pindus stray,
“ But shun that thorny, that unpleasing way ;
“ Nor, when each soft engaging Muse is thine,
“ Address the least attractive of the Nine.
“ Of thee more worthy were thy task, to raise
“ A lasting column to thy country's praise ;
“ To sing the land, which yet alone can boast
“ That liberty corrupted Rome has lost ;
“ Where Science in the arms of Peace is laid,
“ And plants her palm beneath the olive's shade.
“ Such was the theme for which my lyre I strung,
“ Such was the people whose exploits I sung ;
“ Brave, yet refin'd, for arms and arts renown'd,
“ With different bays by Mars and Phœbus crown'd ;
“ Dauntless opposers of tyrannic sway,
“ But pleas'd a mild Augustus to obey.
“ If these commands submissive thou receive,
“ Immortal and unblam'd thy name shall live,
“ Envy to black Cocytus shall retire ;
“ And howl with Furies in tormenting fire ;
“ Approving Time shall consecrate thy lays,
“ And join the patriot's to the poet's praise.”

T O

L O R D H E R V E Y.

IN THE YEAR 1730. FROM WORCESTERSHIRE.

“ Strenua nos exercet inertia: navibus atque
 “ Quadrigis petimus bene vivere: quod petis, hic est;
 “ Est ulubris, animus si te non deficit æquus.” HOR.

FAVOURITE of Venus and the tuneful Nine,
 Pollio, by Nature form'd in courts to shine,
 Wilt thou once more a kind attention lend,
 To thy long absent and forgotten friend;
 Who, after seas and mountains wander'd o'er,
 Return'd at length to his own native shore,
 From all that's gay retir'd, and all that's great,
 Beneath the shades of his paternal seat,
 Has found that happiness he sought in vain
 On the fam'd banks of Tiber and of Seine?

'Tis not to view the well-proportion'd pile,
 The charms of Titian's and of Raphael's style;
 At soft Italian sounds to melt away;
 Or in the fragrant groves of myrtle stray;
 That lulls the tumults of the soul to rest,
 Or makes the fond possessor truly blest.
 In our own breasts the source of pleasure lies,
 Still open, and still flowing to the wise;
 Not forc'd by toilsome art and wild desire
 Beyond the bounds of nature to aspire,

But,

But, in its proper channels gliding fair ;
 A common benefit, which all may share.
 Yet half mankind this easy good disdain,
 Nor relish happiness unbought by pain ;
 False is their taste of bliss, and thence their search
 is vain.

So idle, yet so restless, are our minds,
 We climb the Alps, and brave the raging winds ;
 Through various toils to seek Content we roam,
 Which with but *thinking right* were ours at home,
 For not the ceaseless change of shifted place
 Can from the heart a settled grief erase,
 Nor can the purer balm of foreign air
 Heal the distemper'd mind of aking care.
 The wretch, by wild impatience driven to rove,
 Vext with the pangs of ill-requited love,
 From Pole to Pole the fatal arrow bears,
 Whose rooted point his bleeding bosom tears ;
 With equal pain each different clime he tries,
 And is himself that torment which he flies.

For how should ills, which from our passions flow,
 Be chang'd by Africk's heat, or Russia's snow ?
 Or how can aught but powerful reason cure
 What from unthinking folly we endure ?
 Happy is He, and He alone, who knows
 His heart's uneasy discord to compose ;
 In generous love of others good, to find
 The sweetest pleasures of the social mind ;
 To bound his wishes in their proper sphere ;
 To nourish pleasing hope, and conquer anxious fear :

This

TO LORD HERVEY.

217

This was the wisdom ancient sages taught,
This was the sovereign good they justly fought;
This to no place or climate is confin'd,
But the free native produce of the mind.

Nor think, my Lord, that courts to you deny
The useful practice of philosophy:
Horace, the wisest of the tuneful choir,
Not always chose from greatness to retire;
But, in the palace of Augustus, knew
The same unerring maxims to pursue,
Which, in the Sabine or the Velian shade,
His study and his happiness he made.

May you, my friend, by his example taught,
View all the giddy scene with sober thought;
Undazzled every glittering folly see,
And in the midst of slavish forms be free;
In its own centre keep your steady mind,
Let Prudence guide you, but let Honour bind.
In show, in manners, act the courtier's part,
But be a country gentleman at heart.

A D V I C E T O A L A D Y.

M. DCC. XXXI.

THE counsels of a friend, Belinda, hear,
Too roughly kind to please a lady's ear,
Unlike the flatteries of a lover's pen,
Such truths as women seldom learn from men.

Nor

238. LYTTELTON'S POEMS.

Nor think I praise you ill, when thus I show
What female vanity might fear to know.
Some merit's mine, to dare to be sincere;
But greater yours, sincerity to bear.

Hard is the fortune that your sex attends;
Women, like princes, find few real friends:
All who approach them their own ends pursue;
Lovers and Ministers are seldom true.
Hence oft from Reason heedless Beauty strays,
And the most trusted guide the most betrays:
Hence, by fond dreams of fancied power amus'd,
When most ye tyrannize, you're most abus'd.

What is your sex's earliest, latest care,
Your heart's supreme ambition?—To be fair.
For this, the toilet every thought employs,
Hence all the toils of dress, and all the joys:
For this, hands, lips, and eyes, are put to school,
And each instructed feature has its rule:
And yet how few have learnt, when this is given,
Not to disgrace the partial boon of Heaven!
How few with all their pride of form can move!
How few are lovely, that are made for love!
Do you, my fair, endeavour to possess
An elegance of mind as well as dress;
Be that your ornament, and know to please
By graceful Nature's unaffected ease.

Nor make too dangerous wit a vain pretence,
But wisely rest content with modest sense;
For wit, like wine, intoxicates the brain,
Too strong for feeble woman to sustain:

Of those who claim it more than half have none ;
And half of those who have it are undone.

Be still superior to your sex's arts,
Nor think dishonesty a proof of parts :
For you, the plainest is the wisest rule :
A cunning woman is a knavish fool.

Be good yourself, nor think another's shame
Can raise your merit, or adorn your fame.
Prudes rail at whores, as statesmen in disgrace
At ministers, because they wish their place.
Virtue is amiable, mild, serene ;
Without, all beauty ; and all peace within :
The honour of a prude is rage and storm,
'Tis ugliness in its most frightful form.
Fiercely it stands, defying gods and men,
As fiery monsters guard a giant's den.

Seek to be good, but aim not be great :
A woman's noblest station is retreat :
Her fairest virtues fly from public sight,
Domestic worth, that shuns too strong a light.

To rougher man Ambition's task resign :
'Tis ours in senates or in courts to shine ;
To labour for a sunk corrupted state,
Or dare the rage of Envy, and be great.
One only care your gentle breasts should move,
Th' important business of your life is love ;
To this great point direct your constant aim,
This makes your happiness, and this your fame.

Be never cool reserve with passion join'd ;
With caution chuse ; but then be fondly kind.

The selfish heart, that but by halves is given,
 Shall find no place in Love's delightful heaven ;
 Here sweet extremes alone can truly bless .
 The virtue of a lover is excess.

A maid unask'd may own a well-plac'd flame ;
 Not loving *first*, but loving *wrong*, is shame.

Contemn the little pride of giving pain,
 Nor think that conquest justifies disdain.
 Short is the period of insulting power :
 Offended Cupid finds his vengeful hour ;
 Soon will resume the empire which he gave,
 And soon the tyrant shall become the slave.

Blest is the maid, and worthy to be blest,
 Whose soul, entire by him she loves possess,
 Feels every vanity in fondness lost,
 And asks no power but that of pleasing most :
 Hers is the bliss, in just return, to prove
 The honest warmth of undissembled love ;
 For her, inconstant man might cease to range,
 And gratitude forbid desire to change.

But, lest harsh care the lover's peace destroy,
 And roughly blight the tender buds of joy,
 Let Reason teach what Passion fain would hide,
 That Hymen's bands by Prudence should be tied,
 Venus in vain the wedded pair would crown,
 If angry Fortune on their union frown :
 Soon will the flattering dream of bliss be o'er,
 And cloy'd imagination cheat no more.
 Then, waking to the sense of lasting pain,
 With mutual tears the nuptial couch they stain ;

And that fond love, which should afford relief,
Does but increase the anguish of their grief:
While both could easier their own sorrows bear,
Than the sad knowledge of each other's care.

Yet may you rather feel that virtuous pain,
Than sell your violated charms for gain;
Than wed the wretch whom you despise or hate,
For the vain glare of useless wealth or state.
The most abandon'd prostitutes are they,
Who not to love, but avarice, fall a prey:
Nor aught avails the specious name of *wife*;
A maid so wedded is a *whore for life*.

Ev'n in the happiest choice, where favouring Heaven
Has equal love and easy fortune given,
Think not, the Husband gain'd, that all is done:
The prize of happiness must still be won:
And oft, the careless find it to their cost,
The *lover* in the *husband* may be lost;
The Graces might *alone* his heart *allure*;
They and the *Virtues meeting* must *secure*.

Let ev'n your *prudence* wear the pleasing dress
Of care for *him*, and anxious *tenderness*.
From kind concern about his weal or woe,
Let each domestic duty seem to flow.
The *household sceptre* if he bids you bear,
Make it your pride his *servant* to appear:
Endearing thus the common acts of life,
The *mistress* still shall charm him in the *wife*;
And wrinkled age shall unobserv'd come on,
Before his eye perceives one beauty gone:

Ev'n o'er your cold, your ever-sacred urn,
His constant flame shall unextinguish'd burn.

Thus I, Belinda, would your charms improve,
And form your heart to all the arts of love.
The task were harder, to secure my own
Against the power of those already known:
For well you twist the secret chains that bind
With gentle force the captivated mind,
Skill'd every soft attraction to employ,
Each flattering hope, and each alluring joy.
I own your genius; and from you receive
The rules of pleasing, which to you I give.

S O N G.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1732.

I.

WHEN Delia on the plain appears,
Aw'd by a thousand tender fears,
I would approach, but dare not move:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

II.

Whene'er she speaks, my ravish'd ear
No other voice but hers can hear,
No other wit but hers approve:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

III. If

III.

If she some other youth commend,
 Though I was once his fondest friend,
 His instant enemy I prove :
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?

IV.

When she is absent, I no more
 Delight in all that pleas'd before,
 The clearest spring, or shadiest grove :
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?

V.

When, fond of power, of beauty vain,
 Her nets she spread for every swain,
 I strove to hate, but vainly strove :
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?

S O N G.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1733.

I.

THE heavy hours are almost past
 That part my love and me :
 My longing eyes may hope at last
 Their only wish to see.

II.

But how, my Delia, will you meet
 The man you've lost so long ?
 Will love in all your pulses beat,
 And tremble on your tongue ?

U 3

III. Will

III.

Will you in every look declare
Your heart is still the same ;
And heal each idly-anxious care
Our fears in absence frame ?

IV.

Thus, Delia, thus I paint the scene,
When shortly we shall meet ;
And try what yet remains between
Of loitering time to cheat.

V.

But, if the dream that sooths my mind
Shall false and groundless prove ;
If I am doom'd at length to find
You have forgot to love :

VI.

All I of Venus ask, is this ;
No more to let us join :
But grant me here the flattering bliss,
To die, and think you mine.

DAMON

D A M O N A N D D E L I A.

IN IMITATION OF HORACE AND LYDIA.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1732.

D A M O N.

T ELL me, my Delia, tell me why
 My kindest, fondest looks you fly ?
 What means this cloud upon your brow ?
 Have I offended ? Tell me how !—
 Some change has happen'd in your heart,
 Some rival there has stol'n a part ;
 Reason these fears may disapprove :
 But yet I fear, because I love.

D E L I A.

First tell me, Damon, why to-day
 At Belvidera's feet you lay ?
 Why with such warmth her charms you prais'd,
 And every trifling beauty rais'd,
 As if you meant to let me see
 Your flattery is not all for me ?
 Alas ! too well your sex I knew,
 Nor was so weak to think you true.

D A M O N.

Unkind ! my falsehood to upbraid,
 When your own orders I obey'd ;

U 4

You

You bid me try, by this deceit,
The notice of the world to cheat,
And hide, beneath another name,
The secret of our mutual flame.

DELIA.

Damon, your prudence I confess,
But let me wish it had been less;
Too well the Lover's part you play'd,
With too much art your court you made;
Had it been only art, your eyes
Would not have join'd in the disguise.

DAMON.

Ah ! cease thus idly to molest
With groundless fears thy virgin breast.
While thus at fancied wrongs you grieve,
To me a real pain you give.

DELIA.

Though well I might your truth distrust,
My foolish heart believes you just :
Reason this faith may disapprove ;
But I believe, because I love.

ODE,

O D E.

IN IMITATION OF FASTOR FIDO.

(" O primavera gioventu del anno.")

WRITTEN ABROAD IN 1729.

I.

PARENT of blooming flowers and gay desires,
Youth of the tender year, delightful Spring,
At whose approach, inspir'd with equal fires,
The amorous Nightingale and Poet sing!

II.

Again dost thou return, but not with thee
Return the smiling hours I once possést;
Blessings thou bring'st to others, but to me
The sad remembrance that I once was blest.

III.

Thy faded charms, which Winter snatch'd away,
Renew'd in all their former lustre shine;
But, ah! no more shall hapless I be gay,
Or know the vernal joys that have been mine.

IV.

Though linnets sing, though flowers adorn the green,
Though on their wings soft Zephyrs fragrance bear:
Harsh is the music, joyless is the scene,
The odour faint: for Delia is not there.

V. Chear-

V.

Heerless and cold I feel the genial sun,
 From thee while absent I in exile rove;
 Thy lovely presence, fairest light, alone
 Can warm my heart to gladness and to love.

PARTS OF AN ELEGY OF TIBULLUS.

TRANSLATED, 1729-30.

(" Divitias alius fulvo sibi congerat auro.")

LET others heap of wealth a shining store,
 And, much possessing, labour still for more;
 Let them, disquieted with dire alarms,
 Aspire to win a dangerous fame in arms:
 Me tranquil poverty shall lull to rest,
 Humbly secure, and indolently blest;
 Warm'd by the blaze of my own chearful hearth,
 I'll waste the wintery hours in social mirth;
 In Summer pleas'd attend to harvest toils,
 In Autumn press the vineyard's purple spoils,
 And oft to Delia in my bosom bear
 Some kid, or lamb, that wants its mother's care:
 With her I'll celebrate each gladsome day,
 When swains their sportive rites to Bacchus pay:
 With her new milk on Pales' altar pour,
 And deck with ripen'd fruits Pomona's bower.
 At night, how soothing would it be to hear,
 Safe in her arms, the tempest howling near;

Or,

Or, while the wintery clouds their deluge pour,
Slumber assisted by the beating shower !

Ah ! how much happier, than the fool who braves,
In search of wealth, the black tempestuous waves !

While I, contented with my little store,
In tedious voyage seek no distant shore ;

But, idly lolling on some shady seat,
Near cooling fountains shun the dog-star's heat :

For what reward so rich could Fortune give,

That I by absence should my Delia grieve ?

Let Great Messalla shine in martial toils,

And grace his palace with triumphal spoils ;

Me Beauty holds, in strong though gentle chains,

Far from tumultuous war and dusty plains.

With thee, my love, to pass my tranquil days,

How would I slight Ambition's painful praise !

How would I joy with thee, my love, to yoke

The ox, and feed my solitary flock !

On thy soft breast might I but lean my head,

How downy should I think the woodland bed !

The wretch, who sleeps not by his fair-one's side,

Detests the gilded couch's useless pride,

Nor knows his weary, weeping eyes to close,

Though murmuring rills invite him to repose.

Hard were his heart, who thee, my fair, could leave

For all the honours prosperous war can give ;

Though through the vanquish'd East he spread his fame,

And Parthian tyrants tremble at his name ;

Though, bright in arms, while hosts around him bleed,

With martial pride he prest his foaming steed.

No

300 LYTTELTON'S POEMS.

No pomps like these my humble vows require;
 With thee I'll live, and in thy arms expire.
 Thee may my closing eyes in death behold!
 Thee may my faltering hand yet strive to hold!
 Then, Delia then, thy heart will melt in woe,
 'Then o'er my breathless clay thy tears will flow;
 Thy tears will flow, for gentle is thy mind,
 Nor dost thou think it weakness to be kind.
 But, ah! fair mourner, I conjure thee, spare
 Thy heaving breasts and loose dishevel'd hair:
 Wound not thy form; lest on th' Elysian coast
 Thy anguish should disturb my peaceful ghost.

But now nor death nor parting should employ
 Our sprightly thoughts, or damp our bridal joy:
 We'll live, my Delia; and from life remove
 All care, all business, but delightful Love.
 Old age in vain those pleasures would retrieve
 Which youth alone can taste, alone can give;
 Then let us snatch the moment to be blest,
 'This hour is Love's—be Fortune's all the rest.

S O N G.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1732.

I.

SAY, Myra, why is gentle Love
 A stranger to that mind,
 Which Pity and Esteem can move
 Which can be just and kind?

II. Is

II.

Is it, because you fear to share
 The ills that Love molest ;
 The jealous doubt, the tender care,
 That rack the amorous breast ?

III.

Alas ! by some degree of woe
 We every bliss must gain :
 The heart can ne'er a transport know,
 That never feels a pain.

V E R S E S,

WRITTEN AT MR. POPE'S HOUSE AT TWICKENHAM,
 WHICH HE HAD LENT TO MRS. GREVILLE.

IN AUGUST 1735.

I.

GO, Thames, and tell the busy town,
 Not all its wealth or pride
 Could tempt me from the charms that crown
 Thy rural flowery side :

II.

Thy flowery side, where Pope has plac'd
 'The Muses' green retreat,
 With every smile of Nature grac'd,
 With every art complete,

III. But

III.

But now, sweet Bard, thy heavenly song
 Enchants us here no more ;
 Their darling glory lost too long
 Thy once-lov'd shades deplore.

IV.

Yet still, for beauteous Greville's sake,
 The Muses here remain ;
 Greville, whose eyes have power to make
 A Pope of every swain.

E P I G R A M.

NONE without hope e'er lov'd the brightest fair:
 But Love can hope, where Reason would despair.

To Mr. WEST, AT WICKHAM*.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1740.

FAIR Nature's sweet simplicity,
 With elegance refin'd,
 Well in thy seat, my friend, I see,
 But better in thy mind.

To both, from courts and all their state,
 Eager I fly, to prove
 Joys far above a Courtier's fate,
 Tranquillity and Love.

* See the Inscriptions in Mr. West's Poems.

TO MISS LUCY FORTESCUE,

ONCE, by the Muse alone inspir'd
 I sung my amorous strains :
 No serious love my bosom fir'd ;
 Yet every tender maid, deceiv'd,
 The idly-mournful tale believ'd,
 And wept my fancied pains.

But Venus now, to punish me
 For having feign'd so well,
 Has made my heart so fond of thee,
 That not the whole Aonian choir
 Can accents soft enough inspire,
 Its real flame to tell.

TO THE SAME;

WITH

HAMMOND'S ELEGIES.

ALL that of Love can be express'd,
 In these soft numbers see ;
 But, Lucy, would you know the rest.
 It must be read in me.

TO

TO THE SAME.

TO him who in an hour must die,
 Not swifter seems that hour to fly,
 Than slow the minutes seem to me,
 Which keep me from the sight of thee.

Not more that trembling wretch would give,
 Another day or year to live;
 Than I to shorten what remains
 Of that long hour which thee detains.

Oh! come to my impatient arms,
 Oh! come, with all thy heavenly charms,
 At once to justify and pay
 The pain I feel from this delay.

TO THE SAME.

I.

TO ease my troubled mind of anxious care,
 Last night the secret casket I explor'd,
 Where all the letters of my absent fair
 His richest treasure careful love had stor'd.

II.

In every word a magic spell I found
 Of power to charm each busy thought to rest;
 Though every word increas'd the tender wound
 Of fond desire still throbbing in my breast

III. So

III.

So to his hoarded gold the miser steals,
And loses every sorrow at the sight;
Yet wishes still for more, nor ever feels
Entire contentment, or secure delight.

IV.

Ah! should I lose thee, my too lovely maid,
Couldst thou forget thy heart was ever mine,
Fear not thy letters should the change upbraid;
My hand each dear memorial shall resign:

V.

Not one kind word shall in my power remain,
A painful witness of reproach to thee;
And lest my heart should still their sense retain,
My heart shall break, to leave thee wholly free.

A PRAYER TO VENUS,

IN HER TEMPLE AT STOW.

TO THE SAME.

I.

FAIR Venus, whose delightful shrine surveys
Its front reflected in the silver lake,
These humble offerings, which thy servant pays,
Fresh flowers, and myrtle wreaths, propitious take.

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X

II. If

II.

If less my love exceeds all other love,
 Than Lucy's charms all other charms excel,
 Far from my breast each soothing hope remove,
 And there let sad Despair for ever dwell.

III.

But if my soul is fill'd with her alone;
 No other wish nor other object knows:
 Oh! make her, Goddess, make her all my own,
 And give my trembling heart secure repose!

IV.

No watchful spies I ask, to guard her charms,
 No walls of brass, no steel-defended door:
 Place her but once within my circling arms,
Love's surest fort, and I will doubt no more.

TO THE SAME.

ON HER PLEADING WANT OF TIME.

I.

ON Thames's bank, a gentle youth
 For Lucy sigh'd, with matchless truth,
 Ev'n when he sigh'd in rhyme;
 The lovely maid his flame return'd,
 And would with equal warmth have burn'd,
 But that she had not time.

H. Oft

II.

Oft he repair'd with eager feet
In secret shades his fair to meet,
Beneath th' accustom'd lime :
She would have fondly met him there,
And heal'd with love each tender care,
But that she had not time.

III.

" It was not thus, inconstant maid !
" You acted once," (the shepherd said)
" When love was in its prime :"
She griev'd to hear him thus complain ;
And would have writ, to ease his pain,
But that she had not time.

IV.

How can you act so cold a part ?
No crime of mine has chang'd your heart,
If love be not a crime.—
We soon must part for months, for years—
She would have answer'd with her tears,
But that she had not time.

TO THE SAME.

YOUR shape, your lips, your eyes, are still the
same,
Still the bright object of my constant flame ;
But where is now the tender glance, that stole,
With gentle sweetness, my enchanted soul ?

Kind fears, impatient wishes, soft desires,
 Each melting charm that Love alone inspires?
 These, these are lost; and I behold no more
 The maid, my heart delighted to adore.
 Yet, still unchang'd, still doating to excess,
 I ought, but dare not try, to love you less;
 Weakly I grieve, unpitied I complain;
 But not unpunish'd shall your change remain;
 For you, cold maid, whom no complaints can move,
 Were far more blest, when you like me could love.

TO THE SAME.

I.

WHEN I think on your truth, I doubt you no
 more,
 I blame all the fears I gave way to before:
 I say to my heart, "Be at rest, and believe
 "That whom once she has chosen she never will leave."

II.

But, ah! when I think on each ravishing grace
 That plays in the smiles of that heavenly face;
 My heart beats again; I again apprehend
 Some fortunate rival in every friend.

III.

These painful suspicions you cannot remove,
 Since you neither can lessen your charms nor my love;
 But doubts caus'd by passion you never can blame;
 For they are not ill founded, or you feel the same.

TO THE SAME;

WITH A NEW WATCH.

WITH me while present may thy lovely eyes
Be never turn'd upon this golden toy:
Think every pleasing hour too swiftly flies;
And measure time, by joy succeeding joy!
But when the cares that interrupt our bliss
To me not always will thy sight allow;
Then oft with kind impatience look on this,
Then every minute count—as I do now.

AN IRREGULAR ODE.

WRITTEN AT WICKHAM IN 1746.

TO THE SAME.

I.

YE sylvan scenes with artless beauty gay,
Ye gentle shades of Wickham, say,
What is the charm that each successive year,
Which sees me with my Lucy here,
Can thus to my transported heart
A sense of joy unfelt before, impart?

II.

Is it glad Summer's balmy breath, that blows
From the fair jasmine and the blushing rose?

310 LYTTLETON'S POEMS.

Her balmy breath, and all her blooming store
 Of rural blifs, was here before :
 Oft have I met her on the verdant fide
 Of Norwood-hill, and in the yellow meads,
 Where Pan the dancing Graces leads,
 Array'd in all her flowery pride.
 No sweeter fragrance now the gardens yield,
 No brighter colours paint th' enamel'd field.

III.

Is it to Love these new delights I owe ?
 Four times has the revolving sun
 His annual circle through the zodiac run ;
 Since all that Love's indulgent power
 On favour'd mortals can bestow,
 Was given to me in this auspicious bower.

IV.

Here first my Lucy, sweet in virgin charms,
 Was yielded to my longing arms ;
 And round our nuptial bed,
 Hovering with purple wings, th' Idalian boy
 Shook from his radiant torch the blifsful fires
 Of innocent desires,
 While Venus scatter'd myrtles o'er her head.
 Whence then this strange increase of joy ?
 He, only he, can tell, who, match'd like me,
 (If such another happy man there be)
 Has by his own experience tried
 How much *the wife* is dearer than *the bride*.

TO THE
M E M O R Y
O F
T H E S A M E L A D Y.

A M O N O D Y. A. D. 1747.

“ Ipse cavà solans ægrum testudine amorem,
“ Te dulcis conjux, te solo in littore secum,
“ Te veniente die, te decedente canebat.”

I.

A T length escap'd from every human eye,
From every duty, every care,
That in my mournful thoughts might claim a share,
Or force my tears their flowing stream to dry;
Beneath the gloom of this embowering shade,
This lone retreat, for tender sorrow made,
I now may give my burden'd heart relief,
And pour forth all my stores of grief;
Of grief surpassing every other woe,
Far as the purest bliss, the happiest love
Can on th' ennobled mind bestow,
Exceeds the vulgar joys that move
Our gross desires, inelegant and low.

II.

Yet tufted groves, ye gently-falling rills,
Ye high o'ershadowing hills,
Ye lawns gay-smiling with eternal green,
Oft have you my Lucy seen !
But never shall you now behold her more :
Nor will she now with fond delight
And taste refin'd your rural charms explore.
Clos'd are those beauteous eyes in endless night,
'Those beauteous eyes where beaming us'd to shine
Reason's pure light and Virtue's spark divine.

III.

Oft would the Dryads of these woods rejoice
To hear her heavenly voice ;
For her despising, when she deign'd to sing,
The sweetest songsters of the spring :
'The woodlark and the linnet pleas'd no more ;
The nightingale was mute,
And every shepherd's flute
Was cast in silent scorn away,
While all attended to her sweeter lay.
Ye larks and linnets, now resume your song
And thou, melodious Philomel,
Again thy plaintive story tell ;
For death has stopt that tuneful tongue,
Whose music could alone your warbling notes excel.

IV. In

IV.

In vain I look around
 O'er all the well-known ground,
 My Lucy's wonted footsteps to descry ;
 Where oft we us'd to walk,
 Where oft in tender talk
 We saw the summer sun go down the sky ;
 Nor by yon fountain's side,
 Nor where its waters glide
 Along the valley, can she now be found :
 In all the wide-stretch'd prospect's ample bound
 No more my mournful eye
 Can aught of her espy,
 But the sad sacred earth where her dear relicks lie.

V.

O shades of Hagley, where is now your boast ?
 Your bright inhabitant is lost.
 You she preferr'd to all the gay resorts
 Where female vanity might wish to shine,
 The pomp of cities, and the pride of courts.
 Her modest beauties shunn'd the public eye :
 To your sequester'd dales
 And flower embroider'd vales
 From an admiring world she chose to fly :
 With Nature there retir'd, and Nature's God,
 The silent paths of wisdom trod,
 And banish'd every passion from her breast,
 But those, the gentlest and the best,
 Whose holy flames with energy divine
 The virtuous heart enliven and improve,
 The conjugal and the maternal love.

VI. Sweet

VI.

Sweet babes, who, like the little playful fawns,
 Were wont to trip along these verdant lawns
 By your delighted mother's side,
 Who now your infant steps shall guide?
 Ah! where is now the hand whose tender care
 To every virtue would have form'd your youth,
 And strew'd with flowers the thorny ways of truth?
 O loss beyond repair!
 O wretched father! left alone,
 To weep their dire misfortune, and thy own!
 How shall thy weaken'd mind, oppress'd with woe,
 And drooping o'er thy Lucy's grave,
 Perform the duties that you doubly owe!
 Now she, alas! is gone,
 From folly and from vice their helpless age to save?

VII.

Where were ye, Muses, when relentless Fate
 From these fond arms your fair disciple tore;
 From these fond arms, that vainly strove
 With hapless ineffectual love
 To guard her bosom from the mortal blow?
 Could not your favouring power, Aonian maids,
 Could not, alas! your power prolong her date,
 For whom so oft in these inspiring shades,
 Or under Camden's moss-clad mountains hoar,
 You open'd all your sacred store,
 Whate'er your ancient sages taught,
 Your ancient bards sublimely thought,
 And bade her raptur'd breast with all your spirit glow?

VIII. Nor

VIII.

Nor then did Pindus or Castalia's plain,
 Or Aganippe's fount your steps detain,
 Nor in the Thespian vallies did you play;
 Nor then on * Mincio's bank
 Beset with osiers dank,
 Nor where † Clitumnus rolls his gentle stream,
 Nor where through hanging woods,
 Steep ‡ Anio pours his floods,
 Nor yet where || Meles or § Ilissus stray.
 Ill does it now beseem,
 That, of your guardian care bereft,
 To dire disease and death your darling should be left.

IX.

Now what avails it that in early bloom,
 When light fantastic toys
 Are all her sex's joys,
 With you she search'd the wit of Greece and Rome;
 And all that in her latter days
 To emulate her ancient praise

* The Mincio runs by Mantua, the birth-place of Virgil.

† The Clitumnus is a river of Umbria, the residence of Propertius.

‡ The Anio runs through Tibur or Tivoli, where Horace had a villa.

|| The Meles is a river of Ionia, from whence Homer, supposed to be born on its banks, is called *Melissigenes*.

§ The Ilissus is a river at Athens.

Italia's happy genius could produce ;
 Or what the Gallic fire
 Bright sparkling could inspire,
 By all the Graces temper'd and refin'd ;
 Or what in Britain's isle,
 Most favour'd with your smile,
 The powers of Reason and of Fancy join'd
 To full perfection have conspir'd to raise ?
 Ah ! what is now the use
 Of all these treasures that enrich'd her mind,
 To black Oblivion's gloom for ever now consign'd

X.

At least, ye Nine, her spotless name
 'Tis yours from death to save,
 And in the temple of immortal Fame
 With golden characters her worth engrave.
 Come then, ye virgin sisters, come,
 And strew with choicest flowers her hallow'd tomb ;
 But foremost thou, in fable vestment clad,
 With accents sweet and sad,
 Thou, plaintive Muse, whom o'er his Laura's urn
 Unhappy Petrarch call'd to mourn ;
 O come, and to this fairer Laura pay
 A more impassion'd tear, a more pathetic lay.

XI.

Tell how each beauty of her mind and face
 Was brighten'd by some sweet peculiar grace !
 How eloquent in every look
 Through her expressive eyes her soul distinctly spoke !
 Tell

Tell how her manners, by the world refin'd,
 Left all the taint of modish vice behind,
 And made each charm of polish'd courts agree
 With candid Truth's simplicity,
 And uncorrupted Innocence!
 Tell how to more than manly sense
 She join'd the softening influence
 Of more than female tendernefs:

How, in the thoughtless days of wealth and joy,
 Which oft the care of others' good destroy,

Her kindly-melting heart,
 To every want and every woe,
 To guilt itself when in distress,
 The balm of pity would impart,
 And all relief that bounty could bestow !
 Ev'n for the kid or lamb that pour'd its life
 Beneath the bloody knife,
 Her gentle tears would fall,
 Tears from sweet Virtue's source, benevolent to all,

XII.

Not only good and kind,
 But strong and elevated was her mind :
 A spirit that with noble pride
 Could look superior down
 On Fortune's smile or frown ;
 That could without regret or pain
 To Virtue's lowest duty sacrifice
 Or Interest or Ambition's highest prize ;
 That, injur'd or offended, never tried
 Its dignity by vengeance to maintain,
 But by magnanimous disdain.

A wit

A wit that, temperately bright,
 With inoffensive light
 All pleasing shone; nor ever past
 The decent bounds that Wisdom's sober hand,
 And sweet Benevolence's mild command,
 And bashful modesty, before it cast.
 A prudence undeceiving, undeceiv'd,
 That nor too little nor too much believ'd,
 That scorn'd unjust Suspicion's coward fear,
 And without weakness knew to be sincere.
 Such Lucy was, when, in her fairest days,
 Amidst th' acclaim of universal praise,
 In life's and glory's freshest bloom,
 Death came remorseless on, and sunk her to the tomb.

XIII.

So, where the silent streams of Liris glide,
 In the soft bosom of Campania's vale,
 When now the wintery tempests, all are fled,
 And genial Summer breathes her gentle gale,
 The verdant orange lifts its beauteous head:
 From every branch the balmy flowerets rise,
 On every bough the golden fruits are seen;
 With odours sweet it fills the smiling skies,
 The wood-nymphs tend, and th' Idalian queen,
 But, in the midst of all its blooming pride,
 A sudden blast from Apenninus blows,
 Cold with perpetual snows:
 The tender blighted plant shrinks up its leaves, and dies.

XIV. Arise,

XIV.

Arise, O Petrarch, from th' Elyfian bowers,
 With never-fading myrtles twin'd,
 And fragrant with ambrosial flowers,
 Where to thy Laura thou again art join'd ;
 Arise, and hither bring the silver lyre,
 Tun'd by thy skilful hand,
 To the soft notes of elegant desire,
 With which o'er many a land
 Was spread the fame of thy disastrous love ;
 To me resign the vocal shell,
 And teach my sorrows to relate
 Their melancholy tale so well,
 As may ev'n things inanimate,
 Rough mountain oaks and desert rocks, to pity move.

XV.

What were, alas ! thy woes compar'd to mine ?
 To thee thy mistress in the blissful band
 Of Hymen never gave her hand ;
 The joys of wedded love were never thine
 In thy domestic care
 She never bore a share,
 Nor with endearing art
 Would heal thy wounded heart
 Of every secret grief that fester'd there :
 Nor did her fond affection on the bed
 Of sickness watch thee, and thy languid head
 Whole nights on her unwearied arm sustain,
 And charm away the sense of pain :
 Nor did she crown your mutual flame
 With pledges dear, and with a father's tender name.

XVI.

O best of wives! O dearer far to me
Than when thy virgin charms,
Were yielded to my arms,
How can my soul endure the loss of thee?
How in the world, to me a desert grown,
Abandon'd and alone,
Without my sweet companion can I live?
Without thy lovely smile,
The dear reward of every virtuous toil,
What pleasures now can pall'd Ambition give?
Ev'n the delightful sense of well-earn'd praise,
Unshar'd by thee, no more my lifeless thoughts could
raise.

XVII.

For my distracted mind
What succour can I find?
On whom for consolation shall I call?
Support me, every friend;
Your kind assistance lend,
To bear the weight of this oppressive woe.
Alas! each friend of mine,
My dear departed love, so much was thine,
That none has any comfort to bestow.
My books, the best relief
In every other grief,
Are now with your idea sadden'd all:
Each favourite author we together read
My tortur'd memory wounds, and speaks of Lucy dead.

XVIII. We

XVIII.

We were the happiest pair of human kind ;
 The rolling year its varying course perform'd,
 And back return'd again ;
 Another and another smiling came,
 And saw our happiness unchang'd remain :
 Still in her golden chain
 Harmonious Concord did our wishes bind :
 Our studies, pleasures, taste, the same.
 O fatal, fatal stroke,
 That all this pleasing fabric Love had rais'd
 Of rare felicity,
 On which ev'n wanton Vice with envy gaz'd,
 And every scheme of bliss our hearts had form'd,
 With soothing hope, for many a future day,
 In one sad moment broke ! —
 Yet, O my soul, thy rising murmurs stay ;
 Nor dare the all-wise Disposer to arraign,
 Or against his supreme decree
 With impious grief complain.
 That all thy full blown joys at once should fade ;
 Was his most righteous will—and be that will obey'd.

XIX.

Would thy fond love his grace to her control,
 And in these low abodes of sin and pain
 Her pure exalted soul
 Unjustly for thy partial good detain ?
 No—rather strive thy groveling mind to raise
 Up to that unclouded blaze,
 Vol. LXIV. Y That

That heavenly radiance of eternal light,
 In which enthron'd she now with pity sees
 How frail, how insecure, how slight,
 Is every mortal bliss;
 Ev'n Love itself, if rising by degrees
 Beyond the bounds of this imperfect state,
 Whose fleeting joys so soon must end,
 It does not to its sovereign good ascend.
 Rise then, my soul, with hope elate,
 And seek those regions of serene delight,
 Whose peaceful path and ever-open gate
 No feet but those of harden'd Guilt shall miss.
 There death himself thy Lucy shall restore,
 There yield up all his power ne'er to divide you more.

O N T H E S A M E L A D Y.

To the
 Memory of Lucy Lyttelton,
 Daughter of Hugh Fortescue of Filleigh
 In the county of Devon, Esq.
 Father to the present Earl of Clinton,
 By Lucy his wife,
 The daughter of Matthew Lord Aylmer,
 Who departed this life the 19th of Jan. 1746-7.
 Aged twenty-nine,
 Having employed the short time assigned to
 her here
 In the uniform practice of Religion and Virtue.

Made to engage all hearts, and charm all eyes ;
 Though meek, magnanimous ; though witty, wise ;
 Polite, as all her life in courts had been ;
 Yet good, as she the world had never seen ;
 The noble fire of an exalted mind,
 With gentle female tenderness combin'd.
 Her speech was the melodious voice of Love,
 Her song the warbling of the vernal grove ;
 Her eloquence was sweeter than her song,
 Soft as her heart, and as her reason strong ;
 Her form each beauty of her mind express'd,
 Her mind was Virtue by the Graces dress'd.

H O R A C E, B O O K I V. O D E I V.

WRITTEN AT OXFORD 1725*.

“ Qualem ministrum fulminis alitem, &c.”

I.

AS the wing'd minister of thundering Jove,
 To whom he gave his dreadful bolts to bear,
 Faithful † assistant of his master's love,
 King of the wandering nations of the air,

* First printed with Mr. West's translation of Pindar. See the Preface to that Gentleman's Poems.

† In the rape of Ganymede, who was carried up to Jupiter by an eagle, according to the Poetical History.

Y 2

II. When

II.

When balmy breezes fann'd the vernal sky,
On doubtful pinions left his parent nest,
In flight essays his growing force to try,
While inborn courage fir'd his generous breast;

III.

Then, darting with impetuous fury down,
The flocks he slaughter'd, an unpractis'd foe;
Now his ripe valour to perfection grown
The scaly snake and crested dragon know:

IV.

Or, as a lion's youthful progeny,
Wean'd from his savage dam and milky food,
The gazing kid beholds with fearful eye,
Doom'd first to stain his tender fangs in blood:

V.

Such Drusus, young in arms, his foes beheld,
The Alpine Rhæti, long unmatch'd in fight:
So were their hearts with abject terror quell'd;
So sunk their haughty spirit at the fight.

VI.

Tam'd by a boy, the fierce Barbarians find
How guardian Prudence guides the youthful flame,
And how great Cæsar's fond paternal mind
Each generous Nero forms to early fame;

VII.

A valiant son springs from a valiant fire:
Their race by mettle sprightly coursers prove;
Nor can the warlike eagle's active fire
Degenerate to form the timorous dove,

VIII. But

VIII.

But education can the genius raise,
 And wise instructions native virtue aid;
 Nobility without them is disgrace,
 And Honour is by vice to shame betray'd.

IX.

Let red Metaurus, stain'd with Punic blood,
 Let mighty Asdrubal subdued, confess
 How much of empire and of fame is ow'd
 By thee, O Rome, to the Neronian race.

X.

Of this be witness that auspicious day,
 Which, after a long, black, tempestuous night,
 First smil'd on Latium with a milder ray,
 And cheer'd our drooping hearts with dawning light.

XI.

Since the dire African with wasteful ire
 Rode o'er the ravag'd towns of Italy;
 As through the pine-trees flies the raging fire,
 Or Eurus o'er the vext Sicilian sea.

XII.

From this bright æra, from this prosperous field,
 The Roman glory dates her rising power;
 From hence 'twas given her conquering sword to wield,
 Raise her fall'n gods, and ruin'd shrines restore.

XIII.

Thus Hannibal at length despairing spoke:
 " Like stags to ravenous wolves an easy prey,
 " Our feeble arms a valiant foe provoke,
 " Whom to elude and 'scape were victory:

Y 3

XIV. " A dauntless

XIV.

- " A dauntless nation, that from Trojan fires,
 " Hostile Aufonia, to thy destin'd shore
 " Her gods, her infant sons, and aged fires,
 " Through angry seas and adverse tempests bore:

XV.

- " As on high Algidus the sturdy oak,
 " Whose spreading boughs the axe's sharpness feel,
 " Improves by loss, and, thriving with the stroke,
 " Draws health and vigour from the wounding steel.

XVI.

- " Not Hydra sprouting from her mangled head
 " So tir'd the baffled force of Hercules;
 " Nor Thebes, nor Colchis, such a monster bred,
 " Pregnant of hills, and fam'd for prodigies.

XVII.

- " Plunge her in ocean, like the morning sun,
 " Brighter she rises from the depths below:
 " To earth with unavailing ruin thrown,
 " Recruits her strength, and foils the wondering foe,

XVIII.

- " No more of victory the joyful fame
 " Shall from my camp to haughty Carthage fly;
 " Lost, lost, are all the glories of her name!
 " With Asdrubal her hopes and fortune die!

XIX.

- " What shall the Claudian valour not perform
 " Which Power Divine guards with propitious care,
 " Which Wisdom steers through all the dangerous storm,
 " Through all the rocks and shoals of doubtful war?"

V I R T U E

V I R T U E A N D F A M E .

T O T H E C O U N T E S S O F E G R E M O N T .

V I R T U E and Fame, the other day,
 Happen'd to cross each other's way ;
 Said Virtue, " Hark ye ! madam Fame,
 " Your ladyship is much to blame ;
 " Jove bids you always wait on me,
 " And yet your face I seldom see :
 " The Paphian queen employs your trumpet,
 " And bids it praise some handsome strumpet ;
 " Or, thundering through the ranks of war,
 " Ambition ties you to her car."

Saith Fame, " Dear madam, I protest,
 " I never find myself so blest
 " As when I humbly wait behind you !
 " But 'tis so mighty hard to find you !
 " In such obscure retreats you lurk !
 " To seek you, is an endless work."
 " Well," answer'd Virtue, " I allow
 " Your plea. But hear, and mark me now.
 " I know (without offence to others)
 " I know the best of wives and mothers ;
 " Who never pass'd an useless day
 " In scandal, gossiping, or play :
 " Whose modest wit, chastis'd by sense,
 " Is lively chearful innocence ;

Y 4

" Whose

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- " Whose heart nor envy knows, nor spite,
 " Whose duty is her sole delight;
 " Nor rul'd by whim, nor slave to fashion,
 " Her parents' joy, her husband's passion."
 Fame smil'd and answer'd, " On my life,
 " This is some country parson's wife,
 " Who never saw the court nor town,
 " Whose face is homely as her gown;
 " Who banquets upon eggs and bacon—"
- " No, madam, no—you're much mistaken—
 " I beg you'll let me set you right—
 " 'Tis one with every beauty bright;
 " Adorn'd with every polish'd art
 " That rank or fortune can impart:
 " 'Tis the most celebrated toast
 " That Britain's spacious isle can boast;
 " 'Tis princely Petworth's noble dame;
 " 'Tis Egremont—Go, tell it, Fame."

ADDITION, EXTEMPORE,

BY EARL HARDWICKE.

- F**AME heard with pleasure—strait replied,
 " First on my roll stands Wyndham's bride;
 " My trumpet oft I've rais'd, to sound
 " Her modest praise the world around!
 " But notes were wanting—Canst thou find
 " A Muse to sing her face, her mind?
 " Believe me, I can name but one,
 " A friend of yours—'tis Lyttelton."

LET.

L E T T E R

T O.

E A R L H A R D W I C K E :

O C C A S I O N E D B Y

T H E F O R E G O I N G V E R S E S.

My LORD,

A Thousand thanks to your Lordship for your addition to my verses. If you can write such *ex-tempore*, it is well for other poets, that you chose to be Lord Chancellor, rather than a Laureat. They explain to me a vision I had the night before.

Methought I saw before my feet,
With countenance serene and sweet,
The Muse, who, in my youthful days,
Had oft inspir'd my careless lays.
She smil'd, and said, " once more I see
" My fugitive returns to me ;
" Long had I lost you from my bower,
" You scorn'd to own my gentle power ;
" With me no more your genius sported,
" The grave historic Muse you courted ;
" Or, rais'd from earth, with straining eyes ;
" Pursued Urania through the skies ;

" Bu

- “ But now, to my forsaken track,
 “ Fair Egremont has brought you back :
 “ Nor blush, by her and Virtue led,
 “ That soft, that pleasing path, to tread ;
 “ For there, beneath to-morrow’s ray,
 “ Ev’n Wisdom’s self shall deign to play.
 “ Lo ! to my flowery groves and springs
 “ Her favourite son the goddess brings,
 “ The council’s and the senate’s guide,
 “ Law’s oracle, the nation’s pride :
 “ He comes, he joys with thee to join,
 “ In fingering Wyndham’s charms divine :
 “ To thine he adds his nobler lays ;
 “ Ev’n thee, my friend, he deigns to praise.
 “ Enjoy that praise, nor envy Pitt
 “ His fame with burgeses or with cit ;
 “ For sure one line from such a Bard,
 “ Virtue would think her best reward.”

HYMEN TO ELIZA.

MADAM, before your feet I lay
 This ode upon your wedding-day,
 The first indeed I ever made,
 For writing Odes is not my trade :
 My head is full of household cares,
 And necessary dull affairs ;
 Besides that sometimes jealous frumps
 Will put me into doleful dumps.

And then no clown beneath the sky
Was e'er more ungallant than I;
For you alone I now think fit
To turn a poet and a wit—
For you whose charms, I know not how,
Have power to smoothe my wrinkled brow,
And make me, though by nature stupid,
As brisk, and as alert, as Cupid.
These obligations to repay,
Whene'er your happy nuptial day
Shall with the circling years return,
For you my torch shall brighter burn
Than when you first my power ador'd,
Nor will I call myself your lord,
But am, (as witness this my hand)
Your humble servant at command.

HYMEN.

Dear child let Hymen not beguile
You, who are such a judge of style,
To think that he these verses made,
Without an abler penman's aid;
Observe them well, you'll plainly see,
That every line was writ by me.

CUPID.

O N

ON READING

MISS CARTER'S POEMS

IN MANUSCRIPT.

SUCH were the notes that struck the wondering ear
 Of silent Night, when, on the verdant banks
 Of Siloë's hallow'd brook, celestial harps,
 According to seraphic voices, sung
Glory to God on high, and on the earth
Peace and good-will to men!—Resume the lyre,
 Chauntrefs divine, and every Briton call
 Its melody to hear—so shall thy strains,
 More powerful than the song of Orpheus, tame
 The savage heart of brutal Vice, and bend
 At pure Religion's shrine the stubborn knees
 Of bold Impiety.—Greece shall no more
 Of Lesbian Sappho boast, whose wanton Muse,
 Like a false Syren, while she charm'd, seduc'd
 To guilt and ruin. For the sacred head
 Of Britain's poetess, the Virtues twine
 A nobler wreath, by them from Eden's grove
 Unfading gather'd, and direct the hand.
 Of —— to fix it on her brows.

MOUNT

MOUNT EDGECUMBE.

THE Gods, on thrones celestial seated,
 By Jove with bowls of nectar heated,
 All on Mount Edgcumbe turn'd their eyes ;

“ That place is mine,” great Neptune cries :

“ Behold ! how proud o’er all the main

“ Those stately turrets seem to reign !

“ No views so grand on earth you see !

“ The master too belongs to me :

“ I grant him my domain to share,

“ I bid his hand my trident bear.”

“ The sea is yours, but mine the land,”

Pallas replies ; “ by me were plann’d

“ Those towers, that hospital, those docks,

“ That fort, which crowns those island rocks :

“ The lady too is of my choir,

“ I taught her hand to touch the lyre ;

“ With every charm her mind I grac’d,

“ I gave her prudence, knowledge, taste.”

“ Hold, madam,” interrupted Venus,

“ The lady must be shar’d between us :

“ And surely mine is yonder grove,

“ So fine, so dark, so fit for love ;

“ Trees, such as in th’ Idalian glade,

“ Or Cyprian lawn, my palace shade.”

Then Oreads, Dryads, Naiads, came ;

Each Nymph alledg’d her lawful claim.

But

But Jove, to finish the debate,
 Thus spoke, and what he speaks is fate :
 " Nor god nor goddess, great or small,
 " That dwelling his or hers may call ;
 " I made Mount Edgecumbe for you all."

I N V I T A T I O N.

TO THE DOWAGER DUCHESS D'AIGUILLON.

WHEN Peace shall, on her downy wing,
 To France and England Friendship bring,
 Come, Aiguillon, and here receive
 That homage we delight to give
 To foreign talents, foreign charms,
 To worth which Envy's self disarms
 Of jealous hatred : Come and love
 That nation which you now approve.
 So shall by France amends be made
 (If such a debt can e'er be paid)
 For having with seducing art
 From Britain stol'n her Hervey's heart.

TO COLONEL DRUMGOLD.

DRUMGOLD, whose ancestors from Albion's
 shore
 Their conquering standards to Hibernia bore,
 Though now thy valour, to thy country lost,
 Shines in the foremost ranks of Gallia's host,

Think

TO COLONEL DRUMGOLD. 335

Think not that France shall borrow all thy fame—
 From British fires deriv'd thy genius came :
 Its force its energy, to these it ow'd,
 But the fair polish Gallia's clime bestow'd :
 The Graces there each ruder thought refin'd,
 And liveliest wit with soundest sense combin'd.
 They taught in sportive Fancy's gay attire
 To dress the gravest of th' Aonian choir,
 And gave to sober Wisdom's wrinkled cheek
 The smile that dwells in Hebe's dimple sleek.
 Pay to each realm the debt that each may ask :
 Be thine, and thine alone, the pleasing task,
 In purest elegance of Gallic phrase
 To cloath the spirit of the British lays.
 Thus every flower which every Muse's hand
 Has rais'd profuse in Britain's favourite land,
 By thee transplanted to the banks of Seine,
 Its sweetest native odours shall retain.
 And when thy noble friend, with olive crown'd;
 In concord's golden chain has firmly bound
 The rival nations, thou for both shalt raise
 The grateful song to his immortal praise.
 Albion shall think she hears her Prior sing;
 And France, that Boileau strikes the tuneful string,
 Then shalt thou tell what various talents join'd,
 Adorn, embellish, and exalt his mind ;
 Learning and wit, with sweet politeness grac'd ;
 Wisdom by guile or cunning undebas'd ;
 By pride un sullied, genuine dignity ;
 A nobler and sublime simplicity.

Such

Such in thy verse shall Nivernois be shewn :
 France shall with joy the fair resemblance own ;
 And Albion fighting bid her sons aspire
 To imitate the merit they admire.

EPITAPH ON CAPTAIN GRENVILLE ; *

KILLED IN LORD ANSON'S ENGAGEMENT IN 1747

YE weeping Muses, Graces, Virtues, tell
 If, since your all accomplish'd Sydney fell,
 You, or afflicted Britain, e'er deplor'd
 A loss like that these plaintive lays record !
 Such spotless honour ; such ingenious truth,
 Such ripen'd wisdom in the bloom of youth !
 So mild, so gentle, so compos'd a mind,
 To such heroic warmth and courage join'd ;
 He too, like Sydney, nurs'd in Learning's arms,
 For nobler war forsook her softer charms :
 Like him, possess'd of every pleasing art,
 The secret wish of every female's heart :
 Like him, cut off in youthful glory's pride,
 He, unrepining, *for his country dy'd.*

* These verses having been originally written when the Author was in Opposition, concluded thus (much better, perhaps, than at present).

“ But nobler far, and greater is the praise

“ So bright to shine in these degenerate days :

“ An age of heroes kindled Sidney's fire ;

“ His inborn worth alone could Grenville's deeds inspire.”

But some years after, when his Lordship was with Ministry, he erased these four lines. See GENT. MAG. vol. XLIX. p. 601. N.

O N

G O O D H U M O U R.

WRITTEN AT EATON-SCHOOL, 1729.

TELL me, ye sons of Phœbus, what is this
 Which all admire, but few, too few, possess?
 A virtue 'tis to ancient maids unknown,
 And prudes who spy all faults except their own.
 Lov'd and defended by the brave and wise,
 Though knaves abuse it, and like fools despise.
 Say, Wyndham, if 'tis possible to tell,
 What is the thing in which you most excel?
 Hard is the question, for in all you please;
 Yet sure good-nature is your noblest praise;
 Secur'd by this, your parts no envy move,
 For none can envy him whom all must love.
 This magic power can make ev'n folly please,
 This to Pitt's genius adds a brighter grace,
 And sweetens every charm in Cælia's face.

}

VOL. LXIV.

Z

SOME

S O M E
 ADDITIONAL STANZAS
 T O
 ASTOLFO'S VOYAGE TO THE MOON,
 IN ARIOSTO.

I.

WHEN now Astolfo, stor'd within a vase,
 Orlando's wits had safely brought away ;
 He turn'd his eyes towards another place,
 Where, closely cork'd, unnumber'd bottles lay.

II.

Of finest crystal were those bottles made,
 Yet what was there inclos'd he could not see :
 Wherefore in humble wise the Saint he pray'd,
 'T'o tell what treasure there conceal'd might be.

III.

" A wonderful thing it is," the Saint replied,
 " Yet undefin'd by any mortal wight ;
 " An airy essence, not to be descried,
 " Subtle and thin, that MAIDENHEAD is hight.

IV.

" From earth each day in troops they hither come,
 " And fill each hole and corner of the Moon ;
 " For they are never easy while at home,
 " Nor ever owner thought them gone too soon.

V. " When

V.

“ When here arriv’d, they are in bottles pent,
 “ For fear they should evaporate again ;
 “ And hard it is a prison to invent,
 “ So volatile a spirit to retain.

VI.

“ Those that to young and wanton girls belong
 “ Leap, bounce, and fly, as if they’d burst the
 “ glafs :
 “ But those that have below been kept too long
 “ Are spiritless, and quite decay’d, alas !”

VII.

So spake the Saint, and wonder seiz’d the Knight,
 As of each vessel he th’ inscription read ;
 For various secrets there were brought to light ;
 Of which report on earth had nothing said.

VIII.

Virginities, that close confin’d he thought
 In t’ other world, he found above the sky ;
 His sister’s and his cousin’s there were brought,
 Which made him swear, though good St. John
 was by.

IX.

But much his wrath increas’d, when he espied
 That which was Chloe’s once, his mistress dear :
 “ Ah, false and treacherous fugitive !” he cried,
 “ Little I deem’d that I should meet thee here.

Z 2

X, “ Did

X.

- “ Did not thy owner, when we parted last,
 “ Promise to keep thee safe for me alone?
 “ Scarce of our absence three short months are past,
 “ And thou already from thy post art flown.

XI.

- “ Be not enrag'd, replied th' Apostle kind —
 “ Since that this maidenhead is thine by right,
 “ Take it away; and, when thou hast a mind,
 “ Carry it *thither* whence it took its flight.”

XII.

- “ Thanks, Holy Father!” quoth the joyous Knight,
 “ The Moon shall be no loser by your grace:
 “ Let me but have the use on't for a night,
 “ And I'll restore it to its present place.”

TO A YOUNG LADY.

WITH THE TRAGEDY OF

VENICE PRESERVED.

IN tender Otway's moving scenes we find
 What power the gods have to your sex assign'd:
 Venice was lost, if on the brink of fate
 A woman had not propt her sinking state:
 In the dark danger of that dreadful hour,
 Vain was her senate's wisdom, vain its power;

But, fav'd by Belvidera's charming tears,
 Still o'er the subject main her towers she rears,
 And stands a great example to mankind,
 With what a boundless sway you rule the mind,
 Skillful the worst or noblest ends to serve,
 And strong alike to ruin or preserve.

In wretched Jaffier, we with pity view
 A mind, to Honour false, to Virtue true,
 In the wild storm of struggling passions tost,
 Yet saving innocence, though fame was lost;
 Greatly forgetting what he ow'd his friend—
 His country, which had wrong'd him, to defend.

But she, who urg'd him to that pious deed,
 Who knew so well the patriot's cause to plead,
 Whose conquering love her country's safety won,
 Was, by that fatal love, herself undone.

* "Hence may we learn, what passion fain would
 "hide;

"That Hymen's bands by prudence should be tied.

"Venus in vain the wedded pair would crown,

"If angry Fortune on their union frown:

"Soon will the flattering dreams of joys be o'er,

"And cloy'd imagination cheat no more;

"Then, waking to the sense of lasting pain,

"With mutual tears the bridal couch they stain;

* The twelve following lines, with some small variations, have been already printed in "Advice to a Lady," p. 290; but, as Lord Lyttelton chose to introduce them here, it was thought more eligible to repeat these few lines, than to suppress the rest of the poem.

“ And that fond love, which should afford relief,
 “ Does but augment the anguish of their grief:
 “ While both could easier their own sorrows bear,
 “ Than the sad knowledge of each other's care.”

May all the joys in Love and Fortune's power
 Kindly combine to grace your nuptial hour !
 On each glad day may plenty shower delight,
 And warmest rapture bless each welcome night !
 May Heaven, that gave you Belvidera's charms,
 Destine some happier Jaffier to your arms,
 Whose bliss misfortune never may allay,
 Whose fondness never may through care decay ;
 Whose wealth may place you in the fairest light,
 And force each modest beauty into sight !
 So shall no anxious want your peace destroy,
 No tempest crush the tender buds of joy ;
 But all your hours in one gay circle move,
 Nor reason ever disagree with Love !

E L E G Y.

TELL me, my heart, fond slave of hopeless love,
 And doom'd its woes, without its joys to prove,
 Canst thou endure thus calmly to erase
 The dear, dear image of thy Delia's face ?
 Canst thou exclude that habitant divine,
 To place some meaner idol in her shrine ?
 O task, for feeble Reason too severe !
 O lesson, nought could teach me but despair !

Must

Must I forbid my eyes that heavenly sight,
 They 've view'd so oft with languishing delight?
 Must my ears shun that voice, whose charming sound
 Seem'd to relieve, while it encreas'd, my wound?

O Waller! Petrarch! you who tun'd the lyre
 To the soft notes of elegant desire;
 Though Sidney to a rival gave her charms,
 Though Laura dying left her lover's arms,
 Yet were your pains less exquisite than mine,
 'Tis easier far to lose, than to resign!

INSCRIPTION for a BUST of Lady SUFFOLK;
 Designed to be set up in a Wood at STOWE.

1732.

HER wit and beauty for a court were made:
 But truth and goodness fit her for a shade.

SULPICIA TO CERINTHUS,

IN HER SICKNESS.

FROM TIBULLUS.

(Sent to a friend, in a Lady's Name.)

SAY, my Cerinthus, does thy tender breast
 Feel the same feverish heats that mine molest?
 Alas! I only wish for health again,
 Because I think my lover shares my pain:
 For what would health avail to wretched me,
 If you could, unconcern'd, my illness see?

Z 4

SULPI-

SULPICIA TO CERINTHUS.

I'M weary of this tedious dull deceit;
 Myself I torture, while the world I cheat:
 Though prudence bids me strive to guard my fame,
 Love sees the low hypocrisy with shame;
 Love bids me all confess, and call thee mine,
 Worthy my heart, as I am worthy thine:
 Weakness for thee I will no longer hide;
 Weakness for thee is woman's noblest pride.

CATO'S SPEECH TO LABIENUS

IN THE NINTH BOOK OF LUCAN.

(" Quid quæri, Labiene, jubes, &c.")

WHAT, Labienus, would thy fond desire,
 Of horned Jove's prophetic shrine enquire?
 Whether to seek in arms a glorious doom,
 Or basely live, and be a king in Rome?
 If life be nothing more than death's delay;
 If impious force can honest minds dismay,
 Or Probity may Fortune's frown disdain;
 If well to mean is all that Virtue can;
 And right, dependant on itself alone,
 Gains no addition from success?—'Tis known:
 Fix'd in my heart these constant truths I bear,
 And Ammon cannot write them deeper there.

Our

Our souls, allied to God, within them feel
The secret dictates of the Almighty will;
This is his voice, be this our oracle.
When first his breath the seeds of life instill'd,
All that we ought to know was then reveal'd.
Nor can we think the Omnipresent mind
Has truth to Libya's desert sands confin'd,
There, known to few, obscur'd, and lost, to lie—
Is there a temple of the Deity,
Except earth, sea, and air, yon azure pole;
And chief, his holiest shrine, the virtuous soul?
Where-e'er the eye can pierce, the feet can move,
This wide, this boundless universe is Jove.
Let abject minds, that doubt because they fear,
With pious awe to juggling priests repair;
I credit not what lying prophets tell—
Death is the only certain oracle.
Cowards and brave must die one destin'd hour—
This Jove has told; he needs not tell us more.

TO MR. GLOVER;

ON HIS

POEM OF LEONIDAS.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1734.

GO on, my friend, the noble task pursue,
 And think thy genius is thy country's due;
 To vulgar wits inferior themes belong,
 But Liberty and virtue claim thy song.
 Yet cease to hope, though grac'd with every charm,
 The patriot verse will cold Britannia warm;
 Vainly thou striv'st our languid hearts to raise,
 By great examples drawn from better days:
 No longer we to Sparta's fame aspire,
 What Sparta scorn'd, instructed to admire;
 Nurs'd in the love of wealth, and form'd to bend
 Our narrow thoughts to that inglorious end:
 No generous purpose can enlarge the mind,
 No social care, no labour for mankind,
 Where mean self-interest every action guides,
 In camps commands, in cabinets presides;
 Where luxury consumes the guilty store,
 And bids the villain be a slave for more.

Hence, wretched nation, all thy woes arise,
 Avow'd corruption, licens'd perjuries,
 Eternal taxes, treaties for a day,
 Servants that rule, and senates that obey.

O people

O people, far unlike the Grecian race,
That deems a virtuous poverty disgrace,
That suffers public wrongs and public shame,
In council insolent, in action tame !
Say, what is now th' ambition of the great ?
Is it to raise their country's sinking state ;
Her load of debt to ease by frugal care,
Her trade to guard, her harrafs'd poor to spare ?
Is it like honest Somers, to inspire
The love of laws, and Freedom's sacred fire ?
Is it, like wife Godolphin, to sustain
The balanc'd world, and boundless power restrain ?
Or is the mighty aim of all their toil,
Only to aid the wreck, and share the spoil ?
On each relation, friend, dependant, pour,
With partial wantonness, the golden shower,
And, fenc'd by strong corruption, to despise
An injur'd nation's unavailing cries !
Rouze, Britons, rouze ! if sense of shame be weak,
Let the loud voice of threatening danger speak.
Lo ! France, as Persia once, o'er every land
Prepares to stretch her all-oppressing hand.
Shall England sit regardless and sedate,
A calm spectatress of the general fate ;
Or call forth all her virtue, and oppose,
Like valiant Greece, her own and Europe's foes ?
O let us seize the moment in our power,
Our follies now have reach'd the fatal hour ;
No later term the angry gods ordain ;
This crisis lost, we shall be wise in vain.

And

348 LYTTELTON'S POEMS.

And thou, great poet, in whose nervous lines
The native majesty of freedom shines,
Accept this friendly praise; and let me prove
My heart not wholly void of public love;
Though not like thee I strike the sounding string
To notes which Sparta might have deign'd to sing,
But, idly sporting in the secret shade,
With tender trifles soothe some artless maid.

TO WILLIAM PITT, ESQUIRE,

ON HIS

LOSING HIS COMMISSION,

IN THE YEAR 1736.

LONG had thy virtues mark'd thee out for fame,
Far, far superior to a Cornet's name;
This generous Walpole saw, and griev'd to find
So mean a post disgrace that noble mind.
The servile standard from thy freeborn hand
He took, and bade the lead the patriot band.

PRO.

P R O L O G U E

T O

THOMSON'S CORIOLANUS.

SPOKEN BY MR. QUIN.

I COME not here your candour to implore
 For scenes, whose author is, alas! no more;
 He wants no advocate his cause to plead;
 You will yourselves be patrons of the dead.
 No party his benevolence confin'd,
 No sect—alike it flow'd to all mankind.
 He lov'd his friends (forgive this gushing tear:
 Alas! I feel, I am no actor here)
 He lov'd his friends with such a warmth of heart,
 So clear of interest, so devoid of art,
 Such generous friendship, such unshaken zeal,
 No words can speak it; but our tears may tell.—
 O candid truth, O faith without a stain,
 O manners gently firm, and nobly plain,
 O sympathizing love of others' bliss,
 Where will you find another breast like his?
 Such was the man—the poet well you know:
 Oft has he touch'd your hearts with tender woe:
 Oft in this croud'd house, with just applause,
 You heard him teach fair Virtue's purest laws;
 For his chaste Muse employ'd her heaven-taught lyre
 None but the noblest passions to inspire,

Not

Not one immoral, one corrupted thought,
One line, which dying he could wish to blot.

Oh ! may to-night your favourable doom
Another laurel add, to grace his tomb :
Whilst he, superior now to praise or blame,
Hears not the feeble voice of human fame.
Yet, if to those whom most on-earth he lov'd,
From whom his pious care is now remov'd,
With whom his liberal hand, and bounteous heart,
Shar'd all his little fortune could impart ;
If to those friends your kind regard shall give
What they no longer can from him receive ;
That, that, ev'n now, above yon starry pole,
May touch with pleasure his immortal soul.

E P I L O G U E

T O

LILLO'S ELMERICK.

YOU, who, supreme o'er every work of wit,
In judgment here, unaw'd unbiass'd, sit,
The *palatines* and guardians of the pit ;
If to your minds this merely modern play
No useful sense, no generous warmth convey ;
If *fustian* here, through each unnatural scene,
In *strain'd conceits sound high*, and *nothing mean* ;
If *lofty dullness* for your vengeance call :
Like Elmerick judge, and let the guilty fall.

But

But if simplicity, with force and fire,
 Unlabour'd thoughts and artless words inspire;
 If, like the action which these scenes relate,
 The whole appear irregularly great;
 If master-strokes the nobler passions move;
 Then, like the *king*, *acquit* us, and *approve*.

INSCRIPTIONS AT HAGLEY.

I. On a VIEW from an ALCOVE,

----- VIRIDANTIA TEMPE!
 TEMPE, QVAE SYLVAE CINGVNT SVPERIMPEN-
 DENTES,

II, On a ROCKY FANCY SEAT.

----- EGO LAVDO RVRIS AMOENI,
 RIVOS, ET MVSCO CIRVMLITA SAXA NEMVSQVE.

III.

TO THE MEMORY OF
 WILLIAM SHENSTONE, ESQUIRE;
 IN WHOSE VERSES
 WERE ALL THE NATURAL GRACES,
 AND IN WHOSE MANNERS
 WAS ALL THE AMIABLE SIMPLICITY,
 OF PASTORAL POETRY,
 WITH THE SWEET TENDERNESS
 OF THE ELEGIAC.

IV. On

IV. On the Pedestal of an URN*,

ALEXANDRO POPE;

POETARVM ANGLICANORVM

ELEGANTISSIMO DVLCISSIMOQVE;

VIRORVM CASTIGATORI ACERRIMO,

SAPIENTIAE DOCTORI SVAVISSIMO,

SACRA ESTO.

ANN. DOM. MDCCXLIV.

V. On a BENCH.

LIBET IACERE MODO SVB ANTIQVA ILICE,

MODO IN TENACE GRAMINE;

LABVNTER ALTIS INTERIM RIVIS AQVAE;

QVAERVNTVR IN SYLVIS AVES:

PONTESQVE LYMPHIS OBSTREPVT MANANTIBVS

SOMNOS QVOD INVITET LEVES.

VI. On THOMSON'S SEAT †.

INGENIO IMMORTALI

IACOBI THOMSON,

POETAE SVBLIMIS,

VIRI BONI;

AEDICVLAM HANC, QVEM VIVVS DILEKIT,

POST MORTEM EIVS CONSTRUCTAM,

DICAT DEDICATQVE

GEORGIUS LYTTTELTON.

* A Doric portico in another part of the park is honoured with the name of "Pope's Building," and inscribed, QUIETI ET MVSI.

† A very handsome and well-finished building, in an octagonal line.

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